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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

DECEMBER 25, 1948

15¢

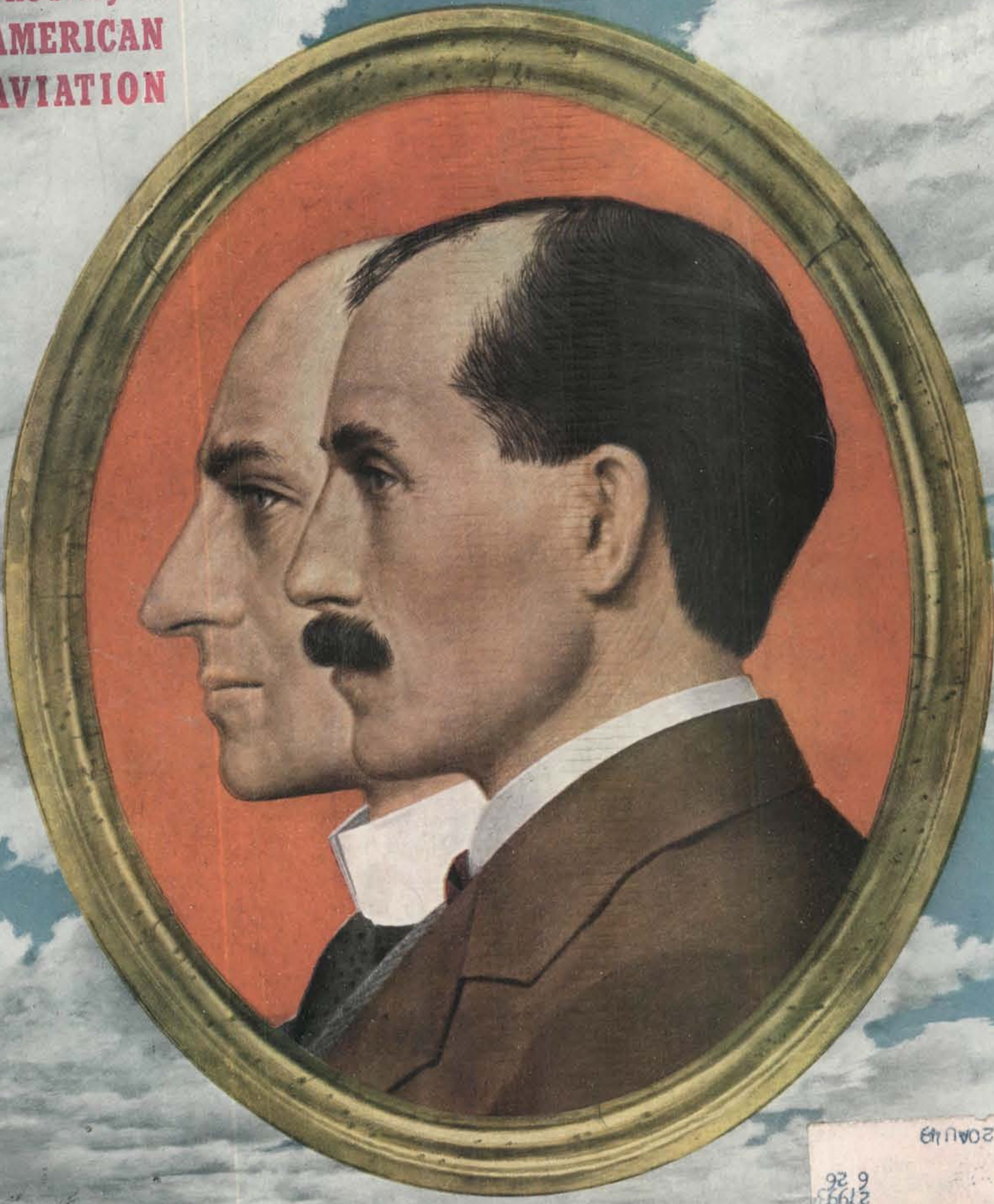
Exclusive!

HOW TRUMAN DID IT

The inside story by his secretary, Charles G. Ross

Page 13

The story of AMERICAN AVIATION



THE WRIGHT BROTHERS

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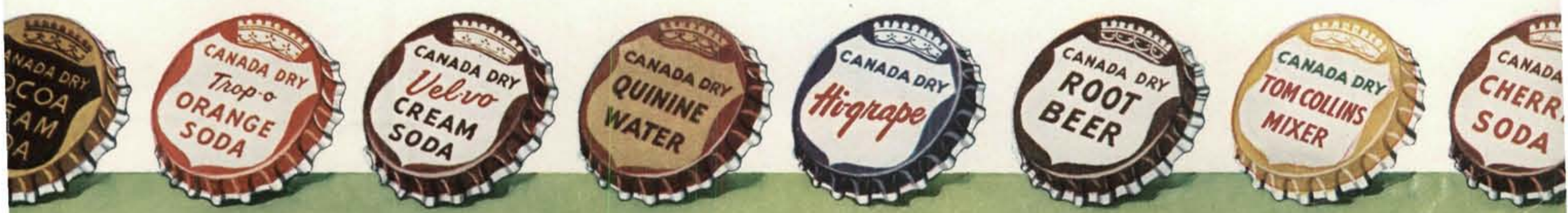
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TOMORROW

Research is the key which unlocks the treasure houses of the future, the map which charts your living conditions years hence. And in many far-reaching fields — aircraft, rocketry, plastics, electronics, television, helicopters—Martin research is building a better future for you.

YESTERDAY

Army's first multi-engine bomber, the MB, was built by Martin in 1918. So advanced was the design that it remained the Army standard until the mid-twenties. With these Martin bombers in 1921, General "Billy" Mitchell sank the captured German battleship *Ostfriesland*, proving the potency of airpower.

A Look at Tomorrow..TODAY!

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ANOTHER GREAT MARTIN PLANE!

Ten years ahead of the planes it replaces ... the great, new Martin 2-0-2 ... 100 m.p.h. faster than present twin-engine transports . . . to gain *time, time, time* for business or pleasure. Its big, roomy cabin has seats with built-in pillows, extra-large non-fogging windows, modern heating and ventilating. Its heated ice-free wings and tail surfaces, and rubber fuel tanks add the latest in dependability. And this sensational Martin 2-0-2 brings high-speed luxury service to all cities, large and small, because it lands and takes off in the shortest distance of any postwar airliner.

A new high in air service . . . yes! But cut to the pattern of constantly pushing forward the frontiers of aviation! In 1922, Martin built the first all-metal monoplane . . . a giant stride forward in dependability and safety. In 1934, the Martin Clipper flying boats took to the skies to make regular over-ocean transport a reality. In 1942, the mighty Martin Mars helped create new concepts of range and load-carrying capacity. Performance in the past . . . promise for the future . . . count on Martin for better products, greater progress, to make your life a far richer one! The Glenn L. Martin Company, Baltimore 3, Maryland.

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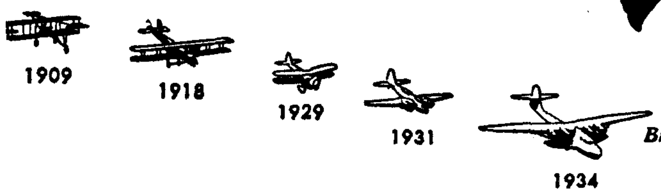

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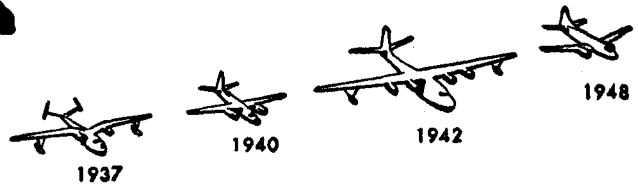

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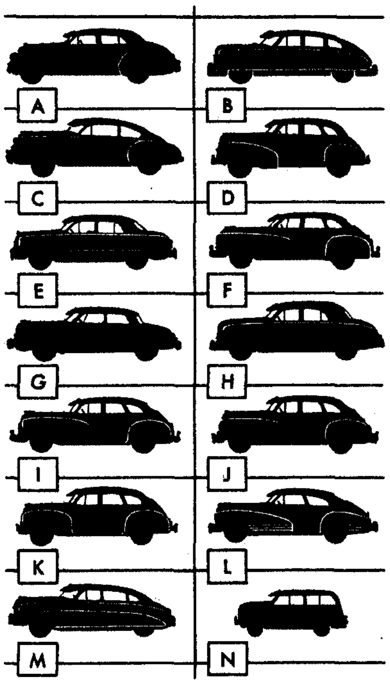
"FLAK BAIT," Devon Francis' new book (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), is the thrilling story of the heroic men who flew and serviced Martin B-26 Marauders in bomber strikes from the Southwest Pacific to the gates of Berlin. We are proud to be mentioned with these gallant men.

Can you identify these new cars?



Check your score with answers below

for each of these new cars you can have a

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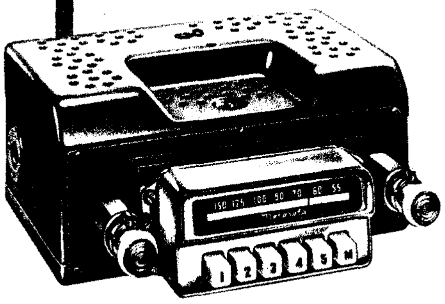

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Collier's

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The Week's Mail

PEACE ON EARTH

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial (The Gate t Peace Is the Church Door, Oct. 16th tries to make us believe that moral la and moral force will insure us a lasting peace. You also state that it is sometimes necessary for Christians to go t war. If you will read what the Bibl says, you will see how utterly wrong yo are: "Thou shalt not kill"; and "Vengeance is Mine, I will repay."

Have faith in God, obey Him fully and you will abide in the center of Hi love. No evil will befall you. He wil fight your battles for you far better tha you or anyone else can.

J. AMMON GINGRICH, Campbelltown, Pa

. . . It is entirely possible to draw up moral code for the guidance of mankind based on one simple sentence: Th golden rule. . . .

ROBERT I. BAXTER, San Diego, Cal

VETS vs. DEBS

SIRS: It seems so unfair somehow tha some have so much and others so little (The Debutante Industry, Oct. 23d Just imagine spending 10,000 smacke for one party when I would give m

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WATCH OUT FOR WINTER AILMENTS

COLDS should be treated *promptly!* They often occur when body resistance is low, due perhaps to insufficient sleep, lack of fresh air, improper nutrition, or exposure to changes in weather. The cold may lower resistance still further and, if neglected, may lead to influenza, pneumonia or other infections.

INFLUENZA, while more serious than a cold, is not usually dangerous in itself. It may, however, weaken the system and pave the way for other illnesses. Fortunately, there is a new vaccine which has been used with considerable success against certain types of influenza. The doctor may recommend this vaccine if an epidemic threatens, if a person suffers from frequent colds, or if poor physical condition makes influenza a special danger.

PNEUMONIA is still a serious disease that calls for prompt diagnosis and treatment. The sulfa drugs and penicillin are highly effective in most cases, but they must be given early for best results. Your doctor now has a vaccine which provides protection against many of the most common types of pneumonia. One type of this disease, *virus pneumonia,* does not respond to the vaccine, sulfa drugs or penicillin. Although seldom fatal, it should have immediate medical attention.

The best protection against winter ailments is keeping in good physical condition. If you catch a cold, try to get all the rest you can, eat lightly, drink plenty of liquids, and cover your coughs and sneezes so that you will not infect others.

IF FEVER ACCOMPANIES A COLD, CALL A DOCTOR IMMEDIATELY!

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TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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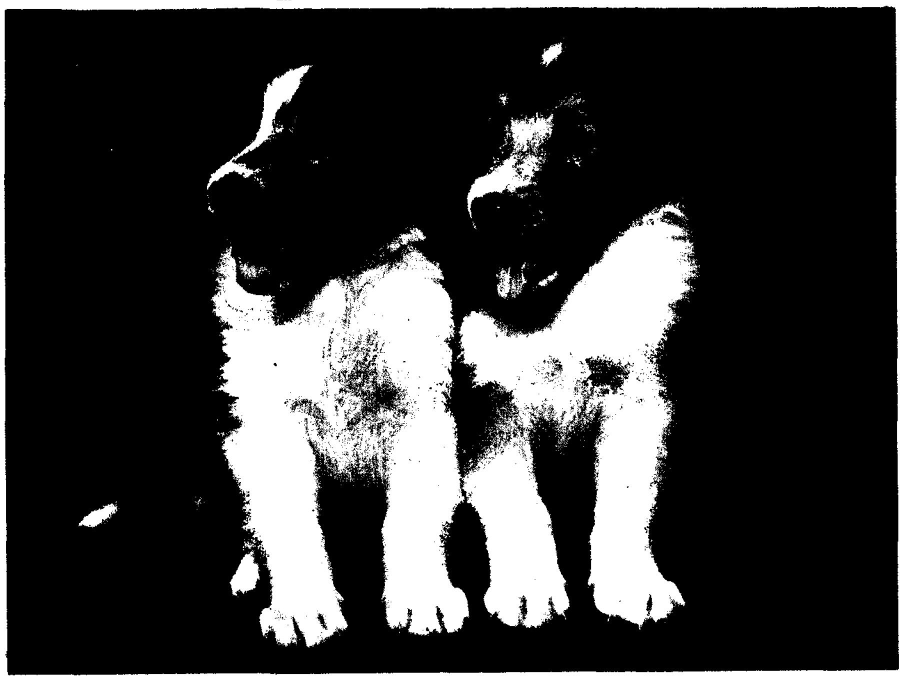

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Ansco
SUPERPAN PRESS FILM

eyeteeth if we could get one part of $6,250 for a little house. Meanwhile, people have a way of shrugging a veteran's plea for a place to buy or rent. What is fair in this old world of ours, veterans' housing or the debutante industry?

A VETERAN AND HIS WIFE, Norwalk, Ohio

INTERROGATION POINT

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: My pet peeve is to pick up a magazine and find otherwise constructive articles entitled with a question, such as Has So-and-So Done This? or Will the Gremlins Do That? Ask a question, then proceed to answer same!

CHARLES E. ROCAP, Dallas, Texas

OPERATION VITTLES

DEAR SIR: Quentin Reynolds' Rainbow Route to Berlin (Sept. 25th) is about the most factual of the Berlin air lift articles. However, the burden of organizing and operating the air lift during that first bad-weather month did not fall upon the stateside, Far East or Caribbean C-54 units. It fell upon the 60th Troop Carrier Group, and the 61st Troop Carrier Group, equipped with old C-47 aircraft (many of which had come over with the Normandy invasion). To these groups fell the round-the-clock burden of provisioning Berlin, flying overloaded, obsolescent planes, without adequate aviational aids.

Flying the corridors with present facilities and traffic control is a breeze compared to that first bustling month.

G. J. DUNKLEBERG, Major, USAF,
Wiesbaden, Germany

WIFEATERS

DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Banay's article on dominating wives (How to Devour Your Husband, Oct. 30th) is playing havoc in many households. Now how about an article How to Devour Your Wife?

G. B. S., Summit, N. J.

... I don't agree with Dr. Banay's claim that during the courtship the women are affectionate and co-operative. I also question whether the antics of women are unwitting. The brain of Average Woman is lighter and less convoluted than that of Average Man. For that reason I believe equality between the sexes is impractical. Women will wreck the man who tries to operate as if the sexes were "equal."

LESLIE B. LUECK, Hustisford, Wis.

... I have not been blind to the fact that for forty years my wife has sought complete domination over me, much to my amusement. I let her have her way and say in matters of no great importance. But when it's something I consider serious I say no and make it stick. I would, maybe, sell her for $1,000,000 per pound—nothing less.

Women are still children, emotionally and spiritually. It may take centuries for them to grow up. In the meantime let's be patient with them.

C. E. STAMPS, Fort Smith, Ark.

... Perhaps Dr. Banay would do better by building up the male, instead of tearing down the female. Because obviously Dr. Banay is not aware of the fact that it is always the stronger that devour the weak.

Z. ATKINS, New York, N. Y.

... For every hundred domineering wives there are countless meek ones; and for every hundred prima donnas, there are millions of women who devote all their time and energies to their homes, husbands and children.

MRS. JULE BENING, Dearborn, Mich.

O READER FAIR

DEAR SIRS: John Andrew Rice's You Can Get Just So Much Justice (Oct. 30th) is a masterpiece. I am a Negro and I like especially the way the Negro was treated in the story, which was one of feeling and aliveness. MISS LORETTA CRYOR, Detroit, Mich.

... I was really impressed with the illustration for Traffic Jam (Oct. 30th). Every character in it looked like someone I know. Mrs. J.—not beautiful, but just like a dear friend; Mr. J.—just like an obnoxious so-and-so; even to the gal in the next car back, who looks like me. (Poor gal.) Such lifelike studies are truly commendable in a magazine artist. I think Denver Gillen is swell.

MRS. B. F. APFIELD, Edwardsville, Kans.

WE'LL TAKE THE ODDS

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In your current (Oct. 23d) issue you print an item under Collier's Believes, entitled There'll Always Be a Human Race.

Wanna bet?

IRVIN ASHKENAZY, Glendale, Cal.

OUR DISTANT READERS

DEAR SIR: If you can picture the furor that would be created in musical circles following the announcement that the "Lost Chord" had finally been found, you have some inkling of the effect Freling Foster had on the sourdoughs of Alaska and Yukon Territory when he wrote in his Keep Up With the World (Oct. 16th) that Lillian Alling, who "walked" from the States to Siberia, had arrived at Nome, Alaska, in July, 1929, and had apparently reached Cape Prince of Wales, and had rowed across Bering Strait to Siberia.

Had Mr. Foster's words been true, he would have, inadvertently, cleared up one of the really first-rate mysteries of the north country; but the painful truth is, Lillian Alling was never heard of again after she started down the Yukon River in a rowboat from Dawson late in July, 1929.

ROBERT C. BYERS, Juneau, Alaska

... With great pleasure and emotion we read the article on Magoula, our little village in Greece (Red Clouds Over Olympus, Aug. 21st). Your correspondent, with his wonderful description of our village and its people, has already convinced a kind lady from Washington to send assistance to a needy family, and a boy from Saginaw to write and send packages to a boy here.

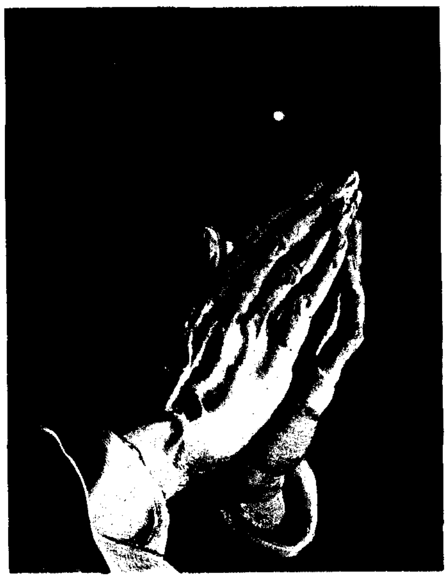
FATHER COSTANTINE KOKINIOTIS, Greece

... Re Harry J. Kelly's letter (The Week's Mail, Sept. 11th), there is only one race—the human race. The color of a man's skin cannot be used as a yardstick to measure his capabilities or his moral principles. Wake up, America, and set out upon the road to unity.

ALEXANDER SOROKA, Sendai, Japan

PRAYING HANDS

DEAR SIRS: Last year I had hoped you would reproduce your famous Christmas cover of 1946 called Praying Hands, and I was terribly disappointed when you didn't. I am taking no chances this year. Would you please run it again as I think it was one of the most haunting Collier's covers done yet. STAN KETCHUM, Chicago, Ill.



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● As the leader in overseas air transportation, Pan American World Airways has always strived to *reduce the cost of fares!*

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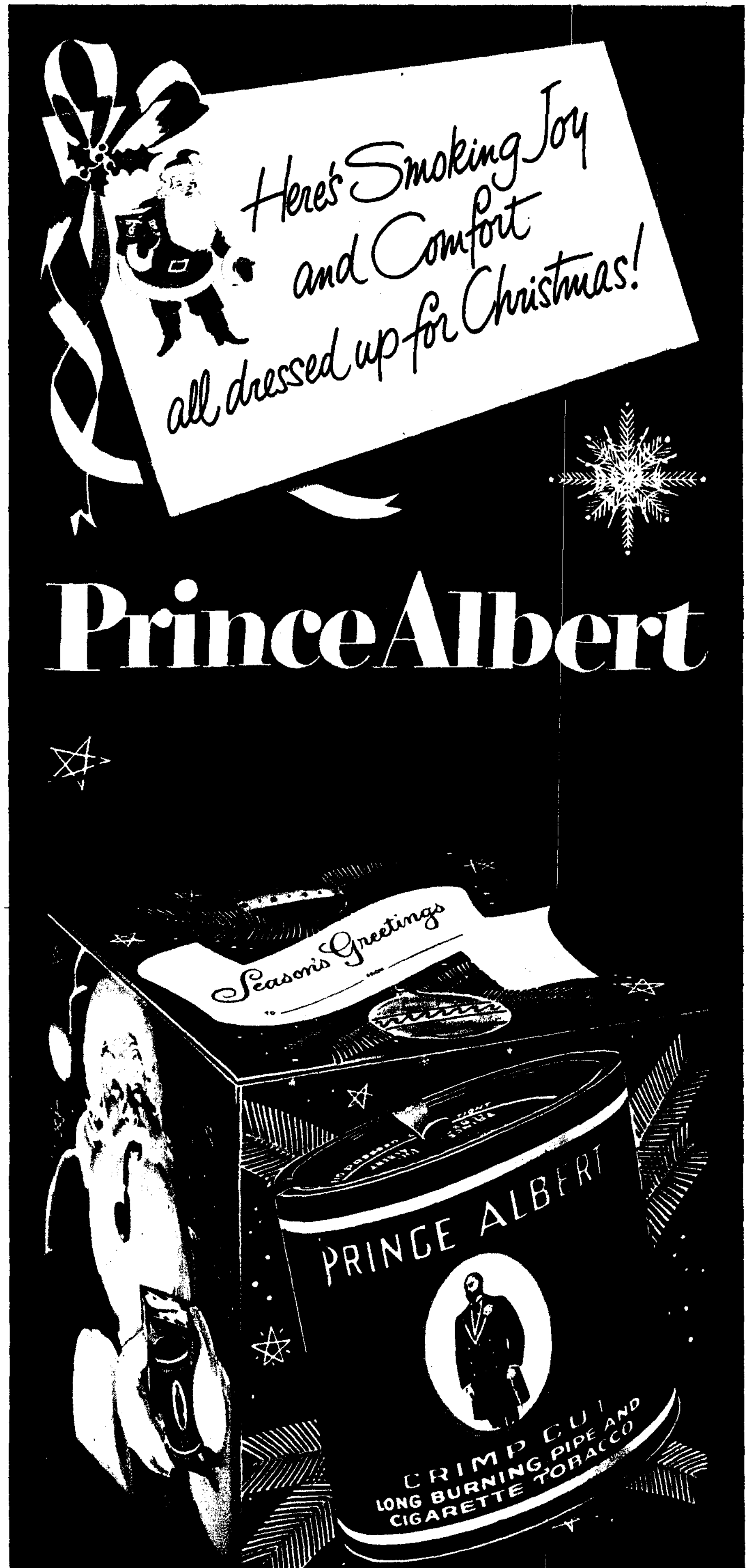
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★ KEEP UP ★ With the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

NO MAN WHO KILLED women for their money probably ever had such an elaborate "office" as the one Dr. H. H. Holmes maintained in his castle in Chicago during the early 1890s. He used the 100-room structure as a home for himself and his intended victims whom he would lure there with promises of marriage or a good job. One section was fitted out as a murder factory, secret and soundproof, one chamber was equipped for hanging, another for asphyxiation by gas and a third for the torture of ladies who were reluctant to part with their wealth. Each room had a chute for sending the bodies to the cellar where Holmes had a choice of three means of disposal: a crematory, a pit of quicklime or a vat of corrosive acid. Without arousing suspicion, Holmes killed, according to one estimate, approximately 200 women. Then he murdered a man and was caught. That ended his fantastic career.

OF THE HUNDREDS of camp meetings held in the United States during the 19th century, the largest and one of the first of these outdoor religious gatherings took place in Kentucky in 1801. Throughout the six days it lasted, 17 ministers alternately preached, for hours at a time, to the 30,000 persons in attendance. On the last afternoon, the service aroused such intense emotional excitement that 3,000 men and women fainted and 500 others "jerked" and "barked" until they fell unconscious from exhaustion.

ON BROADWAY in 1908, Hammerstein's Victoria Theatre exhibited a woman called Sober Sue and offered $1,000 in cash to any patron who could make her laugh. Her agent alone knew that she could not even smile because her facial muscles were paralyzed. To stimulate interest in the performance, the house challenged New York's leading comedians to make Sue chuckle. They accepted, each certain of his ability and eager for the resultant publicity and prestige. Chagrined by their failures, the actors increased their efforts and made Sue's act a great success before realizing that they had been tricked into giving away hundreds of dollars' worth of their high-priced talent.

DRAWINGS BY JACK BETTS

THERE NEVER WAS a ruling family as prolific and powerful as the Hapsburgs, whose official existence was ended by the first World War. Not only had it reigned for more than 600 years, but its branches had spread and prospered in 20 European countries. Archduke Francis Ferdinand, who was assassinated in 1914, had among his ancestors 1,486 Germans and Austrians, 196 Italians, 124 Frenchmen, 89 Spaniards, 52 Poles, 47 Danes and 20 Englishmen.

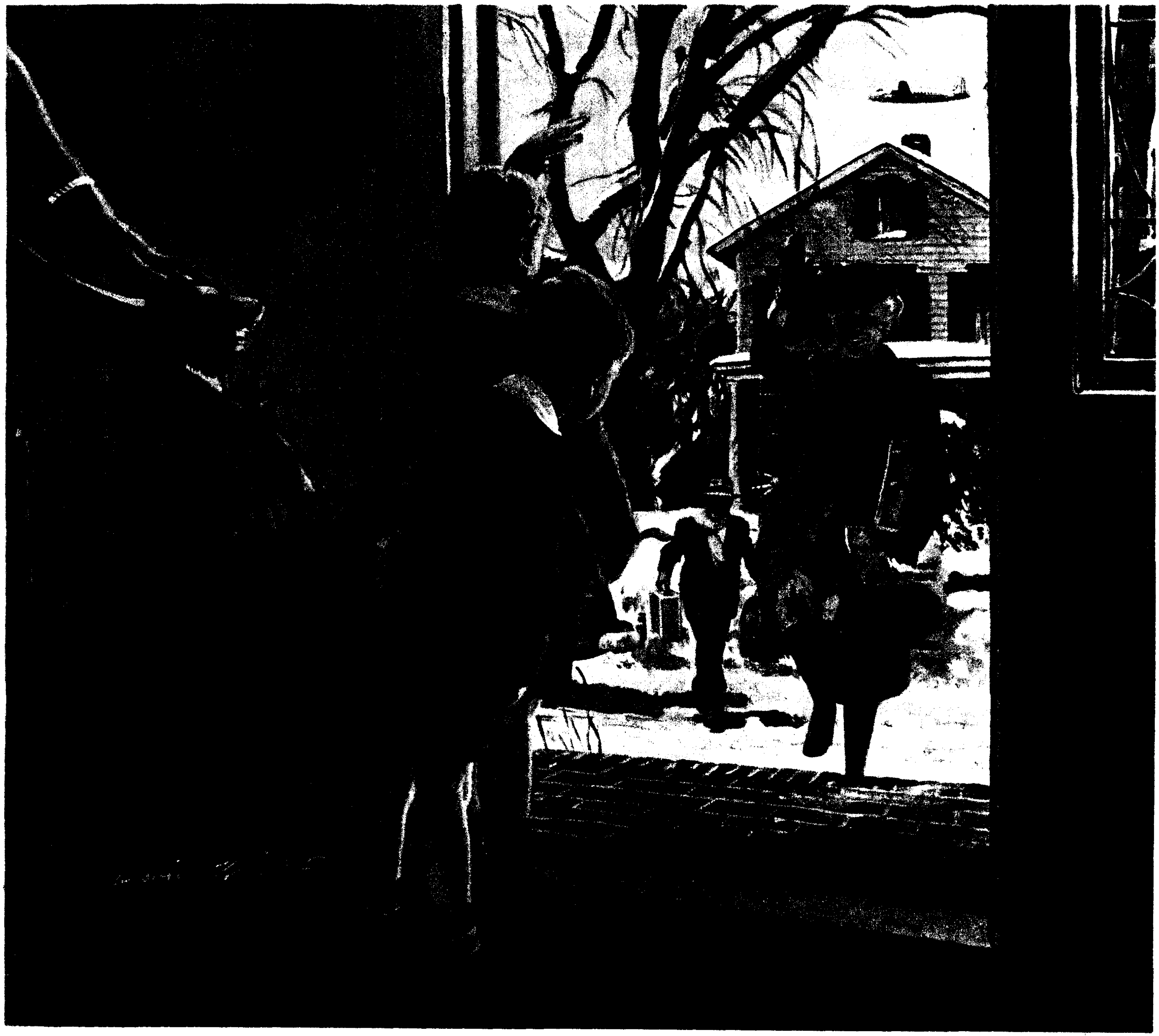
DU MAURIER'S TRILBY, published in 1894, a novel about a Parisian artist's model, created a greater furor in America than any other foreign book. Besides starting a national craze for Bohemian life and introducing the term "the altogether" for nudity to our language, Trilby became the subject of a play, a poem, a song, several movies and countless discussions by literary groups; and the name was given to hundreds of products, such as a cigar, a garter, a sausage and a corn cure, as well as to thousands of new babies. Even one town—Macon, Florida—changed its name to Trilby and still retains it along with Svengali Square, Laird Lane and Little Billee Street, named after the story's other chief characters.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

"I'm a lot closer to my grandchildren... *holiday time or any time—by Flagship!"*

"I used to keep up with my grandchildren by snapshot. Now, thanks to Flagship travel, I see them often—not just at holidays but all through the year. Believe me, one hug is worth a hundred pictures!"

In every season, the time saved by Flagship travel enables many families to enjoy reunions that would otherwise be impossible. This is especially true in wintertime when those who are earthbound are snowbound. This Christmas, *go home by Flagship.* You will get there sooner and have more time to spend within the cherished family circle.



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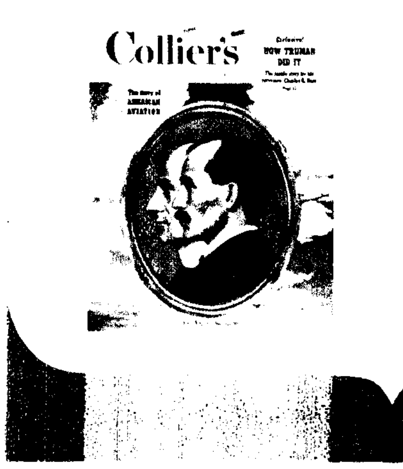
The Week's Work



This week's cover: The painting of the Wright Brothers is by Arthur Lidov—from a portrait photograph donated by Orville Wright to the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences. Mr. Lidov exhaustively researched skin tints, exact eye and hair color before he began to paint.

ON DECEMBER 17, 1948—the 45th anniversary of the Kitty Hawk's first flight—three events of aviation import took place. (A) The Kitty Hawk finally came to roost at the Smithsonian Institution. (B) The Collier Trophy was presented at the White House by President Truman. (C) Collier's appeared with a special commemorative section dedicated to the immortal Wright Brothers and to the cause of aviation (see pp. 27 to 36).

For 20 years this historic bird rested in the London Science Museum due to a controversy between Orville Wright and a long-departed administration of the Smithsonian which unwisely attempted to deny the full recognition due the Wrights as the inventors of the airplane and the first to fly. Early in the war, the Smithsonian repudiated the position held by its previous officials, and Orville agreed to the return of the Kitty Hawk "when transportation was less hazardous."

Back in March, Collier's stepped in with the suggestion that the plane be returned in time for its formal display in the Smithsonian on December 17, the anniversary of flight, and the plan was accepted by the heirs of Orville's estate and concurred in by the Smithsonian and the British. Collier's then decided to do something special to commemorate this event.

We feel it all was in keeping with the aviation tradition set by Robert J. Collier, late editor, and son of the founder, of this publication. Mr. Collier, close friend of the Wrights, purchased and flew the first plane built for private use by them. He also was a backer of their first plane producing company.

To get out the commemorative section meant sweat, headache and inspiration. Mr. W. B. Courtney, who recently profiled Jimmy Doolittle (Through Hell and High Brass), came up with not only a fine air-minded editorial (p. 94), but with the idea for the magnificent panoramic montage of surface and air transport you'll find on pages 28-29. The latter was entrusted to Everett Henry, who knows his way around on a map or chart, for execution.

When it came to painting the first flight of the Kitty Hawk (p. 32), it was learned that only one photograph of this event existed. To get absolute accuracy, Melbourne Brindle, the artist assigned to the task, went to North Carolina and talked to about everyone in Kitty Hawk territory.

Only one witness of the flight has survived: Johnny Moore, who lives near the Wright Memorial on Kill Devil Hill, N. C. Johnny was seventeen in 1903 and on his way fishing when he stopped casually to watch Orville fly into history. He was barefoot at the time.

As for the superb shot of Niagara Falls from the air (pp. 16-17), it was made by the Air Force on Eastman Aero-Kodacolor film with the K-18 aerial camera used extensively during the war. Donald F. Moss' head is still spinning like a propeller from studying the military and naval aircraft he has painted on pages 34-35.

The indefatigable Fred Neely, aviation editor, was held responsible for Charles E. Taylor's story on page 27; for the annual Collier Trophy Award; for Don Moss' layout; and for most of the headaches. Major Lester D. Gardner, who prepared the review and analysis story of the 45 years of aviation (p. 36), acted as godfather of the issue.

The major, who knew Orville well, worked closely with the heirs and executors of Orville's estate, chiefly with Mr. Harold Miller and John H. Jameson, and with Fred C. Kelly, Wright biographer. He obtained much exclusive material, including the December 17, 1903, entry in full from Orville's diary.

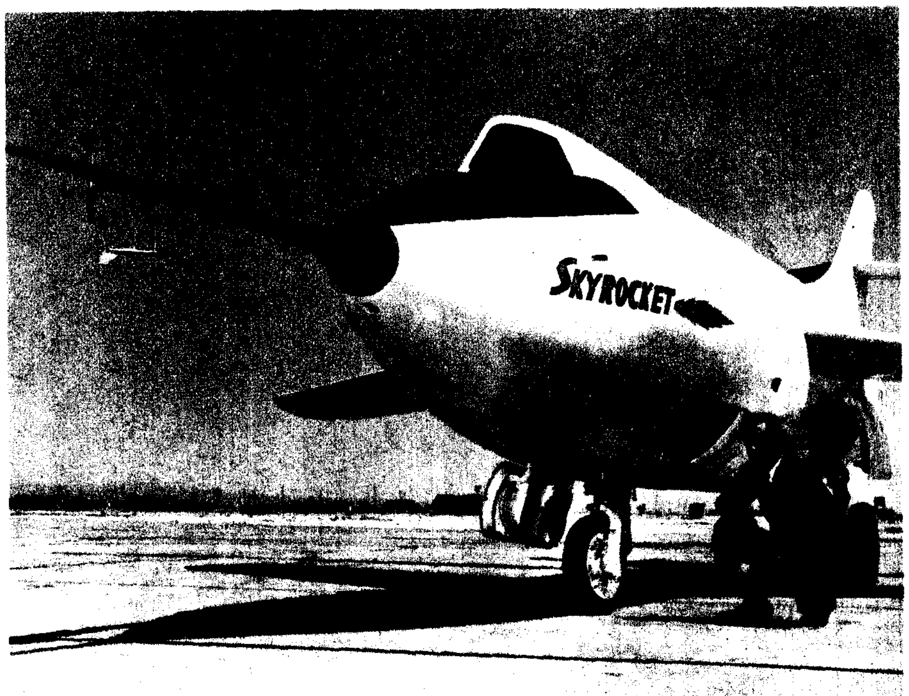
EVE MERRIAM both debuts in Collier's and wins the Star Award of the Week for her Make Something Happen (p. 46) which is a pretty Merry Christmas for anyone. Eve began her literary career in Germantown, Pennsylvania, where at nine she edited, published and contributed to a magazine devastatingly called Cream of Wit.

MERRY CHRISTMAS
1948

Give and give to this very worthy cause. National Tuberculosis Association, 1790 Broadway, New York 19

With such an auspicious start, Eve naturally went to three Ivy League colleges—Cornell, Penn and Columbia—majoring in English Lit.

Make Something Happen is based on an incident at the New York Art Students League, where her brother-in-law, the painter William McNulty, is an instructor. "I think I'm a secretly frustrated painter myself," she reveals. "But I wouldn't mind writing the lyrics for a Broadway musical. I'm not proud." . . . TED SHANE



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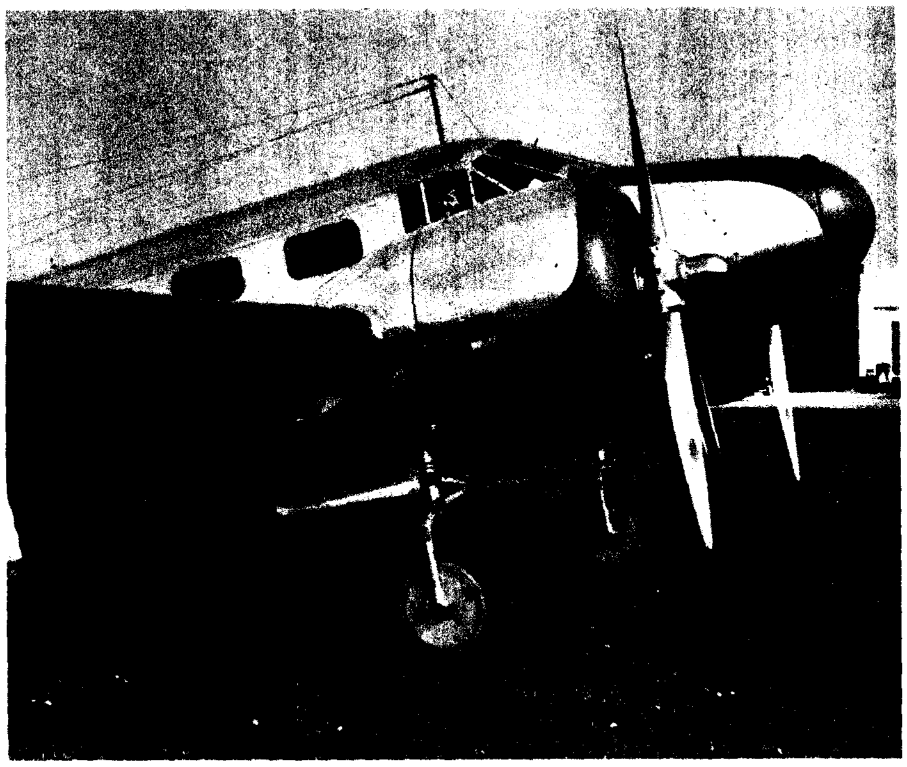
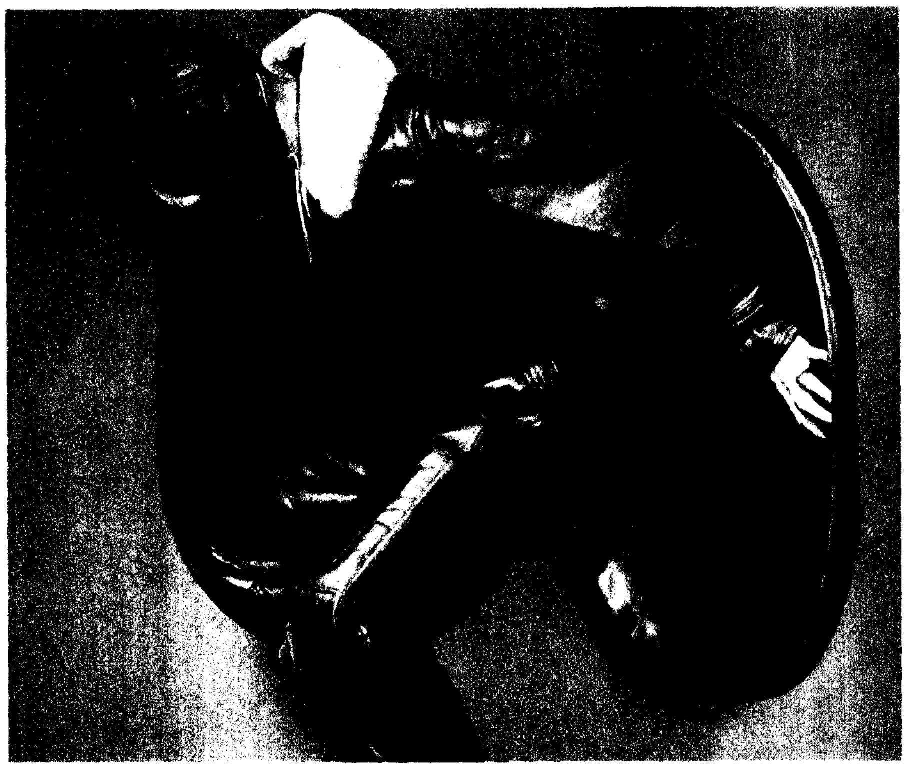




How **B. F. Goodrich**

helps keep America first in the air

These four pictures show some of the new ideas that B. F. Goodrich has introduced to help America's planes fly faster, farther, higher, safer, and better than anybody else's.

One of them (photo upper left) is a tiny, new tire that uses the highest air pressure (200 pounds) in air history. It's used on planes designed to fly as fast as sound. It's a development backed by experience . . . for the Navy's first high pressure tires were also B. F. Goodrich-developed, more than 20 years ago.

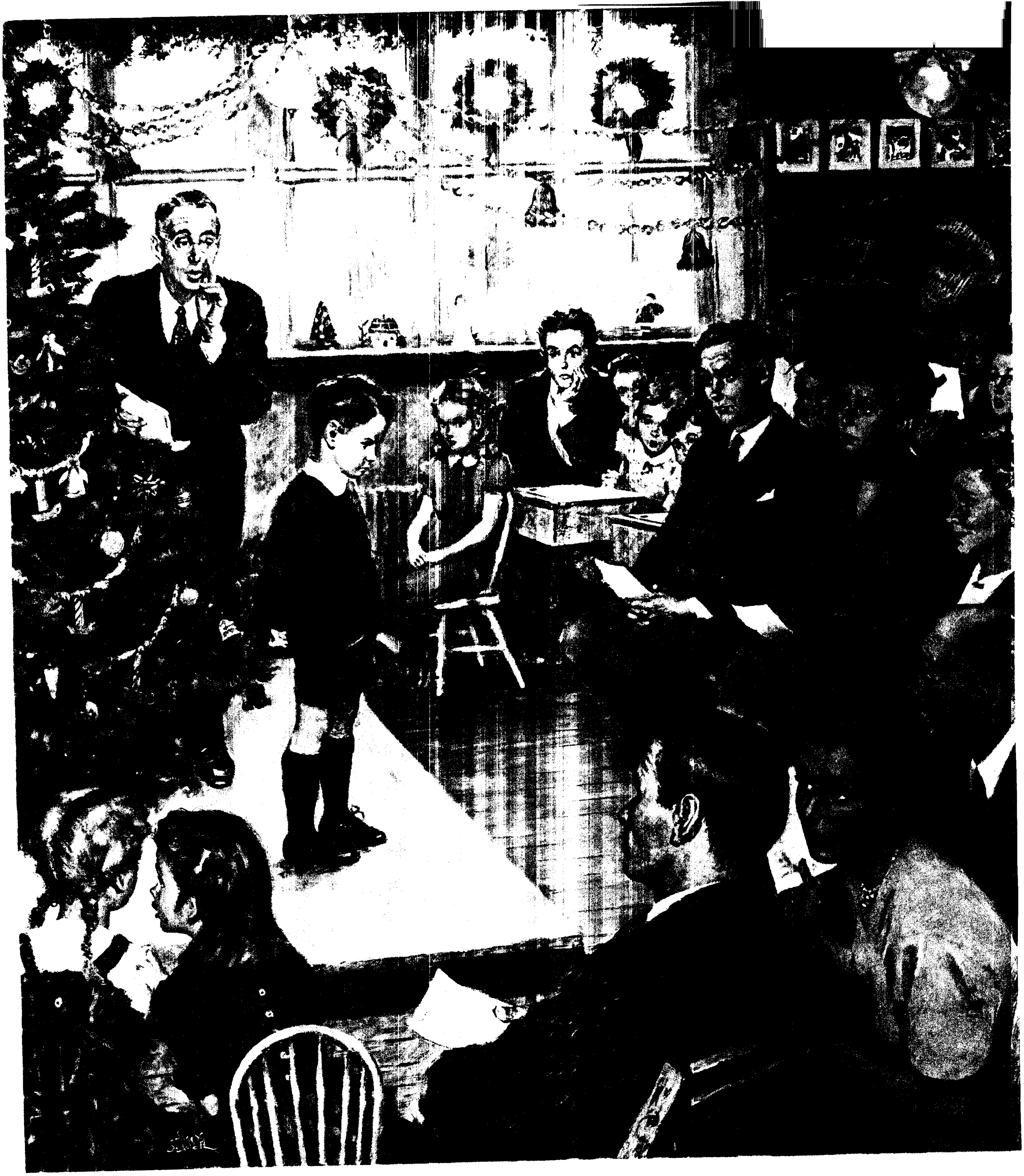
Another of these new developments—electrically heated rubber—helps planes fly through icing conditions safely. The picture (upper right) shows BFG electric rubber in use on the propellers of an all-weather fighter plane. On engine cowls, air scoops, and many other vital parts, it is the most efficient method of providing anti-icing heat.

De-Icers on wings and tails of more than 100,000 military airplanes have helped maintain important operations. Almost every airliner you fly is equipped with De-Icers. And hundreds of personal plane owners (photo lower left) are flying year-round today because they, too, know the *safety* afforded with B. F. Goodrich wing De-Icers.

Thanks to pressure-sealing zippers (photo lower right), pilots and passengers fly safely and comfortably at new heights today. In the picture, a pilot demonstrates a BFG *door* that zips open, with rubber lips closing the door so tightly, the cabin can be kept efficiently pressurized for high altitude flight.

There are many other interesting ideas introduced by B. F. Goodrich to make flying better, cheaper, and safer. America's first refrigerated wind tunnel at B. F. Goodrich has been used widely by many manufacturers for icing research. The brakes used by all 4-engine planes in World War II were B. F. Goodrich expander-tube types. Plastics for cabin decoration, bullet-sealing fuel tanks, a *practical* prerotation tire, these are just a few typical developments resulting from BFG engineering and research for American aviation. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Aeronautical Division, Akron, Ohio.*

RESEARCH KEEPS
B.F. Goodrich
FIRST IN RUBBER



"*I knew he'd forget... all he can think of is our new* PLYMOUTH"

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY
DECEMBER 25, 194

Charles Ross is entitled to share in this victory smile. For the President's press secretary was one of the few faithful who sincerely believed his boss could do it

How Truman Did It

By CHARLES G. ROSS

Press Secretary to the President

The Presidential secretary analyzes the campaign. He had read all the reasons for Truman's surprising victory—as written up by the "experts." He scoffs. There was only one reason—Truman

THE place was the eleventh floor of the Muehlebach Hotel in Kansas City, and the time, dawn after the election. Certain that the Boss had won, I had crawled into bed around 5:30. The President wasn't expected at the hotel till eight or nine, and the reporters didn't want a thing out of me at that hour. Gathered below on the fourth floor, they had already written their overnight pieces.

But, having worked for Mr. Truman as his press secretary for three and a half years, I should have known better.

At 6:40, I felt a tug at the bedclothes—the kind I had got used to from Pullman porters these past weeks—and I thought I was back on the Truman train.

But it was Mr. Truman's appointment secretary, Matthew J. Connelly, and he was saying, "Charlie, the President wants to see you."

There, fresh as a daisy and grinning broadly, was the President of the United States. He wanted to end, he said, the mystery of his "disappearance" since midafternoon of Election Day, and had come to give me a detailed account of his movements.

Everyone knows by now that he slipped off to Excelsior Springs, Missouri, 32 miles from his home in Independence, to take a hot mineral-water bath—but mainly to be alone.

Buttermilk and a ham-and-cheese sandwich made up his supper, and he was in bed and asleep by 7:00 P.M. No radio vigil for him. He awoke at midnight to listen to a news broadcast. He then went back to sleep until 4:30 A.M., got up, shaved, dressed and listened to another broadcast at five.

"The news was good," he said, "and so I decided to come in to town."

By seven o'clock, twenty minutes after the President's arrival in Kansas City, the reporters had been briefed and a little later, bleary-eyed and unshaven, they were in the penthouse.

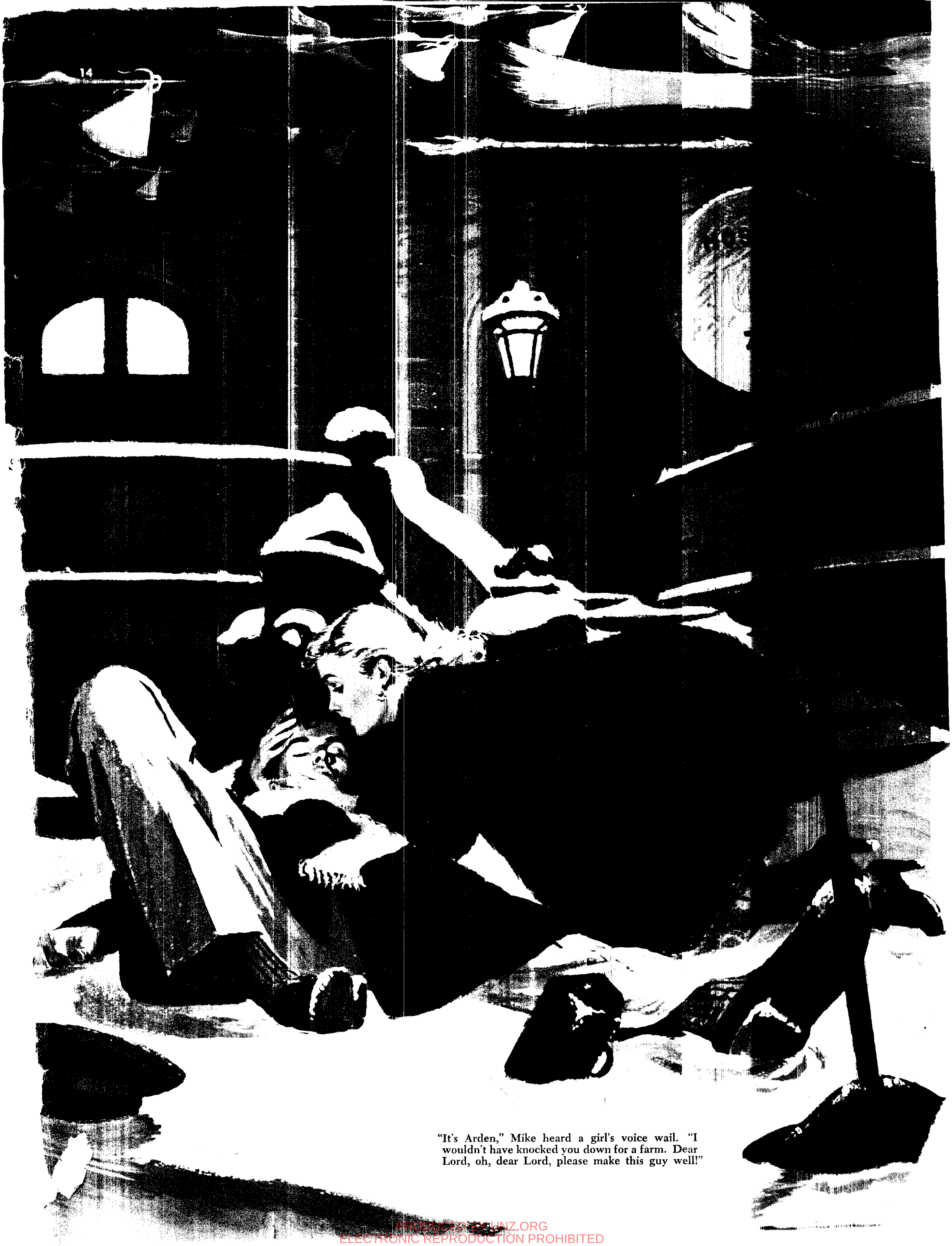
The scene will always remain vivid in my memory—the reporters cross-legged on the floor, the President in his shirt sleeves, relaxed and quietly exultant on a sofa, talking off the record about the campaign.

As some of them wrote later, remembering what the night had done to them, there wasn't a sign of fatigue in his face.

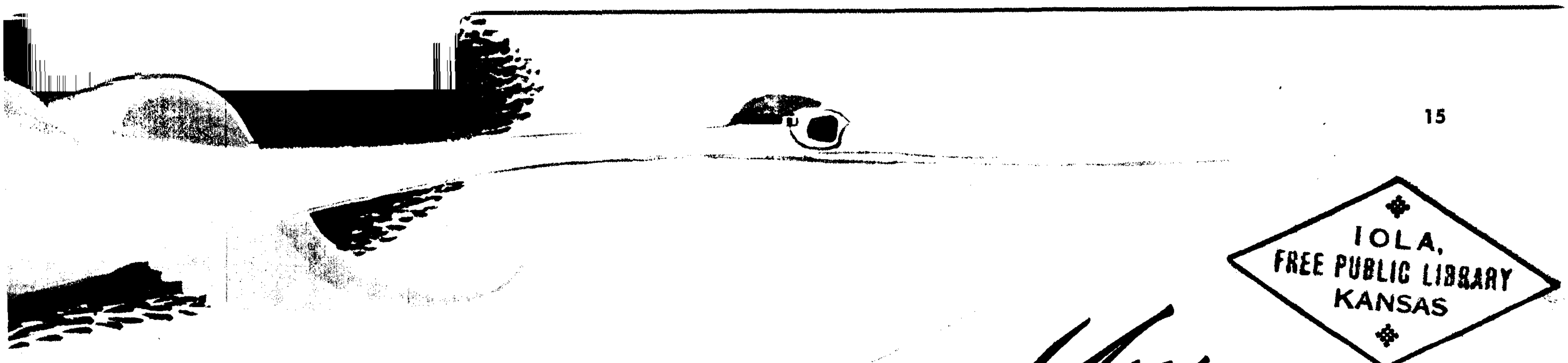
Three hours later Governor Dewey's telegram came, conceding the election. Then came an almost instantaneous rush of White House staff, more reporters, radiomen, photographers, Secret Service, everyone, to congratulate the President.

So went the last act. Now I want to hark back to Act 1, Scene 1, in the drama of the Truman campaign.

The place, the President's office; the time, mid-July. It was a regular 9:00 A.M. conference soon after the nomination. *(Continued on page 87)*



"It's Arden," Mike heard a girl's voice wail. "I wouldn't have knocked you down for a farm. Dear Lord, oh, dear Lord, please make this guy well!"



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KANSAS

You can't win 'em ALL!

By MARGARET CHASE

Mike was having trouble enough before he met Arden—it didn't help him a bit when she almost fractured his skull

ON a freezing Saturday morning, Mike Bonbright (medical student) strode tiredly but determinedly through the staff door into City Hospital. The little black bag hanging heavily from his tired hand, the slept-in look of his clothes, and the stern look on his pale face were characteristic of an extern in the middle of his service on the district.

Mike hurried down the carbolic-smelling corridor, turned a corner, and collided violently with a girl in a white apron. She had a shining big loop of yellow hair in a heavy net behind her head, lively blue eyes, a diamond wrist watch on one slender wrist, and a pail of water and a scrubbing brush in either hand. The brush dropped, and the pail swung, splashing the girl and the floor.

"I'm sorry, I'm sorry!" Mike said.

The girl took a small pink handkerchief from her apron pocket and dabbed at the puddle on the floor with it. A blue jewel flashed on her smooth brown hand. "No good," she said, hurling the sopping handkerchief into the pail.

"I'll send an orderly down to mop it up for you," Mike said.

"Oh, are you a big man around here?"

Mike laughed shortly.

"In that case," the girl went on, "let me explain about my sapphire ring. Papa gave it to me. I am not engaged."

They stared at each other, and he spoke exactly at the same time that she did.

"We've met before!" they said together.

"Where *did* we meet?" Mike said, snapping his fingers. "I can't think of your name. Jane? Joan? June?"

"My name is Arden Beach, and I'm a Gray Ladies' little helper. I'm to learn to scrub things before I scrub people."

"It's extremely nice to meet you again. I couldn't recall your name, but I do remember you."

Mike gave her the scrubbing brush and Arden stood smiling at him. A peach-faced nurse popped out of a room at the end of the hall, frowning, clearing her throat and trying to catch Arden's eye. Arden removed her apron and swished at the puddle with it.

"Don't do that!" Mike exclaimed. "Aprons aren't for that. There's a tremendous amount of ritual and protocol about nursing clothes. You must be a newcomer."

"I am about to begin, for the first time, in a few minutes. I expect to help with the menial chores around the hospital to get my Junior Assembly credits. Besides," she added with a candid smile, "there is always the chance that one might meet some single man. A timid debutante can never know too many. Now, where did you and I meet? I seem to remember you as being in a fury for some reason, all red and shouting. Did you have a blind date with my roommate at college one night last spring?"

"Is she a big nearsighted female shot-putter?" Mike asked. "I had a date with a big female shot-putter at the spring dance at Vassar last year. But I don't think I saw you there."

"Possibly because I have never seen Vassar. I shook off four years of Barnard last June."

"Miss Beach!" It was the peach-faced nurse, quivering and close at hand.

Arden turned. "Oh, this is my boss, the teacher of the Gray Ladies' little helpers," she explained affably. "Miss Lightbody, I'd like you to meet a cousin of mine, Don Miguel Cervantes."

"Report to me at the nursing office immediately," said Miss Lightbody, turning and walking away.

"Gladly," Arden said. "I'll be there in half an hour or so."

"You shouldn't act like that!" Mike shuddered.

"Papa is a trustee of this hospital," Arden said. "What's your name?"

"Mike Bonbright. My father is Dr. Bonbright, the internal medicine man, who has the loudest voice in the clinic."

"We'll see lots of each other, I hope. I must have plenty of cheerful banter to offset the enormous amount of hard work I expect to do."

"That will be fine, as soon as I have time. I have a year and a month more in medical school, two years' internship, a year's residency, and say two years starting a general practice. In six years I should be eligible to know a girl like you."

"Oh, you're just being coy and coquettish," Arden said. "It won't do you a bit of good so far as I'm concerned. What do you do here?"

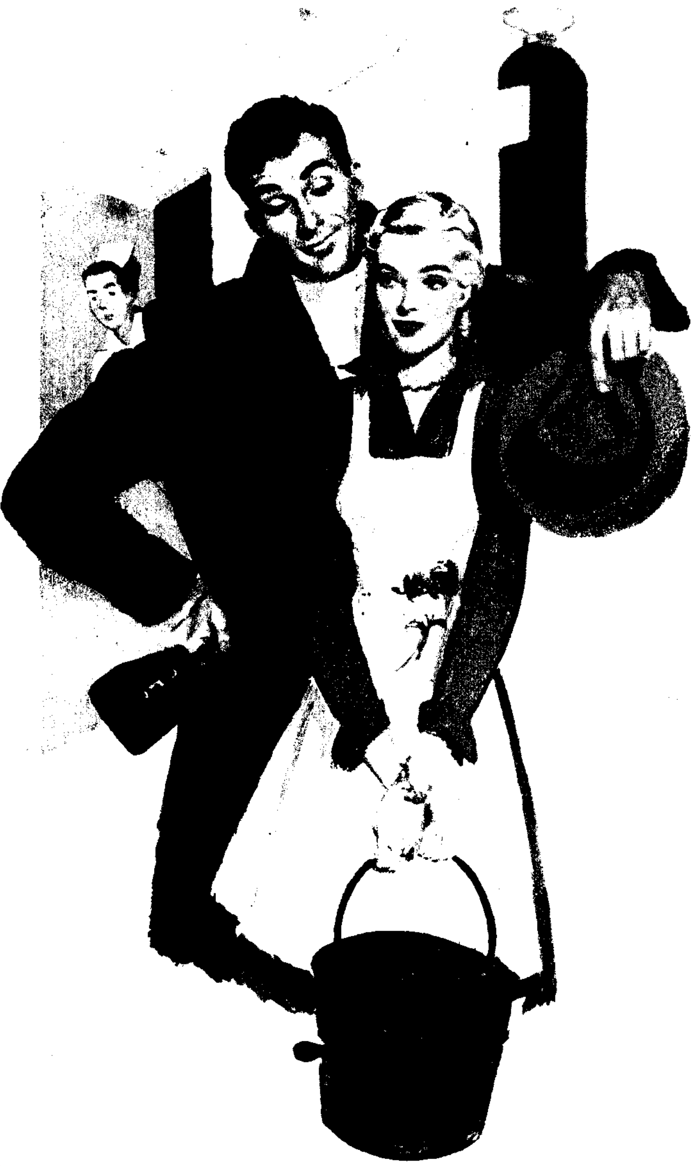
"I'm an extern. On the district."

"What does that mean exactly, to be on the district?"

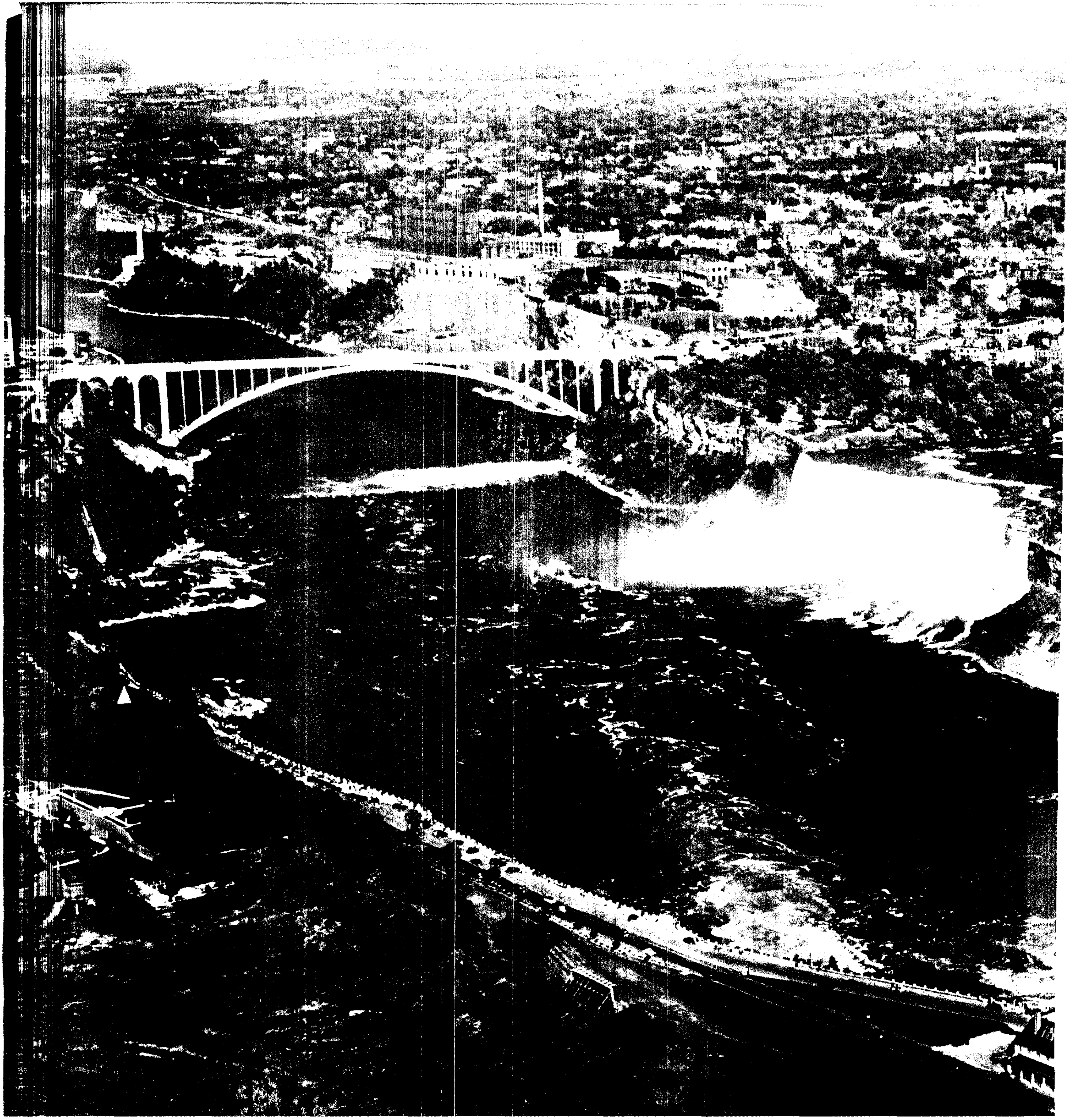
"The Medical School requires each student to assist at the birth of twelve infants before he graduates. So each junior lives at one of the city hospitals for ten days, and acts as doctor for twelve home deliveries—if he is lucky. Our patients are very poor folks, but you have no idea how nice most of them are. The system gives them more attention than most rich women get, as a matter of fact. Of course, we students aren't allowed to give any anesthesia, and if anything goes wrong, we telephone the House Officer to come. That's the resident, Dr. Acton. But if he comes, we don't get any credit, and it is a desperate necessity to bring twelve babies by yourself."

"How are you doing?" Arden asked.

"I hate to tell you I'm (*Continued on page* 73)



ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER SKOR

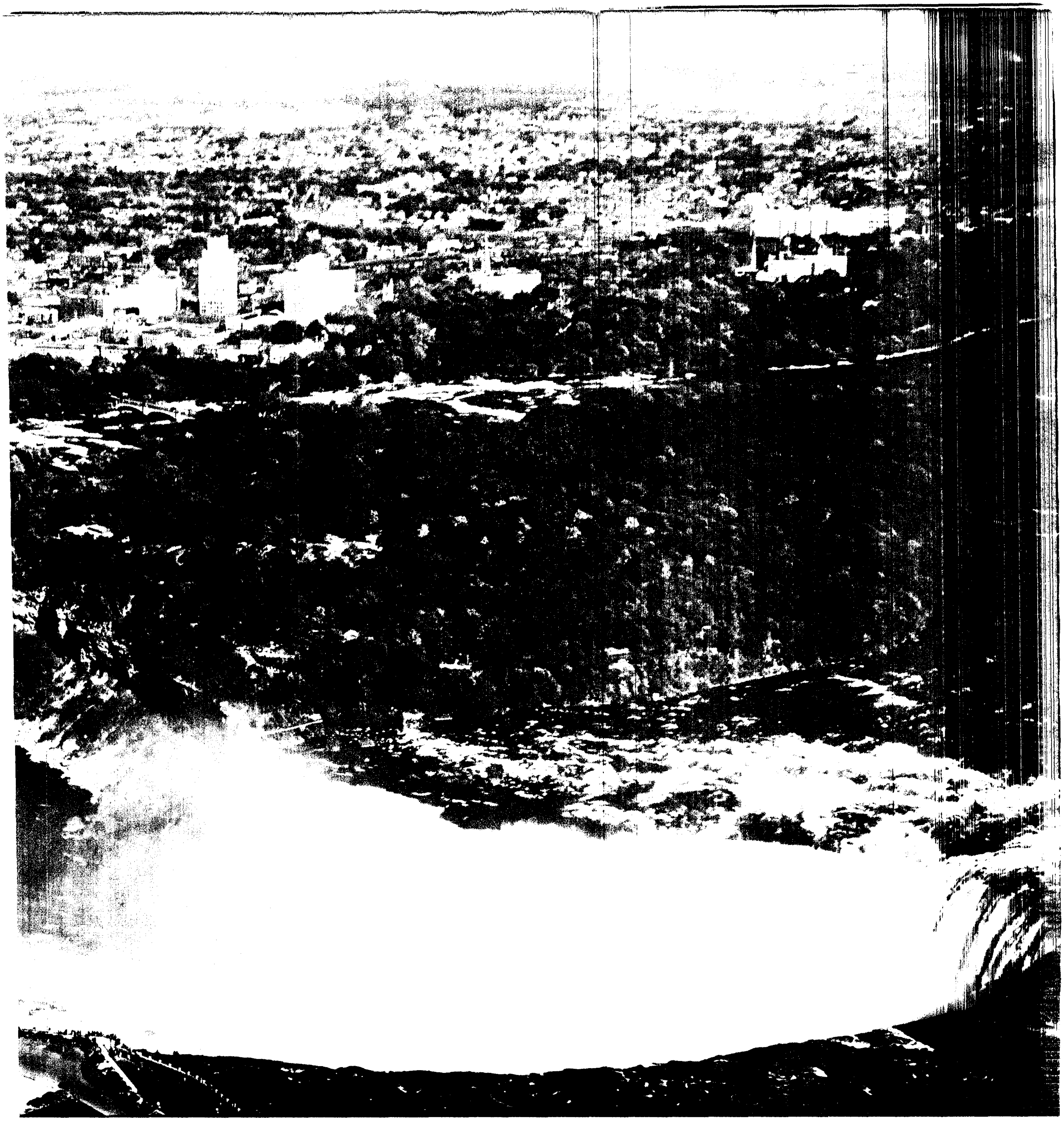


No. 1

Niagara Falls

BEFORE America entered World War II, the U.S. Army Air Forces began a series of vital experiments with color photographs at the Wright Field Photographic Laboratories. The results of some of those experiments were of inestimable aid to victory. Aerial color photographs, for instance, helped to locate the launching sites of the deadly V-1 bombs.

Today, the Air Force is continuing its work with color photography. Under Colonel G. W. Goddard, the Photographic Laboratory at Wright-



Patterson Air Force Base is constantly developing new techniques. Colonel N. E. Ausman's Technical Photographic Services Section is using these techniques in fulfilling the photographic needs of the Air Matériel Command.

Recognizing the tremendous value and importance of color photography to the Air Force as well as the nation, the editors of Collier's believe this is a project the people should know about. Here, then, on loan from the Department of the Air Force, is the first in a series of magnificent color photographs taken for service and experimental purposes. They will bring you a new and exciting insight into some of the peacetime labors of the nation's airmen, and, as photographs of the varied and abundant land in which we live, they will offer a heart-warming reintroduction to the vast and fabulous face of the U.S.A.

You stand close to America, knowing its pulse and its noise, feeling its motion. You stand close to your city and farm, linked to them with pride and inexpressible love. And yet—you do not know the face of your home. No matter where you've traveled, you do not know the face of the States: For your feet are planted in earth and you cannot stand away and look at your land.

Only from the air can you see, and get to know, the shape of a place, the long, clean sweep of a river, the deep gorge of a canyon, the glitter of sand and water, the spines of the skyscrapers you have projected out of your cities. Only in flight can you fully comprehend the reality of America. Only in flight and in the smooth expanse of photographs can you see the land on which you live.

Imagine yourself in an airplane—a plane, specially equipped with (*Continued on page* 67)

To obtain a reprint of this photograph, send 15 cents to Collier's Niagara Falls Reprint Dept., Springfield, Ohio

Girl with a horse for sale

The sheriff wanted to marry the girl. And he was tricky. Almost as tricky as the man he tried to trick

By WILLIAM BRANDON

ONE time a medicine show came to town, and the county sheriff, Andrew Bass, locked up the medicine-show man in the jail room that was part of the sheriff's feed store. The medicine-show man asked what he was being locked up for, and when Andrew told him it was because he hadn't bought a permit, he thought the action a little beforehanded, seeing as how the arrest had been made before he had even had time to unhitch his team, and before anybody had said anything to him about buying any permit.

Andrew then said he had locked him up because he knew without asking that the medicine-show man wouldn't buy the permit, the price being fifty dollars, which at that time was a good month's wages for two men and a boy.

The medicine-show man said why, boy howdy, if he had fifty dollars he wouldn't stop going, shy of Denver. He was a young fellow with a bony face and red hair. He had good-natured blue eyes, and freckles on his wrists where his sleeves ended. He was quite a bit younger than Andrew, who was above forty. He wore overall pants and high-heeled boots, and, as befitted a medicine-show man, a jacket of fringed buckskin. Although the name painted on his wagon was Dr. Carson Rainwater, his name was John Cooper.

He told the sheriff he had never heard of paying more than a dollar for a permit, but the sheriff only looked sad, so John said he wouldn't give any show, he'd just drift on. The sheriff said no, he couldn't turn him loose until he paid his fine. Fine? This really puzzled John. What fine? Well, the fine was for attempting to stage a public spectacle without a permit, which Sheriff Andrew figured John sure would have done if he hadn't been arrested, and that was "attempting" in the eyes of the law.

The standard fine was fifty dollars, he said, and he told John that he had a right to a trial, if he wanted one, in which case he would have to wait in jail until spring, when the judge would come up from Three Rivers to hold court.

"But you'll have to buy your own grub," Andrew added. "Board will be two dollars a week, or I can make you a flat rate for the winter of fifty dollars."

Andrew, who was big and ruddy and wore black mustaches, adding to his grave and considerate manner, clearly was in sympathy with the prisoner and sorry about what he had to do. He was an important man in Los Gatos, unmarried, made money from his store, was sheriff only because the voters forced the office on him, through respect for him and lack of other material.

"I reckon I could get out on bail," John said coolly; "and I reckon standard bail is fifty dollars."

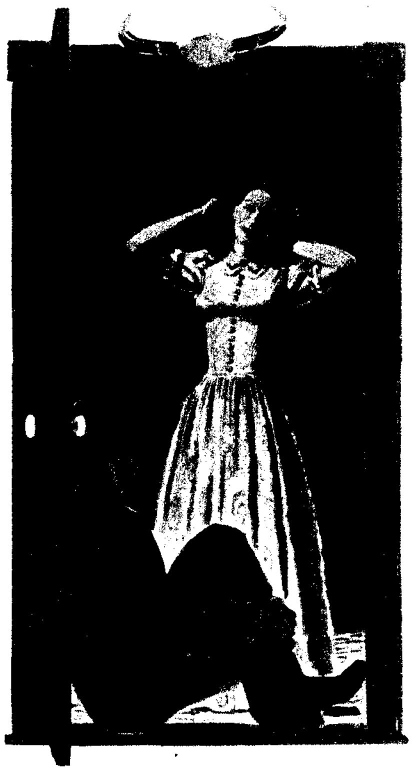
"That's right," Andrew said, just as coolly. "Standard."

Both fell to studying. The jail room had a narrow door with wooden bars. John Cooper stood inside the door, and Andrew stood outside the door. They both watched a wolf spider that was running up and down a wooden bar. Now and then Andrew thoughtfully tapped the bar, which made the spider dance with rage.

"You're holding me up and robbing me," John said. "Next you'll want me to give you my outfit to pay for getting out."

"It won't get you anywhere to abuse me," Andrew said. "No, I can't take your outfit. That would be disseizin and ex post facto estoppel and I'd lay myself liable for tort. No, I couldn't do that. I'd be in for it *nunc pro nunc*." He tapped the bar the spider was on and the spider got bewildered and curled up in a ball and didn't move. He leaned forward and gazed closely at the spider, which gazed back.

John, watching, tapped the bar above the spider.



She stood up. "It must be awfully late. You'd best go back to town"

The spider uncurled and ran down the bar, but it was not quick enough for the sheriff, who quickly tapped the bar below it. It ran back up. John tapped the bar above it, and it ran down.

"Look," John said, "we're getting no place."

Andrew appeared to think deeply. He took out a stogie and courteously offered to pass another through the bars, but John shook his head and made a cigarette. "Well, I'll tell you," Andrew said, "I got a job I could give you to work out your fine."

"That sounds to me like pound breach slavery, in direct misprision of oyer and terminer," John said.

ANDREW stroked his mustache. "No, I don't think it would last long enough to come within the statute. It's a job of special secret assistant. It wouldn't take long enough to fall under the misprison statute."

"Misprision," John said. "How long would it take?"

"Well, a day or so," Andrew said. And he added, almost coaxing, "The pay's mighty good."

"How good?"

"A flat rate of fifty dollars for the job."

John laughed. "Is everything around here fifty dollars?"

"Just about." Andrew squirmed a little. "The job's about a personal matter. It has to do with"—he blushed to his eyebrows—"a young—ah—lady."

John looked at him sidewise.

"You can start right in, if you want the job," Andrew said.

John got his hat from a pile of two sacks in the corner. "Well, I guess I do. Sure, I'll take it."

Andrew looked pleased. He unlocked the door and swung it open. "Then you've hereby duly applied for a permit, so you can put on your show tonight if you want to. I'll just keep your team in my barn next door here, as security. I'll furnish you a horse and rig while you're on the job."

John came out of the jail room. The sheriff closed the door and stopped to knock the spider down from its bar and neatly turned the toe of his boot on it.

"We might step across the street," he said, "while I explain what the job is. And have a drink to make it official."

John put on his hat. "I'm agreeable."

THE medicine-show wagon was illuminated with red flares after dark. On one side of it hung a gaudy canvas painting depicting the first Manassas, on the other a tall poster showed Kit Carson and General Frémont and a horned toad and a beaver, all in a row. The tail gate was swathed in bunting, and near by, two small boys hammered lustily upon a bass drum.

It was Saturday night and a lot of people were in town. All of them collected around the medicine-show wagon and made quite a crowd. The cow hands and sheepherders and farmers and Indians didn't have much money, but it was payday for the men at the silver mines and they were all present with their families.

John now stood in the wagon box, at the tail gate, with a fiddle, and as he signaled to the boys to stop drumming he worked a cymbal with his foot and from his fiddle there came a lively tune. Then as the crowd closed in he struck a mournful note and began to sing in a clear, rolling voice:

"I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger, traveling through this world of woe,
But there's no sickness, toil or danger in that bright land where I go.
I'm going there to see my ma and pa, I'm going there no more to roam,
I'm just agoing over Jordan, I'm just agoing over home."

As several old folks said loudly, "Amen!" a furtive gleam danced in the corner of John's eye, and then his fiddle danced into the burlesque:

"I'm just a poor and lonesome cow hand
Behind a cow that's mighty slow,
Acreaking on to debt and worry,
The only place that I can go."

As he finished, the cow hands whooped and yelled and the crowd laughed. He did a little dance step and sang another verse about hard times for sheepmen and another about hard times for miners. Then he stopped singing and banged on the cymbal until the people quieted down, and now he told them about the medicine he was selling, Dr. Rainwater's Elixir of the Prairie.

With his fiddle bow he pointed elaborately to Kit Carson and General Frémont and the horned toad and the beaver, and told how essence of horned toad and dried beaver liver had saved the lives of dying men when Carson and Frémont first had crossed the Western hills.

The sheriff was among the first of the purchasers. He said nothing, but rolled his eyes (and his mustache) to direct John's attention to a dark-haired young woman in a wide-awake bonnet. She was very pretty, and she was staring straight at John. A couple of towheaded kids clung to her skirts.

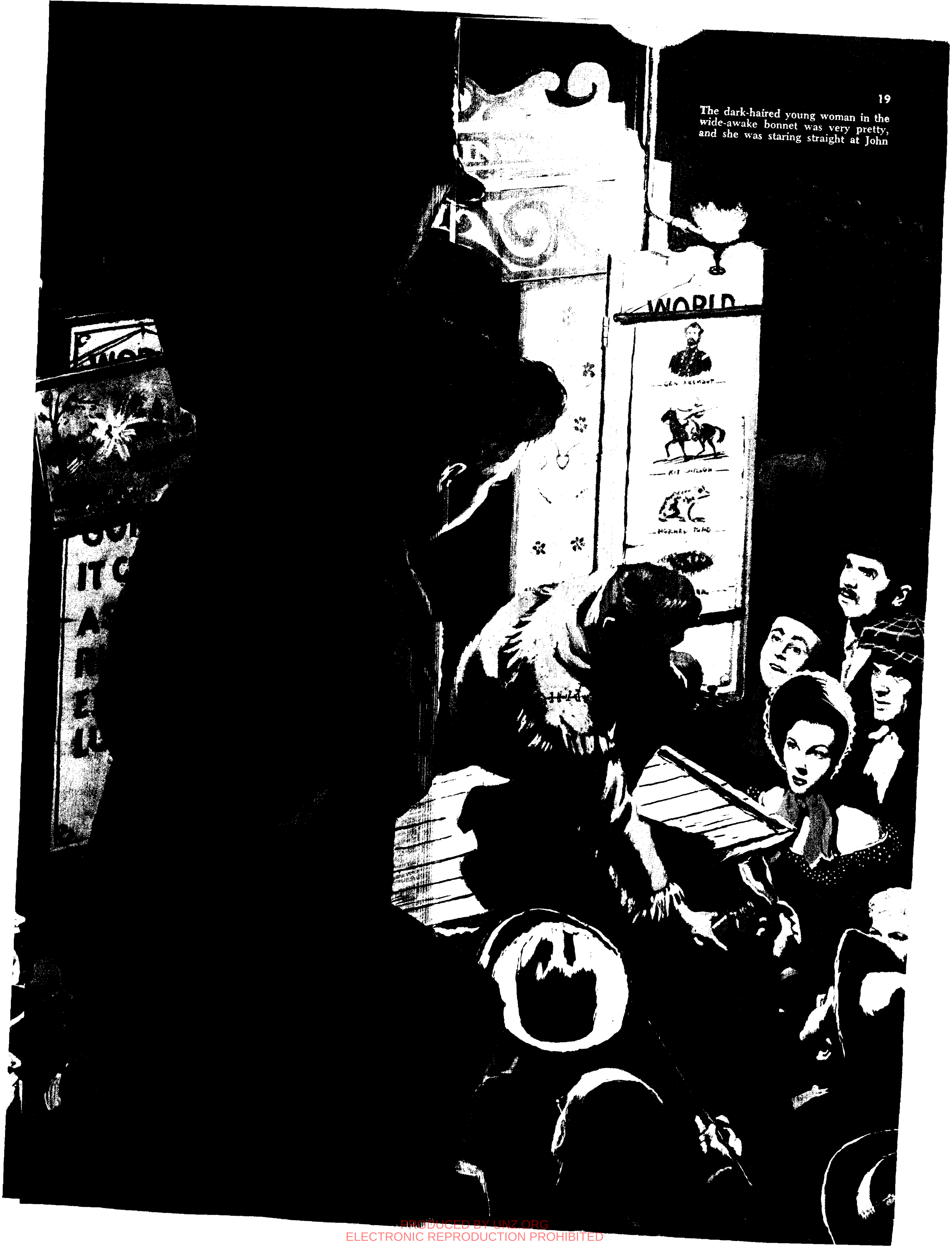
When the commercial interlude was over, the crowd yelled for more music and song, so John tuned up and gave them a melancholy ballad about a young man who was dragged to death by a horse.

He sang to the girl the sheriff had pointed out.

Her wide eyes watched

(Continued on page 62)

ILLUSTRATED BY MAC CONNER


WORLD
GEN FREMONT
KIT CARSON
HORNED TOAD

The dark-haired young woman in the wide-awake bonnet was very pretty, and she was staring straight at John

The Barbizon—For Women Only

By HARMON
and ELSIE TUPPER

Headquarters for beautiful and talented career girls, it's the place Mother sends her daughter when she goes to New York. Because the consignment is precious, the rules are quite strict

An auction or clothes-swapping session means standing room only at the Barbizon for Women. Everyone can put her best dollar forward with bargains picked up and passed on by actresses and models

ABOUT a year ago the mother of an ambitious eighteen-year-old Florida girl wrote to the Barbizon Hotel for Women, a New York hostelry housing over 700 young women, whom taxi drivers and other authorities call the prettiest girls in the city. She asked for a reservation for her daughter, who had been studying for weeks to meet the exacting requirements of a merchandising school where she could learn dress buying.

The hotel regretfully informed the mother that there were no vacancies. It would put her daughter on the waiting list.

"Oh, well," the girl said, "I'll just stay at some other hotel."

Her mother's expression became firm, "Jo, either you stay at the Barbizon or you don't go to New York at all."

Jo burst into tears. "But I'm already enrolled! I've done all that preparatory work, and classes start in a couple of weeks!"

Her mother was adamant. Jo stayed in Florida.

Six months later, when she finally got a room at the Barbizon, Jo discovered the reason for her mother's stubborn insistence. To thousands of American parents, the Barbizon is a fortress against the perils of a wicked city; it is a home-away-from-home untouched by scandal, a sanctuary for the young and impressionable. It is strictly distaff and forbids male visitors in living quarters except by extraordinary dispensation. Young men have tried innumerable stratagems to see their girls' rooms but without success.

The Barbizon's rigid regard for the proprieties is not surprising when you know that 90 per cent of the residents are either in, or barely out of, their teens. They also are loaded with good looks, chic and talent. They include ambitious actresses and singers, buyers, fashion models, commercial artists and business Girl Fridays.

The hotel is a tawny, 22-story brick structure at Sixty-third Street and Lexington Avenue, on New York's fashionable upper East Side, yet it is conveniently served by subways, busses and taxis that whisk the girls to offices, studios and business or professional schools.

It is a rather florid building erected more than 20 years ago, and its rooms are small. But it has a constant waiting list of at least 100 women and has been enormously successful ever since the mid-thirties, when it advertised in sleek fashion magazines as "New York's most exclusive hotel residence for young women."

In many ways, the hotel resembles a well-run girls' school. It demands impeccable references and insists that young guests have an earnest purpose in life beyond night-clubbing or snaring a husband. Reservations are never accepted by phone, and no one is given permanent-guest rates until personally interviewed and given A for decorum, appearance and solvency.

How Errors Are Rectified

Now and then the hotel makes mistakes—as in the recent case of two young ladies who received some unfortunate national publicity—but errors in judgment are rectified by the management's quick and quiet discovery that it needs the room space.

For her weekly rent, each girl gets not only her room but also the use of a handsome swimming pool, gym, sun-deck and a 3,000-volume library, free afternoon tea and a smart address with a doorman. Without leaving the building, she can buy clothes, have her hair done, patronize Nate Scollar's drugstore or get new novels at Miss Crystal's shop. She can exhibit her art gratis in a mezzanine gallery and can rent a music practice studio for $6.50 a month.

If she cares to make anything of it—most Barbizon girls don't because they're too absorbed in their own careers—she can truthfully say that she stays in the hotel once graced by Dorothy McGuire, Gene Tierney, Barbara Bel Geddes, Nancy Carroll, Cathy O'Donnell, Pat Quinlan and nineteen-year-old Joan Hyldoft, former leading lady of Rockefeller Center ice shows.

The Barbizon is owned and operated by men. Its manager is a bland and bespectacled boniface, Hugh J. Connor, who is as actively concerned about his charges as a bachelor uncle with a favorite visiting niece.

Connor sends flowers when a guest is sick, and helps out with a $5 or $10 advance if a youngster's budget gets out of whack. For girls whose parents don't want them to spend more than a certain amount each week, he acts as paymaster.

Frequently, guests like Jane Abbott, a Fort Wayne girl, come to him when they need business advice. He gave Jane some useful tips when she was running her own dress shop on East Fifty-fourth Street, and helped her find a suitable location when she recently branched out with Alteration Associates, a service she thought up when paying a fancy dressmaker's bills for some simple remodeling.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY SHARLAND

The envy of every wolf in New York is Keeper of the Gates Oscar Beck. Doorman for 19 years, he knows the names and romantic secrets of all the girls

With never a masculine eye to criticize or evaluate their form in the backstroke, 700 beautiful girls, like Jo Rogers, splash and swim in the hotel pool

Connor, the girls' proxy father, is assisted by a proxy mother, a smiling, bright-eyed little woman named Mae Sibley. To her the girls go when they have problems they would rather not take to the manager. She, in turn, goes to them when their social lives seem to need adjustment.

If desk clerks report that Miss Teen-ager has been coming in at all hours night after night, Mrs. Sibley takes her aside and asks her gently what her parents would say if they knew about her behavior. Should the girl continue to stay out late without reasonable explanation, Mrs. Sibley intimates that the management may be needing the girl's room, a statement that usually brings tears and fervent avowals to reform.

Most residents would rather lose a job, or a young man, than leave the hotel, if for no other reason than Oscar the doorman. Oscar Beck, known to all as the Keeper of the Gates, is a bald, jowly, perennially happy extrovert who has been opening doors and loping after cabs at the hotel for 19 years.

The girls' esteem for Oscar is summed up by Barbara Clark, one of the many blond, blue-eyed beauties who decorate the hotel. Barbara comes from Van Wert, Ohio, and is assistant manager of a women's specialty shop on Fifth Avenue.

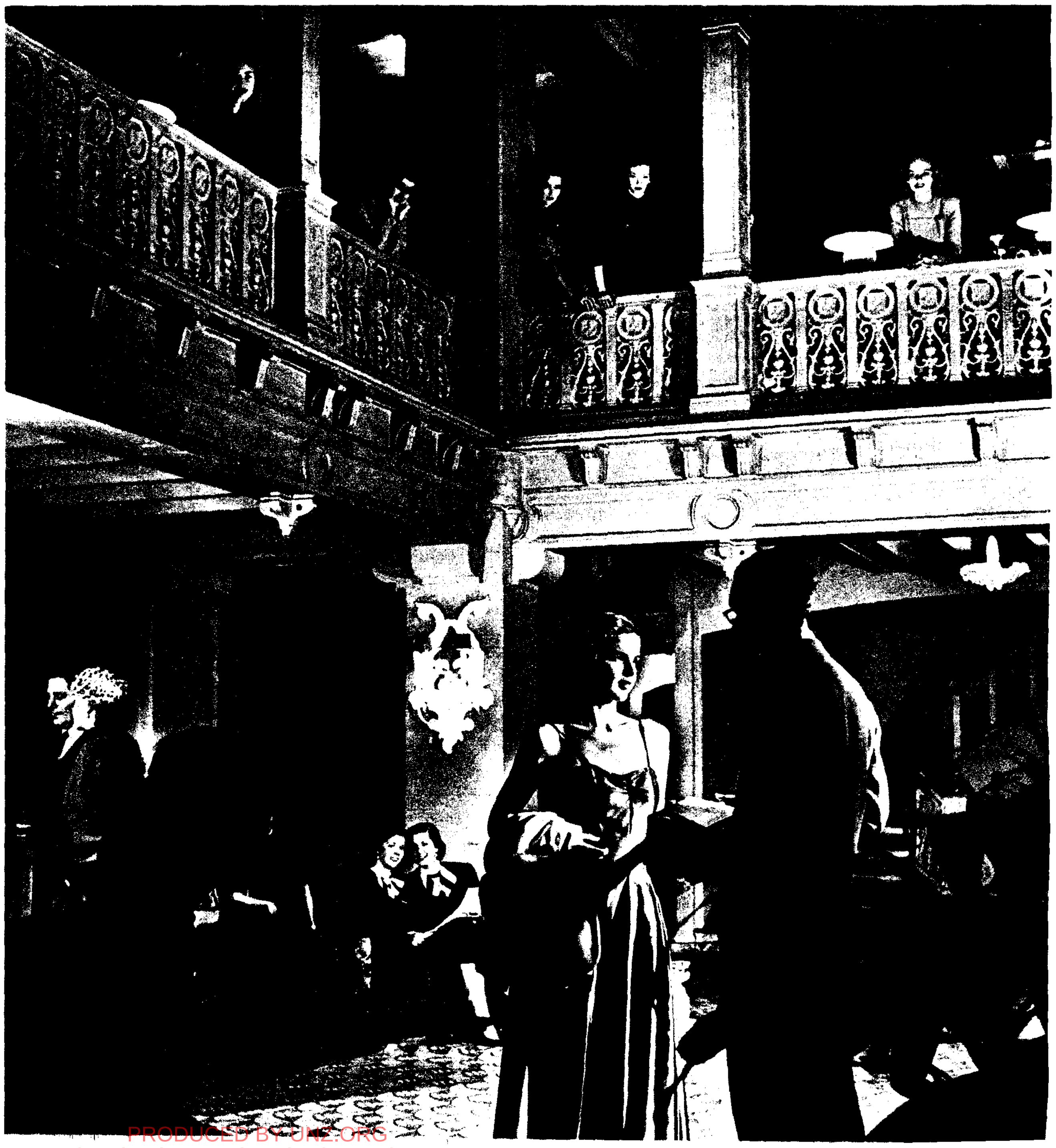
"Oscar really rolls out the red carpet and makes you feel like a duchess," she says. "A lot of kids could save time by using a side exit, but they all troop out the front door to get Oscar's big send-off. He burbles and gurgles, and no one knows quite what he says, but the impression is that you're just about the prettiest thing on earth. When you go out with a date, Oscar carefully addresses you by name, which is always good for impressing your man."

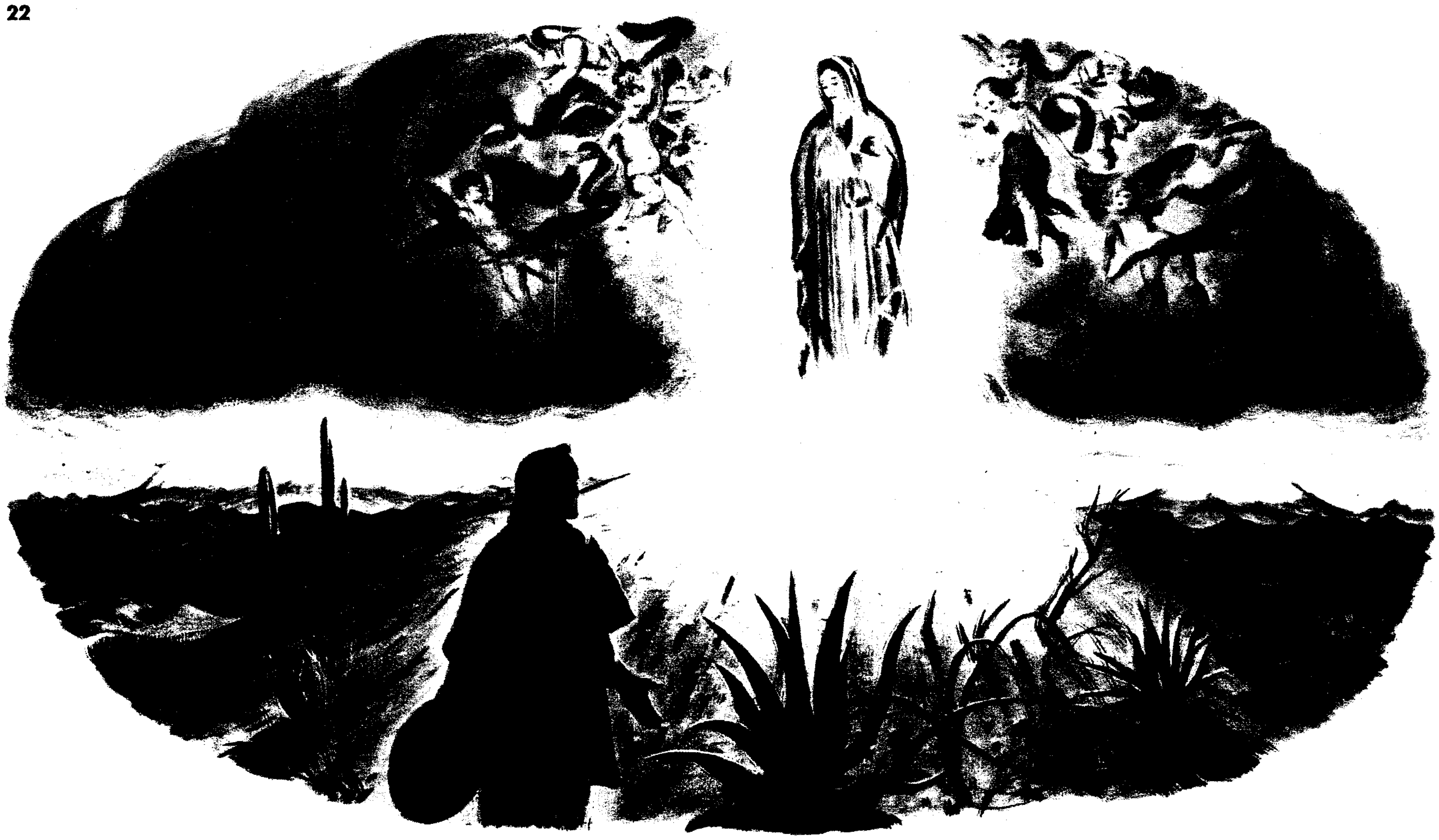
As Keeper of the Gates, Oscar is guileful in many ways. When strange males ask him the names of attractive residents, he pleads a sudden lapse of memory. If jealous fellows try to pump him about their girls dating other men, the doorman immediately assumes an air of astonished reproach.

"Why, that little girl wouldn't two-time *you,*" he asserts, even though he has seen the lady leave the hotel with a man at each elbow only a few minutes before.

Girls like the Barbizon also because no one can be lonely in it. In order to make the newcomers feel at home and help shy *(Continued on page 82)*

Jane Kendall greets her date, who, like all young men, must observe a strict ceiling zero regulation





And he saw the Queen of Heaven standing in the rocky path with the lights around her, so that the stones glittered like jewels

The Miracle of Tepayac

Not to the bishop nor to the other great ones did Mary appear. Simple, grieving Juan Diego was chosen to bear the wondrous tidings

By JOHN STEINBECK

THE Spaniards came to Mexico with war and pestilence and ruin but they brought also the faith of Jesus Christ and His Mother Mary. Many of the Indian people were baptized, and among the first of them Juan Diego and his wife Maria Lucia. They were humble people and they lived in the little town of Cuautitlan, to the north of Mexico City.

For many years they had lived together in felicity. They had no children, so that their dependence on each other was very great. Their dwelling was a one-room hut of mud bricks, and they tended a garden and they were happy. Then one dawn Maria Lucia was feverish and at midmorning her eyes were swollen and her breath labored. At noon she died.

They had lived in love, and Juan Diego was lost in his sorrow. He had no relatives but the uncle named Juan Bernardino who had cared for him in his youth. Now that his wife was dead, Juan Diego took to wandering over the hills, spending his strength the way a grieving man does. In the night he was wakeful and restless.

It is told that one December day he arose before the dawn and walked through the frost of the harsh stony land until he came to the hill of Tepayac. Just as the day was breaking he climbed the hill and there came to him, first softly, and then louder, the sound of many birds' songs.

The songs grew to an earthly music so that he stopped and wondered, for the music seemed to come from everywhere. He looked up the hill and the dawn light was brighter than any he had ever seen; the music swelled and echoed about him.

Juan Diego went quickly toward the light that shone from the hilltop and a voice from the music said, "Juan Diego, come here."

In a moment his grief was gone and the fullness of beauty was in him. The path up the hill was lined with mesquite and cactus and sharp with stones. He came half running to the brow. The music swelled and retired. And he saw the Queen of Heaven standing in the rocky path with the light around her, so that the stones gathered it and glittered like jewels. And the dark mesquite was bright.

For a moment Juan Diego gazed at Her, and then he backed away in shyness and in fear.

The vision said, "Juan Diego, my son, where do you walk?"

And he answered, "My Lady, I was walking in sorrow to find peace for my heart, but now I am not sad."

The Lady said, "Do you know who I am?"

And he answered, "I think—I know."

She spoke quietly in the light, "I am Mary, the Mother of Jesus. And I wish that here on this bleak hill a temple may be built in witness of my love for your people. I have seen the suffering of your people and I have come to them through you."

Juan Diego tried to speak, but she silenced him: "You must go to the bishop in Mexico and tell him that here by the hill of Tepayac my temple must be built, from which my love may go out to all of your people."

Juan Diego bowed. "I will go, My Lady," he said, and as he spoke, the light faded into ordinary day and the stones were stones and the mesquite black. The Lady was gone.

Juan Diego went slowly down the path, and the world was pale after his vision. He took the north way through the marshes where the tall reeds grew and his road was the stone causeway, for the Valley

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER RICHARDS

of Mexico was a broad lake, and the city stood in the midst of it.

Juan Diego was filled with terror now. He had never traveled to the city in all of his life. After his mud village the growing buildings and the new churches were things of wonder to him. He asked his directions many times before he came to the palace of the bishop, a lordly building, magnificent, new. Humbly Juan Diego asked to see the bishop.

The bishop of Mexico was a scholarly man. From the first he had defended the Indians against the brutal soldiers and the nobles of Spain and it was his custom to hear anyone who came to him. When Juan Diego was led to his chamber, the bishop expected a complaint or a petition. Many tragedies passed before him every day.

Juan Diego looked at the splendor of the room. He who had never seen anything but coarse cactus-fiber cloth, saw crimson velvet. It was a room of carved wood and colored plaster, instead of the mud walls of his experience.

The bishop looked up as the silence continued. "Yes, my son?" he said impatiently.

Suddenly the words poured out of Juan Diego. "The Queen of Heaven!" he cried. "I saw Her in a pool of light on the hill of Tepayac. She told me you must build a temple to Her by the hill."

The bishop smiled wearily, "Why there?"

"To be a sign to our people," Juan Diego cried in triumph. "She is ours—our own Mother."

Now the bishop frowned. "You are excited, my son," he said. "Go reflect and come back when you are calm. Go with God!"

HIS heart heavy with failure, Juan Diego went blindly in the evening to the hill of Tepayac, for his vision was fading and he was afraid the bishop had spoken the truth, and that his grieving had turned his mind to dreams. As he came to the hilltop the night was falling. The light sprang up and the Lady was before him again.

Juan Diego fell to his knees in joy, for he knew now that he was right. But he felt weakness, and he cried, "Holy Mother, send someone of importance. Send some lord, or better, shed your light on the bishop himself."

Her voice was imperious. "Juan Diego, I have chosen you for a reason to be understood only gradually, but it will be stronger, because everyone will find the reason for himself. I have many messengers, but I have chosen you. Juan Diego, my son, go as my messenger and order the bishop to do as I have said. Say to him that Holy Mary Ever Virgin, Mother of God, has sent you. That you and no other are the messenger."

The light about Her flared and the whole valley glowed and sparkled, and then it was dark, and Juan Diego was alone on the desert hill of Tepayac. He went down the path to his mud house and he washed himself and ate a little and lay down on his mat, but sleep would not come to him, for when he closed his eyes he saw the light and the beauty again. . . .

Before dawn he went again over the marshes and over the north causeway. As he approached the city he heard the church bells ringing, for it was Sunday.

The bishop had many duties on a Sunday, and Juan Diego squatted in a corner waiting. Again and again he demanded entrance, but the servants refused him. Now Juan Diego's message burned in him and he shouted his demands. Tears were in his eyes and the fury of frustration in his heart. The bishop heard him shouting and quietly gave word to let him in.

Juan Diego fell to the floor before the throne. "Our Lady says you must build the temple!" he cried. "She says it is Her wish. Do you hear? She orders the temple to be built in the valley by Tepayac."

The bishop said sternly, "You are ill. You are unbalanced."

Juan Diego shouted, "Our Lady orders you!"

The bishop sat quietly thinking, and then he said with calculation, "I will tell you . . . words are empty, and men sometimes see things that are untrue. Ask for a sign beyond words. Then we will know beyond doubt. Now go."

"What sign?" Juan Diego demanded.

The bishop smiled and signaled, and his servants held Juan Diego's elbows and led him away.

When he was gone the bishop called two men and said, "Follow Juan Diego. See where he goes. And see that he does not hurt himself nor any others."

The men followed Juan Diego and at last they came to a ravine before the valley below Tepayac, and a rare mist covered Juan Diego from their sight.

They could not find him anywhere. At last they returned to the city and told their story. The bishop sat alone and he was troubled, and Juan Diego remained in his thoughts.

THE cloud moved along with Juan Diego and it grew luminous, and in the midst of it the Lady appeared. In his weariness Juan Diego bowed and he said, "The bishop wants a sign. He will not believe words. But he would not say what sign."

The Lady's voice was sweet to the weary man. "Go to your rest," she said, "and in the morning come again and I will give you a sign."

Then Juan Diego went toward his house. But on the way a neighbor came to him saying, "Your uncle is dying of the fever called cocolxtle, the same that destroyed your wife."

Juan Diego went toward his uncle's house and found the old man with red, swollen eyes and a shallow breath. His uncle whispered to him, "Go to Father de Grado. He knows curing herbs. And if they fail he will give me the rites of the church."

Juan Diego went to find help for his uncle. His promise to the Holy Mother worried him, but it seemed good to him to have a humble duty to do, for Her mission had frightened him. The emotion of it had wearied him, for one must bring something to great beauty, and it is a burden on a man to be a great man. He thought: I will not take the short cut over the hill of Tepayac. I will go the longer way around the hill and then the Holy Mother will not see me, and I can put aside the duty. He said to himself: *She could not blame me for trying to help my uncle.*

He took the longer path and he felt the mesquite bushes pulling at his cloak. His feet stumbled on the rocks in the dark way.

And suddenly the light broke around him and the Lady stood before him. In grief and shame Juan Diego knelt before Her.

"I was coming to the hill as soon as I could get help for my uncle," he said.

She replied with compassion, "You cannot go around, my son. You cannot ever go around. Particularly you. Forget your uncle. He is well now. I have made him well. Go now to the right path over the hill of Tepayac and gather what you find there."

Then Juan Diego went back to the hill path and in that desolate place he saw roses of Castile fresh and lovely growing in a place where roses could not grow and blooming in a frosty month when roses do not bloom. In the dawn he gathered the flowers and then the Virgin was beside him, and she took the blooms from him and laid them in his cloak. "This is my sign," she said. "Go now to the bishop."

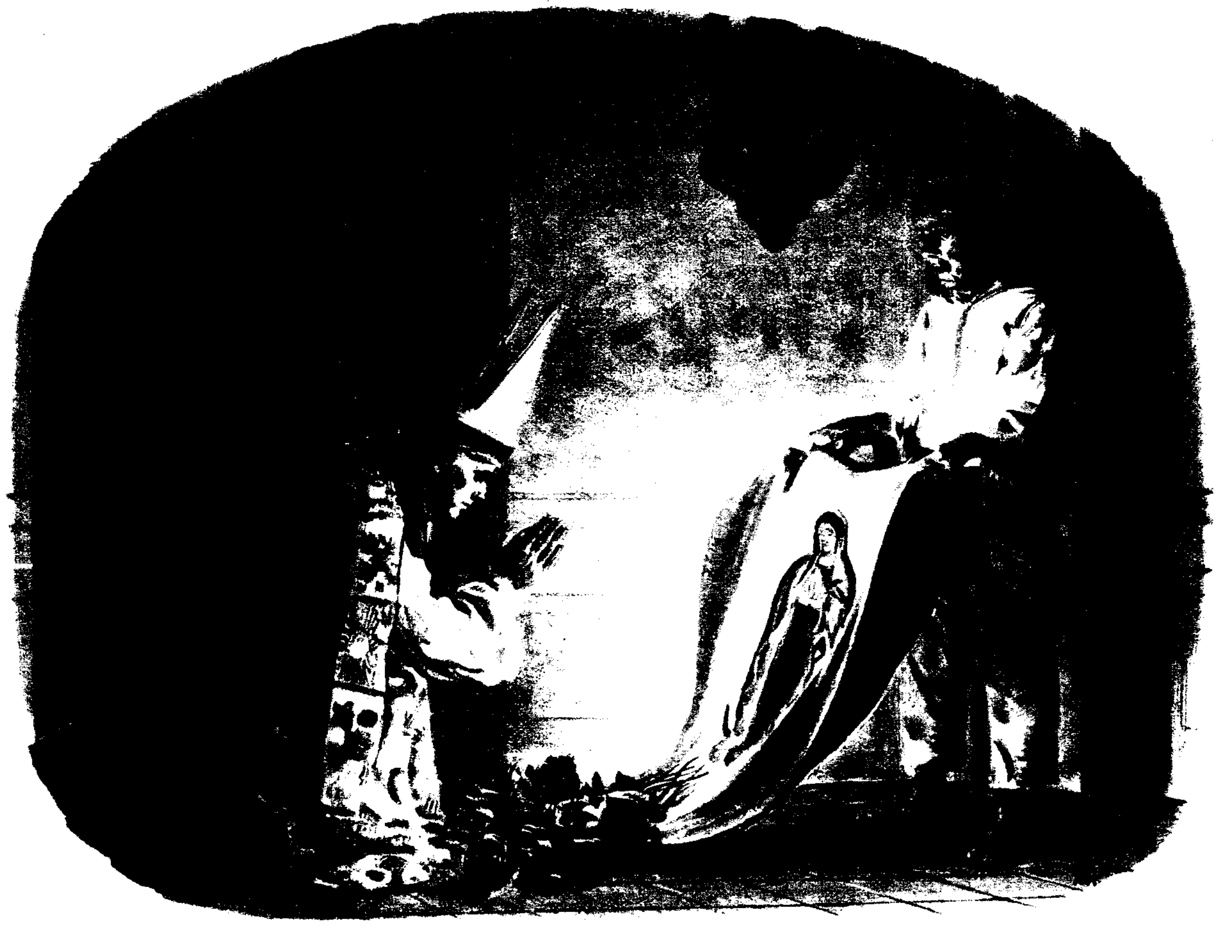
Juan Diego came to the palace and he entered carrying the roses wrapped in his cloak. The servants in the hall jeered at him, and they struck him and pulled at him to put him out of the hall. But Juan Diego guarded his cloak. "It is the sign!" he cried. "I have brought the sign from the Holy Mother!"

As they pushed him a corner of his cloak came free and they saw the roses and they were silent. One man put his hand to the flowers and he could not touch them. And then he went quietly to the door of the bishop's chamber and opened it, and Juan Diego entered.

The bishop looked at the Indian with annoyance, but Juan Diego was not afraid. "Here is the sign," he said, and released the corners of his cloak, and the roses uncrushed and unwilted fell to the floor.

And then the bishop saw the cloak of Juan Diego and he got to his knees. On the rough cactus-fiber cloak of the Indian Juan Diego was the image of the Mother of God.

AT TEPAYAC they raised a simple hermitage on the place where She had appeared, to serve until the temple could be fashioned. And Juan Diego built a new mud house near by and planted a garden. He swept out the chapel and cared for it until he died. He was very happy. And it is possible he did not know that through his heart Our Lady of Guadalupe had become the Holy Mother of his people. ⊔⊔⊔



Juan Diego was not afraid of the bishop's annoyance. "Here is the sign," he said, and released the corners of his cloak, and the roses uncrushed and unwilted fell to the floor

1. **COCKER SPANIEL.** Descendants of one of dogdom's longest family lines, these affectionate puppies are members of America's favorite breed YL

Dogs are Big Business

By DICKSON HARTWELL with DR. LEON F. WHITNEY

ON a bright September day not long ago blasé New Yorkers hurrying along Fifth Avenue were stopped in their tracks by the sudden, unmistakable boom of a shotgun. Expecting at least a double killing they rushed toward the sound.

In Rockefeller Center's swank sunken plaza, magnet for summer out-of-door diners and winter out-of-door ice skaters, they saw a happy Labrador retriever climb dripping out of the famed Prometheus' fountain. It was carrying a mallard duck, and thousands of spectators, some leaning perilously from adjacent skyscraper windows, cheered lustily. Tarrying, they also saw pointers flush pheasants hidden about the plaza, while solemn judges impassively scored them on form.

They were watching a field trial, one of hundreds held every year though usually in a more rural setting. That it could also happen in Manhattan, and in austere Rockefeller Center, is tribute and testimony to the high estate of the dog. Known to centuries of sentimentalists and poets as man's best friend, more recently the dog has become known among big corporations—who make American tastes and habits a paying proposition—as the businessman's best friend.

For dogs today are big business. Sales of prepared dog foods alone hit $120,000,000 in 1948 with an output of about a *billion* pounds, very much more than the prewar volume. The U.S. dog population has climbed to 20,000,000, an all-time high, and the number of dog collars, nail clippers, leashes, food pans, wicker feather-cushioned beds, rubber cats with a built-in meow, and toy fire hydrants they consume is enough to gleam the eye of the National Association of Manufacturers.

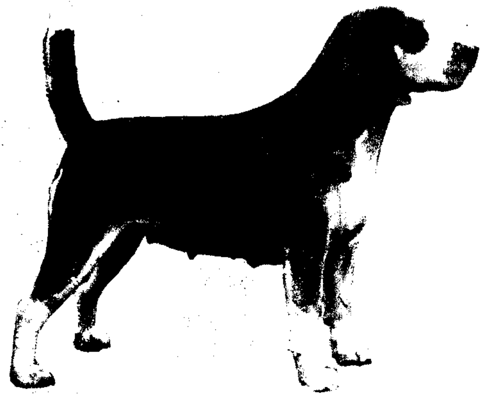
The combined purchasing power of dog owners is guesstimated at $75,000,000,000 a year, and vast sums are spent to buy license, house, feed, medicate, clothe, breed, beautify, train, show, admire, back, apprehend and bury dogs.

Dog lovers and breeders are known in the trade as The Fancy, a contraction of dog fanciers. The Fancy is a very large group, representing nearly half of the families in this country—some 17,000,000—for a total of around 70,000,000 people. A 1946 Gaines Dog Research Center survey showed the *heaviest canine concentration* (53 per cent) in the South, the lowest (33 per cent) in the East.

One in four big-city families has a dog, despite the onerous necessity for walking it. Dogs are found on three of four farms where, happily, they needn't be walked. Contrary to general opinion poor families and families with youngsters proportionately have more dogs than the well-off and childless. And dogs are at least twice as popular as cats. Eleven per cent of families have *(Continued on page 92)*

Today we have beauty parlors for man's best friend, and the sums spent on the four-footed charmers are fantastic. Our dog population has climbed to 20,000,000 and dogs have become a highly profitable proposition

2
BEAGLE



Sturdy-legged favorite of hunters, the beagle works alone or in packs

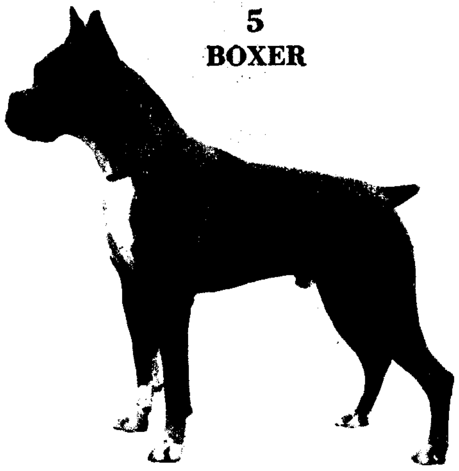
3
COLLIE

The collie was developed in Scotland as a separate breed in the 1700's

4
BOSTON TERRIER

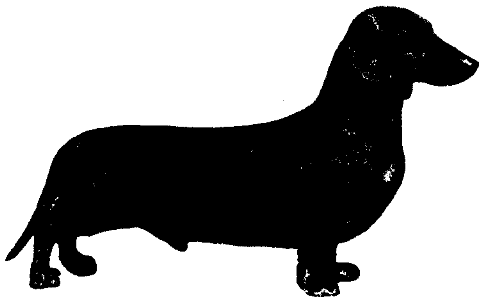
The Boston terrier, a nonsport dog, is a fine companion and house pet

5
BOXER



Bred in Germany as a police dog, the boxer is really devoted and loving

6
DACHSHUND

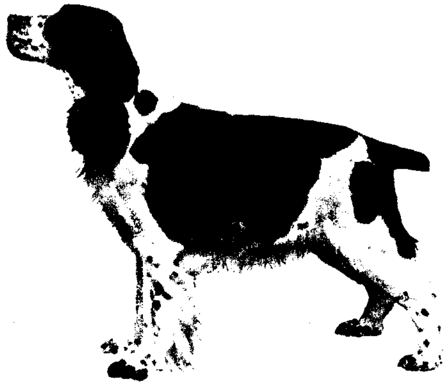


The dachshund, an elongated little aristocrat, makes a perfect house dog

7
PEKINGESE

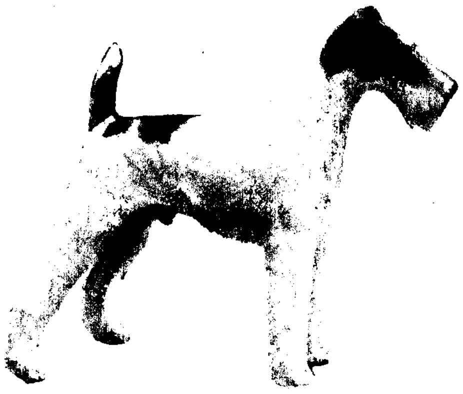
The toy Pekingese's delicate appearance belies his stamina and courage

8
ENGLISH SPRINGER SPANIEL



Strictly a hunter, the springer spaniel is built for endurance

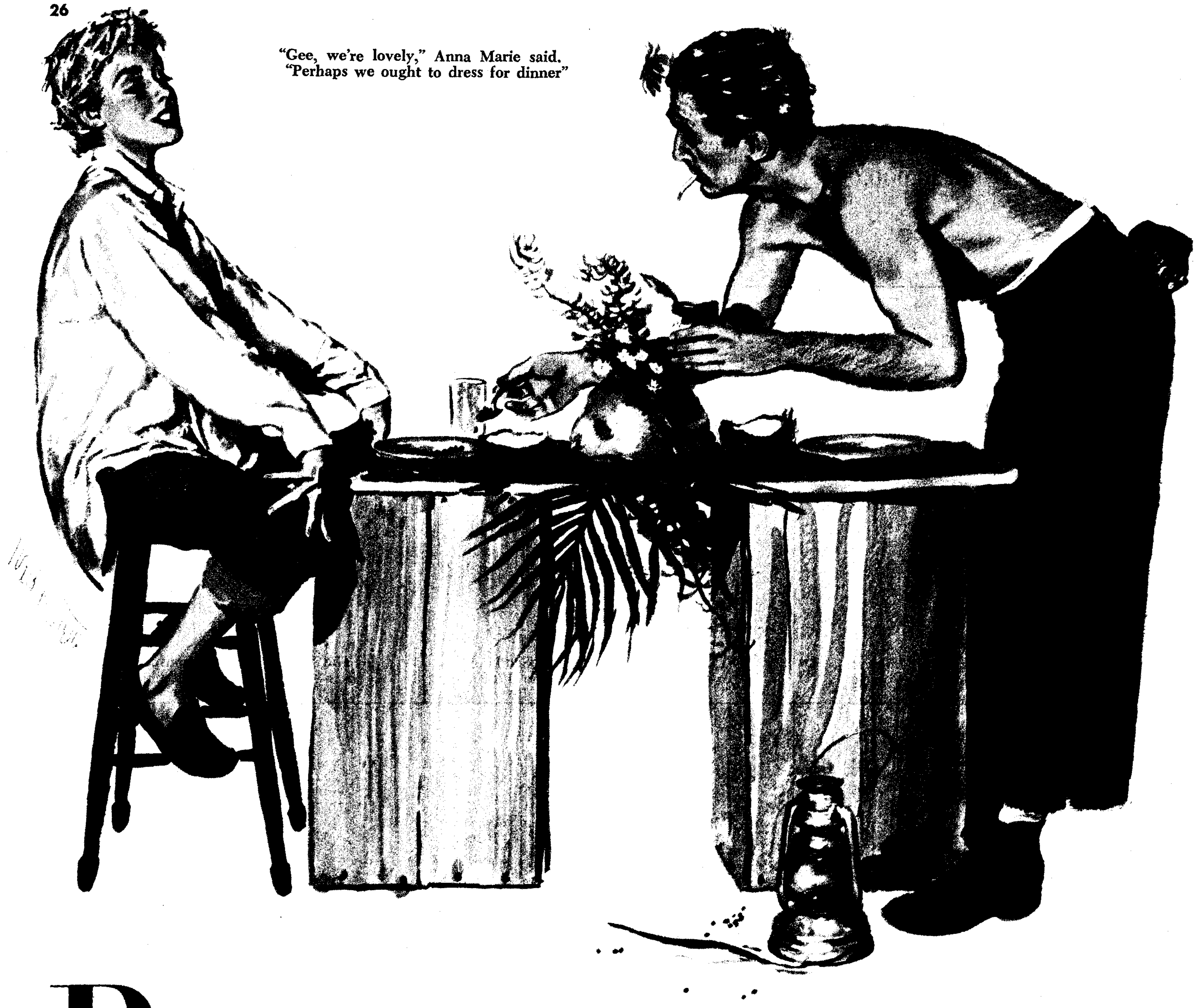
9
WIRE-HAIRED FOX TERRIER



Wire-haired fox terriers, originally used in fox hunts, are lively and active

10
POMERANIAN

Diminutive, docile Pomeranians excel as pets or watchdogs



"Gee, we're lovely," Anna Marie said. "Perhaps we ought to dress for dinner"

PASSAGE TO PANAMA

By ROBERT CARSON

CONTINUING THE MADCAP ADVENTURES OF A MILLIONAIRESS AND HER BODYGUARD

The Story: JOHNNY SMITH, a young lawyer, has taken the job of guarding ANNA MARIE BISHOP on a voyage to Panama. Miss Bishop, a lovely, rich young industrialist, who has received letters threatening her life, is the manufacturer of a home permanent. To advertise her product she has financed an archaeological venture in Panama, which will be headed by a woman named INDIA REDO. They plan to search from the air for the remains of an ancient civilization, using surplus Army planes. The third day out of port Johnny learns that Anna Marie has sold her home-permanent company, and even though she has nothing to advertise she is continuing with the expedition. She will not tell Johnny why. Gradually they fall in love. When the ship stops at Mangrove Island to pick up India Redo, Johnny, Anna Marie and the captain go ashore. There in a hut Johnny and Anna Marie are held at gun point by Mrs. Redo and the captain. Mrs. Redo admits plotting against Anna Marie. It is her intention to sell the surplus Army planes to South American revolutionaries, abandon Anna Marie on Mangrove Island and let her take the blame. Anna Marie has suspected something of this sort. Helpless, Johnny and Anna Marie watch Mrs. Redo and the captain depart. When they try to follow they are stopped by two fierce-looking Indians with machetes.

PART 6 OF A SEVEN-PART SERIAL

ANNA MARIE and Johnny went silently back over the trail to Pirate Bay. Clouds were gathering, and a spatter of rain hit them by the time they reached the shack. Anna Marie sank exhausted on the bunk.

"Lunch, one hour," Johnny said. "Spaghetti or beans?"

"I don't care."

He heated spaghetti on the stove. "I wish it had meat balls in it," he said.

Anna Marie ate a little of the spaghetti and fruit salad. Johnny ate a great deal. He found all his cigarettes had been ruined by the moisture.

"My whole life," he said, "I've wanted to be stuck on an island with a beautiful blonde. And now I don't like it."

"Neither does the blonde," Anna Marie said.

She dozed, and Johnny discovered a few newspapers Mrs. Redo had left behind. The Spanish was incomprehensible to him, but he did enjoy the funnies. There was *Super-Hombre*, and he readily recognized *Popeye el Marino*. In addition, he studied *Terry y Los Piratas, Winnie* *(Continued on page 55)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT

My Story of the Wright Brothers

By CHARLES E. TAYLOR

as told to ROBERT S. BALL

When the boys flew at Kitty Hawk, I thought their success was pretty nice. But there weren't any jig steps. They were quite matter-of-fact about things

IT WAS a hot June night in Dayton. It must have been a Saturday because I was at the Wright Cycle Company gassing with Wilbur and Orville. They used to stay open Saturday nights to take care of the folks who worked all week and couldn't get around any other time.

One of the brothers, I forget which, asked me how would I like to go to work for them. There were just the two of them in the shop and they said they needed another hand. They offered me $18 a week. That was pretty good money; it figured to 30 cents an hour. I was making 25 cents at the Dayton Electric Company, which was about the same as all skilled machinists were getting.

The Wright shop was only six blocks from where I lived—at Calm and Gale streets—and I could bicycle to lunch. Besides, I liked the Wrights. So I said all right and I reported in on June 15th. That was in 1901.

I was a machinist and had done job work for the boys in my own shop. Once I made up a coaster brake they had invented but they dropped it later. I knew they were interested in box kites and gliders, and that they had gone South to Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in 1900 with a glider. I didn't know anything about that stuff but I did know something about the bicycle business.

Three weeks after I went to work for the Wrights they took off for the South with another glider and I was alone in charge of their bicycle company. They trusted me to handle not only their customers but their money.

When they returned that year they decided to build a small wind tunnel to test out some of their theories on wings and control surfaces. We made a rectangular-shaped box with a fan at one end powered by the stationary gas engine they had built to drive the lathe, drill press and band saw. I ground down some old hack-saw blades for them to use in making balances for the tunnel. Nowadays, wind tunnels run into the millions of dollars and some are big enough to hold full-scale airplanes.

That was the first work they asked me to do in connection with their flying experiments. For a long while, though, I was kept busy enough repairing bicycles and waiting on customers. The Wrights did most of their experimenting upstairs where they had a small office and workroom. I worked in the shop in the back room on the first floor.

It was part of my job to open up at 7:00 A.M. They would get in a little later, between eight and nine o'clock. We all stayed until closing time at six. We went home for lunch, but at different times so we didn't have to close the shop. Their father, Milton Wright, was a bishop in the United Brethren Church and the boys never worked on Sunday.

My wife's people had lived in Dayton years before and had become acquainted with Bishop Wright. He even visited them after they moved to Nebraska where I met and married Mrs. Taylor. And her uncle owned the building the Wright Brothers rented for their bicycle business. But I had never heard of the Wrights until I moved to Dayton and met them in the course of some work they brought into my shop around 1898.

So far as I can figure out, Will and Orv hired me to worry about their bicycle business so they could concentrate on their flying studies and experiments. I suppose the more of the routine work I shouldered, the faster they were able to get on with their pet project—and I must have satisfied them for they didn't hire anyone else for eight years. If they had any idea in June of 1901 that someday they'd be making a gasoline internal-combustion engine for an airplane and would need some first-rate machinework for it, they sure didn't say anything about it to me.

But when they returned from the South in 1902, they said they were through with gliders and were going to try a powered machine. They figured they'd need a larger machine to carry the motor and they started work on the new biplane right away. At the same time they tried to locate a motor. They wrote to a dozen companies, some of them in the automobile business, requesting one that would produce 12 horsepower but wouldn't weigh too much. Nothing turned up.

So they decided to build one of their own. They figured on four cylinders and estimated the bore and stroke at four inches. While the boys were handy with tools, they had never done much machinework and anyway they were busy on the air frame. It was up to me. My only experience with a gasoline engine was an attempt to repair one in an automobile in 1901.

We didn't make any drawings. One of us would sketch out the part we were talking about on a piece of scratch paper and I'd spike the sketch over my bench.

It took me six weeks to make that engine. The only metal-working machines we had were a lathe and a drill press, run by belts from the stationary gas engine.

The crankshaft was made out of a block of machine steel 6 by 31 inches and one and five-eighths inches thick. I traced the outline on the slab, then drilled through with the drill press until I could knock out the surplus pieces *(Continued on page 68)*

When Orville Wright died January 30, 1948, Charles E. Taylor became the only surviving member of the three that built the first airplane. Charlie Taylor was the only employee and intimate associate of Wilbur and Orville Wright throughout the critical years—the years during which they conceived and built the Kitty Hawk. It was Taylor who, without precedent or fanfare, built the engines for the Wrights' first planes.

Today, at eighty, Charlie Taylor lives in retirement and after a lifetime of quiet reticence tells a modest, simple tale—the moving, personal story of his work and life with the Wright Brothers at their shop in Dayton, Ohio.

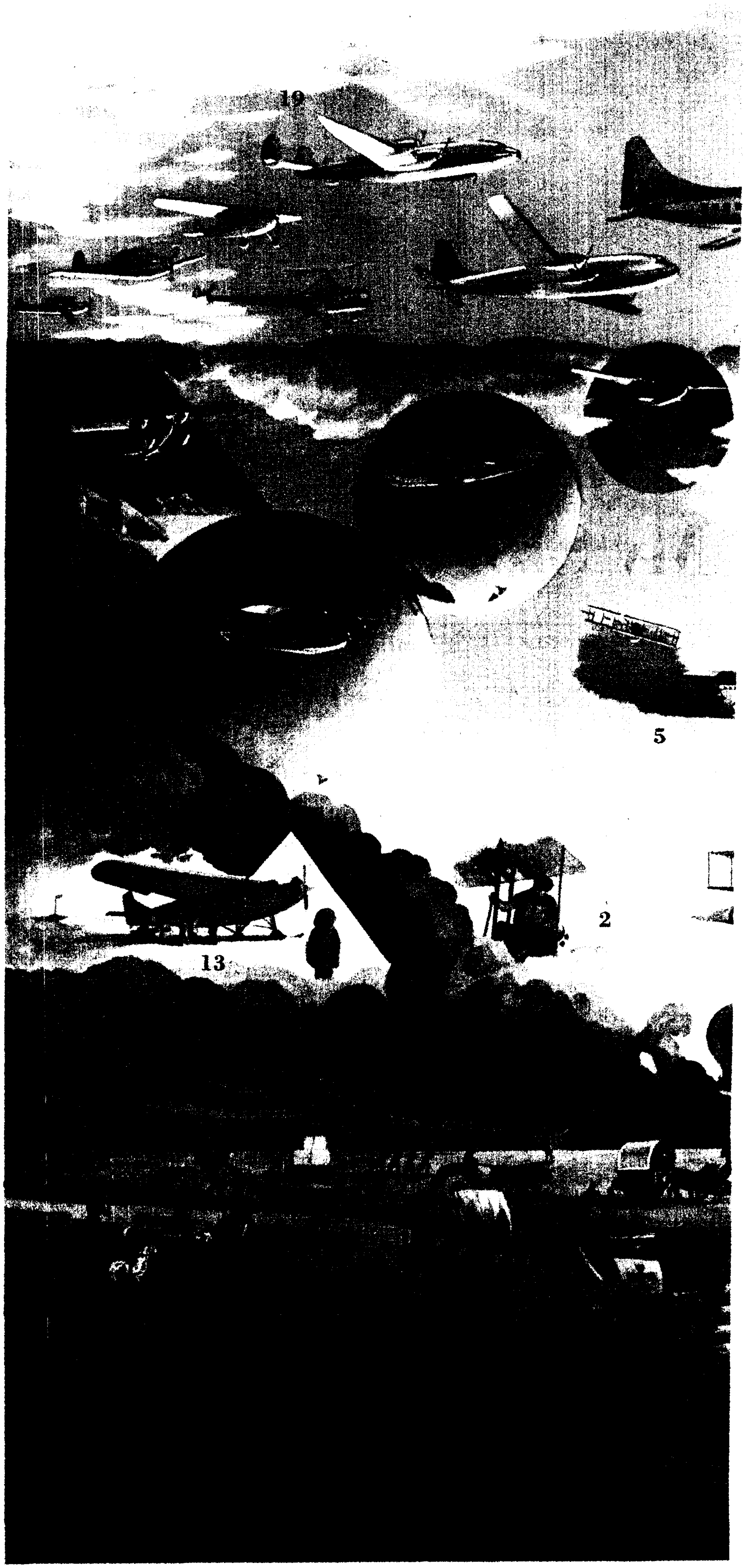
After 45 years, Charlie Taylor, the only man who could do so, has at last revealed the intimate and human story of the Wrights in their conquest of time and space.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ART WEISSMAN

Cavalcade of Transportation

GRAPHICALLY presented here is the growth of Transportation—Land, Sea and Air—from out of the prehistoric mists to the present where all three race toward the equally unknown mists of the future in their service to mankind. Forty-five years ago the Wright Brothers penetrated the Air Ocean. Epochal American aviation achievements leading up to its present development are:

1. First powered airplane, carrying and controlled by man, flown at Kitty Hawk, N. C., on December 17, 1903.
2. First message in flight by wireless telegraphy sent by J. A. D. McCurdy to radio engineer Harry M. Horton at Sheepshead Bay, N. Y., on August 27, 1910.
3. First American woman pilot, Blanche Stuart Scott, soloed at Hammondsport, N. Y., September 6, 1910, in a Curtiss pusher.
4. First officially sponsored air-mail flight, flown by Earle Ovington, between Sheepshead Bay and Jamaica, N. Y., September 14, 1911.
5. First take-off and landing on the deck of a ship, by Eugene B. Ely in a Curtiss pusher. Took off from the U.S.S. Birmingham, November 14, 1910, in Hampton Roads, Va. On January 18, 1911, landed on the U.S.S. Pennsylvania in San Francisco Bay.
6. First transcontinental flight, by C. P. Rodgers in the fall of 1911, from New York to California in 49 days in a Wright biplane.
7. First transatlantic flight, in a Navy NC-4 Curtiss flying boat, commanded by Lieutenant Commander Albert C. Read, in May, 1919, from Rockaway Beach, L. I., N. Y., to Plymouth, England, via Nova Scotia, Newfoundland, the Azores and Portugal.
8. First penetration of the stratosphere by Major R. W. (Shorty) Schroeder, over Dayton, Ohio, on February 27, 1920, in an Army LePere biplane.
9. First modern battleship sunk by planes, the German war prize Ostfriesland, off Virginia Capes, in July, 1921, by seven Army Martin bombers.
10. First night-and-day transcontinental air-mail service between New York and San Francisco, July, 1924, by Post Office Department air-mail pilots.
11. First round-the-world flight, from Seattle to Seattle in 1924, in 175 days by two Army Douglas biplanes, led by Captain Lowell H. Smith.
12. First flight to the North Pole from Spitsbergen and return, by Floyd Bennett, and Commander Richard E. Byrd on May 9, 1926, in a Fokker trimotor.
13. First flight to the South Pole on November 28, 1929, by Bernt Balchen, Harold I. June, Ashley C. McKinley, with Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd, commanding from Little America and return in a Ford tri-motor.
14. First nonstop flight across the Pacific, by Clyde Pangborn and Hugh Herndon, Jr., in 1931, in a single-engined Bellanca.
15. First transpacific passenger service by Pan American Airways in the fall of 1936, with a Martin four-engined China Clipper.
16. First transatlantic passenger service in June, 1939, by Pan American with a Boeing four-engined Yankee Clipper.
17. First atomic bomb dropped on Hiroshima, Japan, August 6, 1945, by a USAAF Boeing B-29.
18. First supersonic flight by Captain Charles E. Yeager, USAF, in the Bell X-1 research plane at Muroc, California, October 14, 1947.
19. First in the production of personal- and business-type planes and helicopters, first in postwar air liners, and first with the world's biggest bombers and fastest fighters—the United States.
20. First in atomic-powered bombers and airliners of the future?



PAINTING BY EVERETT HENRY

To obtain a reprint of this picture, send 15 cents to Collier's Cavalcade Reprint Dept., Springfield, Ohio

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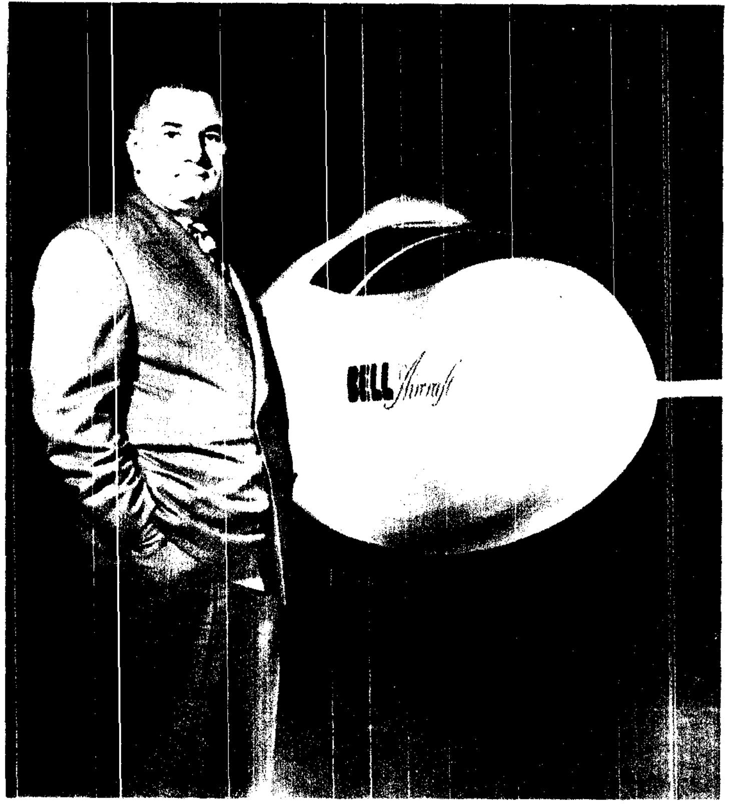
EDWARD BURKS



HANS KNOPF

HANS

SCIENTIST: John Stack, for the past 20 years a government research scientist with the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics, is the first of the three men who share the award of the Collier Trophy for the achievement of human supersonic flight. It was because of Stack's awareness of the absolute necessity for ever superior aircraft, and his intensive study of problems of supersonic flight that a workable program for the construction of a research plane came into being.

MANUFACTURER: Lawrence D. Bell, president of Bell Aircraft Corporation, was awarded the contract by the Air Force to design and build the plane evolved from Stack's scientific presentation of supersonic flight. Bell has a reputation for taking on the unusual, the unconventional and what some called the impossible. The ship he designed and built was the Bell X-1 which, before delivery, was tested in 21 flights at a speed slightly less than that of sound.

PILOT: Captain Charles E. Yeager, USAF, was chosen from the nation's finest test-pilot talent as the man to fly the plane pioneered by Stack and built by Bell. Deemed "a natural airman, if there is such a thing," on October 14, 1947, Yeager became the first man to fly faster than the speed of sound. It is for the combined achievement of these three men in their successful penetration of the transonic barrier that the Collier Trophy for 1947 has been awarded.

The Collier Trophy

For Flight Beyond the Speed of Sound

By FREDERICK R. NEELY

For bringing about the achievement of human supersonic flight, John Stack, Lawrence D. Bell and Captain Charles E. Yeager, USAF, win America's highest aviation award

AMERICA'S highest aeronautical honor, the 37-year-old Collier Trophy, was presented by President Truman at the White House Friday, December 17th, to the three men adjudged most responsible for the attainment of human supersonic flight. The trophy is awarded annually by a committee selected by the National Aeronautic Association for "the greatest achievement in aviation in America, the value of which has been demonstrated by actual use during the preceding year." It will be shared equally for the ensuing year by:

John Stack, career government research scientist of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics "for pioneering research to determine the physical laws affecting supersonic flight and for his conception of transonic research airplanes."

Lawrence D. Bell, president of Bell Aircraft Corporation, "for the design and construction of the special research airplane X-1."

Captain Charles E. Yeager, U.S. Air Force, "who, with that airplane, on October 14, 1947, first achieved human flight faster than sound."

To those three men goes the honor of playing the major roles in an achievement which the Collier Trophy committee termed "the greatest since the first successful flight of the original Wright Brothers' airplane."

All three have been outstanding in their contributions to the vitally important science of supersonic flight—flight that is faster than sound, the speed of which at sea level, with a temperature of 59 degrees and in still air, is 761 miles an hour. However, at altitudes ranging between 40,000 and 100,000 feet, the speed of sound is reached at only 663 miles an hour. This is due to the fact that at such high altitudes the temperature is almost constantly 67 degrees below zero and sound travels more slowly in cold air. At just what altitude Capt. Yeager flew is as much of a secret as the actual supersonic speed he attained.

The problem that confronted Stack, Bell and Yeager was not so much that of flying faster than sound as it was successful flying at speeds between 600 and 900 miles an hour—the transonic range.

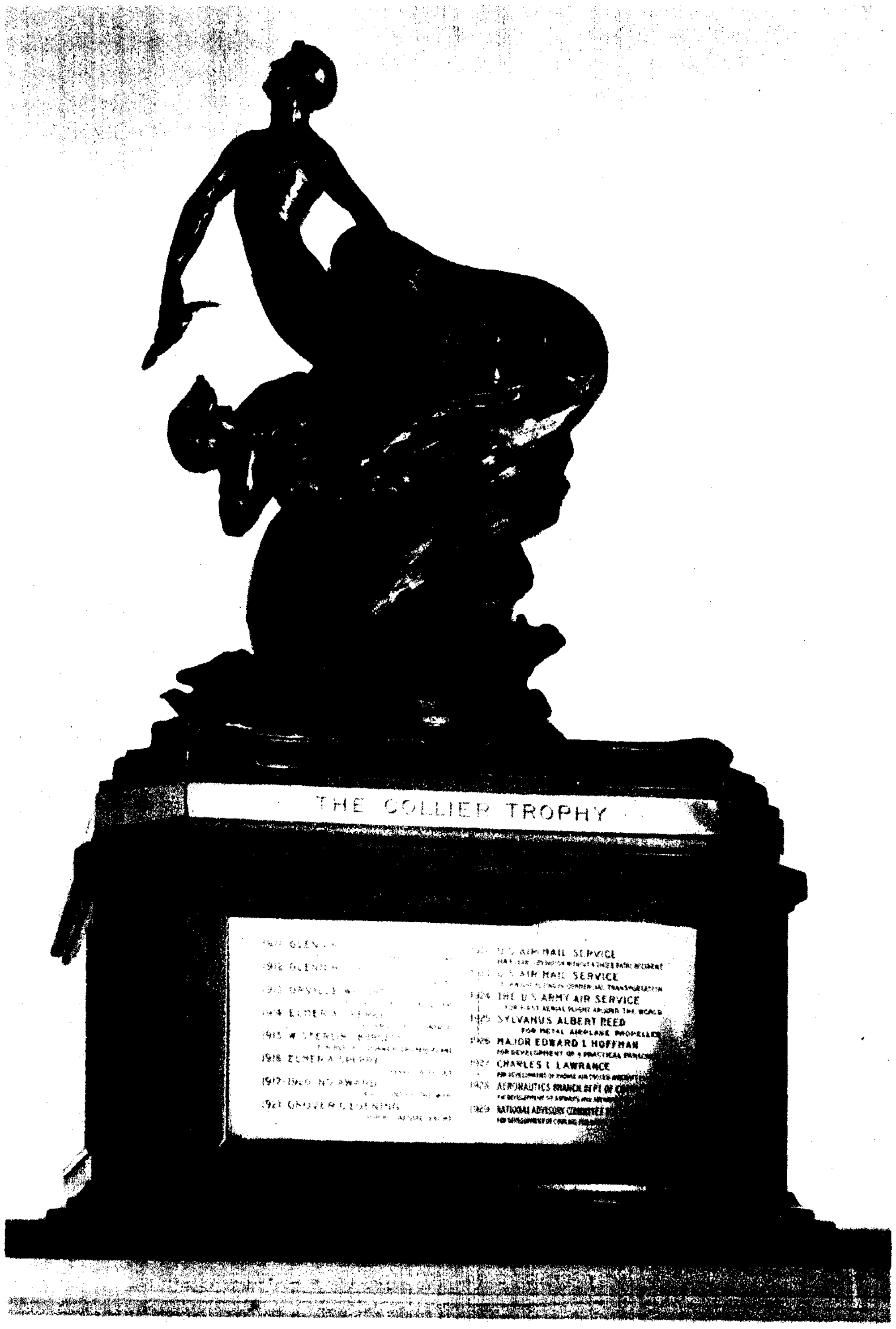
Aeronautical scientists were in grave doubt as to just what took place when conventional aircraft entered the transonic range in high-speed dives. They knew that both plane and pilot were kicked around unmercifully for seconds that seemed like centuries and that both were completely out of control. Badly and naturally frightened, the pilots were unable to bring back detailed scientific reports on the phenomenon, and they were usually unwilling to repeat their flights.

Wind tunnel tests with small-scale models revealed that the flow of air over a plane in the transonic range was partly subsonic and partly supersonic. Because of this, the conventional planes (usually fighter types) took on an extremely inconsistent and erratic behavior. But the tunnel findings were not conclusive and since supersonic tunnels large enough to mount a full-scale airplane are prohibitive in cost the scientists concluded they needed a special research airplane equipped with instruments capable of measuring and automatically recording all of the forces acting upon an airplane in transonic flight.

This was where John Stack came in. It was natural that he should have conducted the research phase for he had been working on the fundamental problems of high-speed flight in the wind tunnels and laboratories of the NACA at Langley Field, Virginia, since 1929, shortly after he had joined the government's great aeronautical research establishment. His entire background and education had prepared him for this task.

From his home town of Lowell, Massachusetts, where he was born in 1906 of Irish parents, he had gone to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to study electrochemistry. But after his first year a new course leading to a degree in aeronautics was opened and he switched to that. He felt that this newest science and industry held the greatest promise for a serious young engineer.

In the perilous war days of 1942 when superior aircraft were a desperate necessity, John Stack vigorously attacked the problem of how special research planes faster than sound might be built—supersonic planes that could be flown successfully.


THE COLLIER TROPHY
1918 ELMER A SPERRY
1919-1920 NO AWARD
1921 GROVER C LOENING
U.S. AIR MAIL SERVICE
U.S. AIR MAIL SERVICE
1924 THE U.S. ARMY AIR SERVICE
FOR FIRST AERIAL FLIGHT AROUND THE WORLD
1925 SYLVANUS ALBERT REED
FOR METAL AIRPLANE PROPELLER
1926 MAJOR EDWARD L HOFFMAN
FOR DEVELOPMENT OF A PRACTICAL PARACHUTE
1927 CHARLES L LAWRANCE
1928 AERONAUTICS BRANCH DEPT OF COMMERCE
1929 NATIONAL ADVISORY COMMITTEE FOR AERONAUTICS

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY EDWARD RINKER

His intensive studies showed that the inadequate wind-tunnel results need no longer be a stumbling block to transonic and supersonic flight. With the support of the NACA, he laid his entire program before the military services in the early months of 1944. They grabbed it, and Stack began work on the many scientific details necessary for actual construction.

The Air Force then scrutinized its manufacturers of military aircraft to select a builder for the research plane and chose Larry Bell. In the airplane building field since 1912, Larry Bell had a reputation for taking on the unusual, and the unconventional, and what conservatives called the impossible. He had built the first cannon-carrying combat planes and America's first jet propulsion fighter.

With complete equanimity he accepted the assignment in March, 1945, to build a rocket-powered plane—now known as the X-1—that would fly at 1,700 miles an hour and at an altitude of 80,000 feet! He was informed that such a plane would have to be so strong and tough that it could go through the transonic barrier and survive, despite the prevailing belief that no conventional plane could do it even if power could be found to bull it through. This called for radical departures in aircraft design and construction.

The power plant that would do this job was found at Reaction Motors of Dover, New Jersey, where a rocket motor was being built for the Navy for use in a research plane to be made by another company. When the Air Force made out a strong case for its need, the Navy agreed to assign delivery of the motor—actually four rockets grouped in one installation—to Bell Aircraft.

No one in the United States had had experience in installing and operating such a terrifically powerful motor, with its four-ton load of highly explosive fuels, carried in tanks under extreme pressure. But Larry Bell's experts built the plane and worked out a safe and efficient method of flying it—by cutting it loose from the belly of a B-29 Superfort at an altitude of around 30,000 feet. So launched, the X-1 would be spared the risk of an extremely hazardous take-off under its own power, and its two-and-a-half-minutes' fuel supply could be reserved for its high-speed research flights.

Larry Bell's contract called for demonstrating the plane in 21 flights at a speed slightly less than that of sound, and this was done at Muroc, California, between December 9, 1946, and June 1, 1947.

The problem of obtaining reliable transonic flight knowledge thus stood two-thirds solved. The scientist had written the prescription and the aircraft manufacturer had filled it with the construction of the desired plane.

And so it became the tremendous responsibility of the Air Force, specifically of Colonel Albert Boyd, chief of the Flight Test Division, to select a test pilot who could fly the X-1 intelligently, patiently and methodically—not once, but many, many times, so that scientific data on what lies in the transonic and supersonic fields of flight could be accumulated.

Every member of Colonel Boyd's outfit, which contained some of the best talent in the land, wanted the job. They were airmen with long experience in test flying, with extensive engineering knowledge and training, airmen with college degrees. But twenty-four-year-old Charles E. Yeager was selected.

Captain Yeager's background and paper record could hardly be considered impressive for such a super-test pilot job, but Colonel Boyd's decision was not questioned then nor is it now.

Charlie Yeager came from the little town of Hamlin (population 850) in West Virginia. After graduating from high school in 1941, he enlisted in the Army Air Forces, got flying training as a fighter pilot and flew a P-51 Mustang with the Eighth Air Force on 64 combat missions for a total of 270 combat hours. Shot down over German territory, he escaped capture and with the aid of the French underground, managed to reach England via Gibraltar.

Before being shot down he had destroyed two German planes; he got 11 more when he returned to combat. Sent home in February, 1945, he immediately married Glennis Fay Dickhaust, of Oroville, Calif., the girl he left behind. (They have two sons, Donald, two, and Mickey, one.) He then took pilot-instructor training, served a short time as an instructor and was ordered to Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, as a fighter-plane test pilot.

Perhaps the real reason for Yeager's selection as the man to fly the X-1 can be found in the observation of Richard H. Frost, Bell aircraft aeronautical engineer assigned to the X-1 flight program and himself a former fighter-plane test pilot.

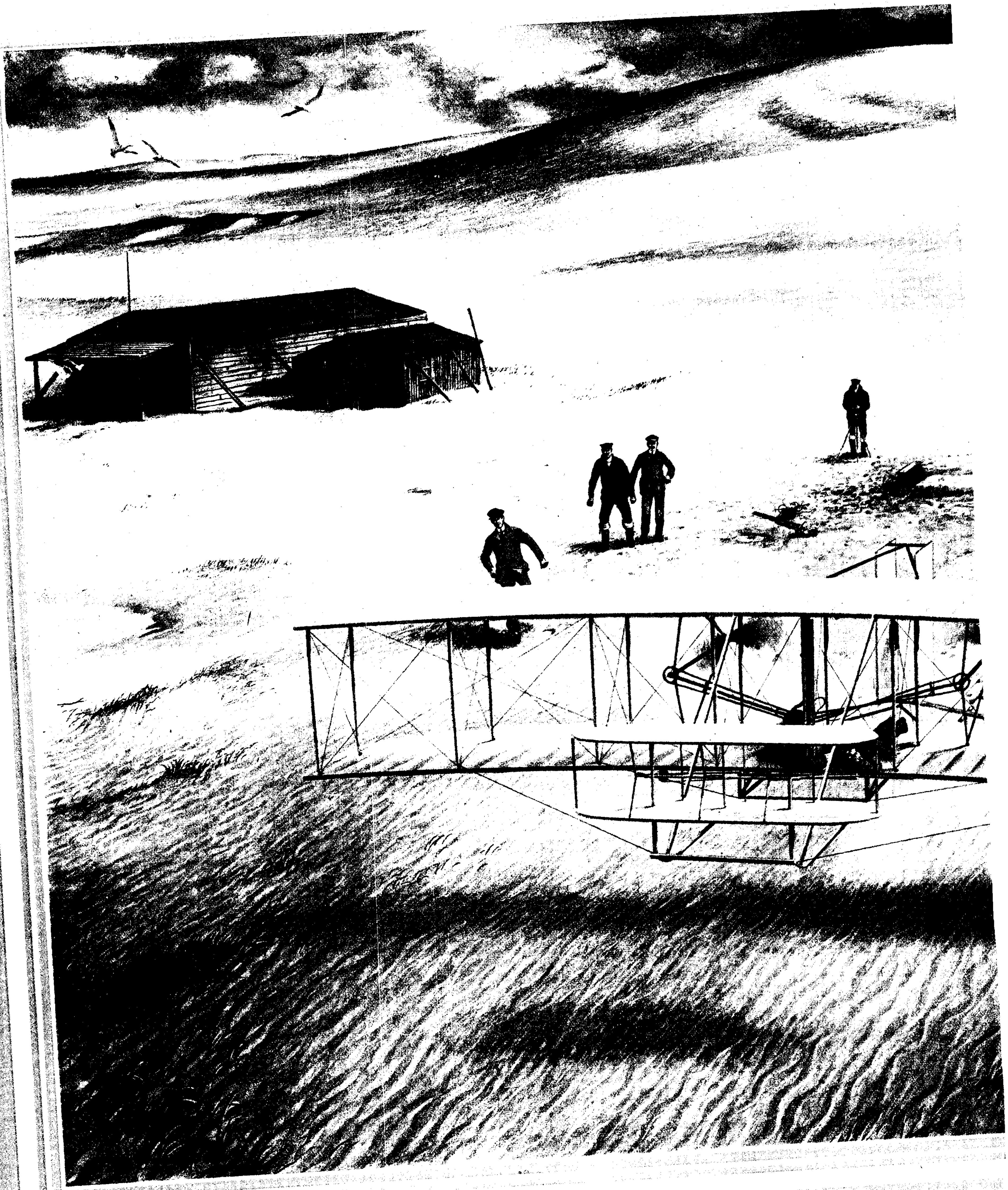
"Charlie Yeager is completely nerveless," says Mr. Frost. "He's the coolest guy I've ever seen and it's been my business to see a lot of pilots preparing for flights of doubtful outcome. He is a perfectly natural airman, if there is such a thing. He flies a plane as though it were a part of him. In his test work he does exactly what the aeronautical engineers request and he brings back the answers."

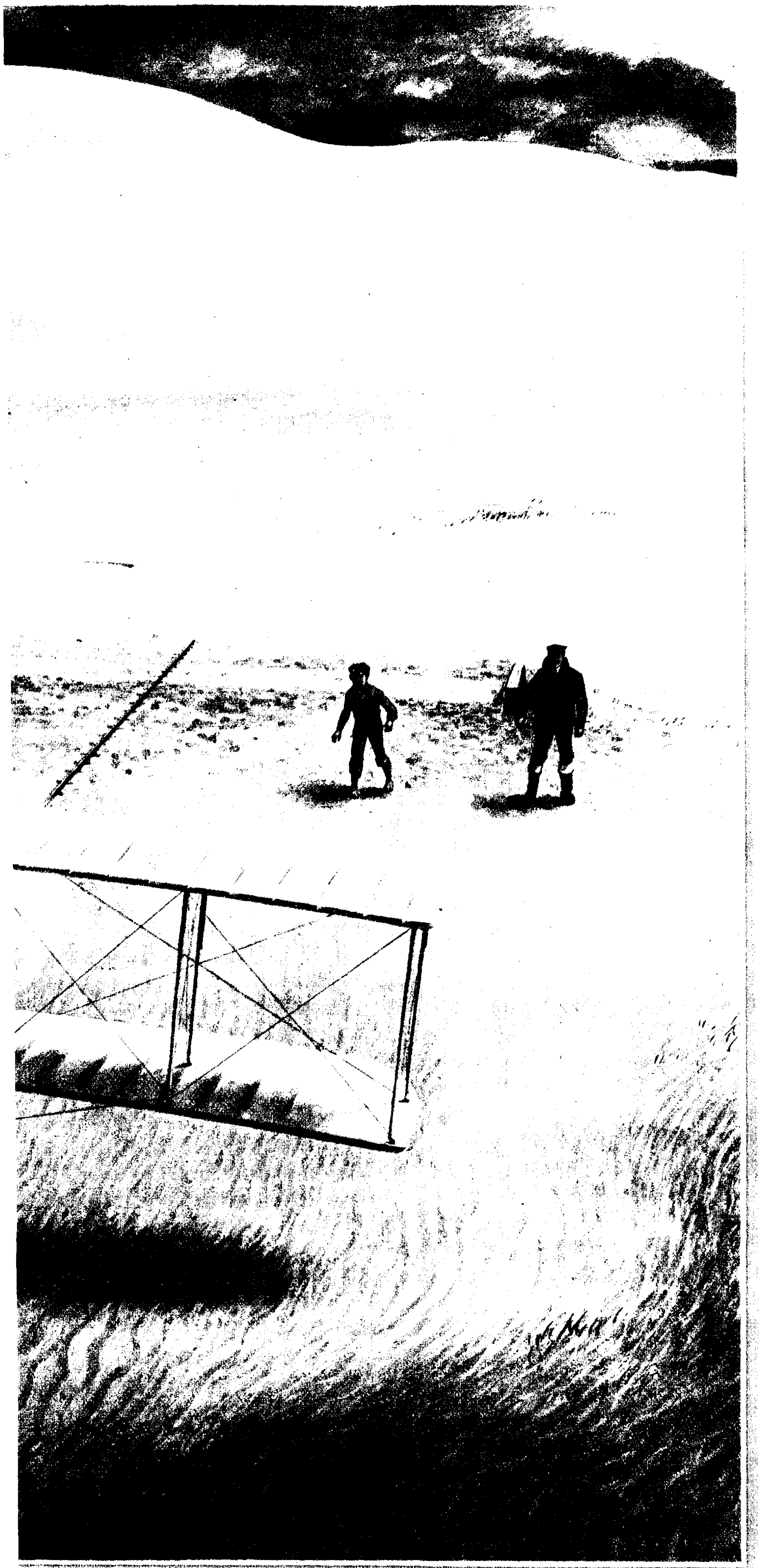
The Collier Trophy was established in 1911 by the late Robert J. Collier, former editor, and son of the founder, of Collier's, The National Weekly. An enthusiastic pilot, plane owner and crusader for aviation when the infant science had few friends and virtually no public support, Mr. Collier hoped that it would inspire widespread development of the airplane and advance the science of aeronautics.

Mr. Collier was a close personal friend of Wilbur and Orville Wright, and was also one of that small group of persons with faith enough in flying to become the backers of the Wrights when they formed their airplane manufacturing company in 1909; and this friendship was responsible for Orville Wright's lifelong interest in the Collier Trophy. It was his oft-suggested wish that whenever the Award committee could accurately do so, it should honor the individual most responsible for the year's greatest achievement.

This year's Collier Trophy Committee was headed by John F. Victory, executive secretary of the NACA, and numbered 17 members representing every leading aeronautical activity in America. It would have been easy for the Committee to have cited the NACA, Bell Aircraft and the U.S. Air Force, because many people in those organizations have given invaluable aid in the achievement of supersonic flight and they displayed perfect teamwork between the aircraft industry and the government. But the Committee members probed deeper to find the individuals who were most responsible for this audacious undertaking which incidentally involved an investment of more than a million dollars and years of aeronautical research. They sought out the men who would have suffered most had it failed.

Because of their search, the names of John Stack, Lawrence D. Bell and Charles E. Yeager, in that order, are now engraved on the trophy under the year 1947. ◻◻◻





Diary of the *FIRST FLIGHT*

Orville Wright, the first man to achieve powered flight, recorded the experience in his diary on that most significant day, December 17, 1903. He and his brother, Wilbur, made four successful flights. Here, exactly as written, is the diary account, never before published

Thursday, Dec. 17th

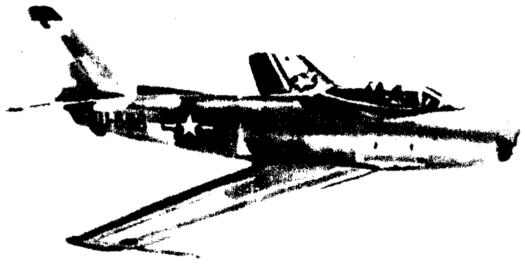
WHEN we got up a wind of between 20 and 25 miles was blowing from the north. We got the machine out early and put out the signal for the men at the station. Before we were quite ready, John T. Daniels, W. S. Dough, A. D. Etheridge, W. C. Brinkley of Manteo, and Johnny Moore of Nags Head arrived. After running the engine and propellors a few minutes to get them in working order, I got on the machine at 10:35 for the first trial. The wind according to our annemometers at this time was blowing a little over 20 miles (corrected) 27 miles according to the Government annemometer at Kitty Hawk. On slipping the rope the machine started off increasing in speed to probably 7 or 8 miles. The machine lifted from the track just as it was entering on the fourth rail. Mr. Daniels took a picture just as it left the trucks. I found the control of the front rudder quite difficult on account of its being balanced too near the center and thus had a tendency to turn itself when started so that the rudder was turned too far on one side and then too far on the other. As a result the machine would rise suddenly to about 10 ft. and then as suddenly, on turning the rudder, dart for the ground. A sudden dart when out about 100 feet from the end of the tracks ended the flight. Time about 12 seconds (not known exactly as watch was not promptly stopped). The flight lever for throwing off the engine was broken, and the skid under the rudder cracked. After repairs, at 20 min. after 11 o'clock Will made the second trial. The course was about like mine, up and down but a little longer over the ground though about the same in time. Dist not measured but about 175 ft. Wind speed not quite so strong. With the aid of the station men present, we picked the machine up and carried it back to the starting ways. At about 20 min. till 12 o'clock I made the third trial. When out about the same distance as Will's, I met with a strong gust from the left which raised the left wing and sidled the machine off to the right in a lively manner. I immediately turned the rudder to bring the machine down and then worked the end control. Much to our surprise, on reaching the ground the left wing struck first showing the lateral control of this machine much more effective than on any of our former ones. At the time of its sidling it had raised to a height of probably 12 to 14 feet. At just 12 o'clock Will started on the fourth and last trip. The machine started off with its ups and downs as it had before, but by the time he had gone three or four hundred feet he had it under much better control, and was traveling on a fairly even course. It proceeded in this manner till it reached a small hummock out about 800 feet from the starting ways, when it began its pitching again and suddenly darted into the ground. The front rudder frame was badly broken up, but the main frame suffered none at all. The distance over the ground was 852 feet in 59 seconds. The engine turns was 1071, but this included several seconds while on the starting ways and probably about a half second after landing. The jar of landing had set the watch on machine back so that we have no exact record for the 1071 turns. Will took a picture of my third flight just before the gust struck the machine.

The machine left the ways successfully at every trial, and the truck was never caught by the track as we had feared.

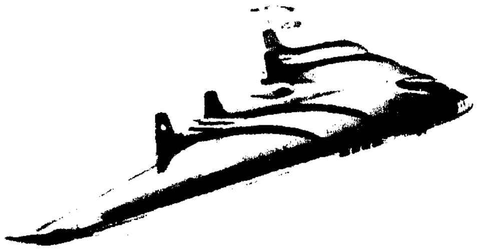
After removing the front rudder, we carried the machine back to camp. We set the machine down a few feet west of the building, and while standing about discussing the last flight, a sudden gust of wind struck the machine and started to turn it over. All rushed to stop it. Will who was near the end ran to the front, but too late to do any good. Mr. Daniels and myself seized spars at the rear, but to no purpose. The machine gradually turned over on us. Mr. Daniels, having had no experience in handling a machine of this kind, hung on to it from the inside, and as a result was knocked down and turned over and over with it as it went. His escape was miraculous, as he was in with the engine and chains. The engine legs were all broken off, the chain guides badly bent, a number of uprights, and nearly all the rear ends of the ribs were broken. One spar only was broken.

After dinner we went to Kitty Hawk to send off telegram to M. W. While there we called on Capt. and Mrs. Hobbs, Dr. Cogswell and the station men.

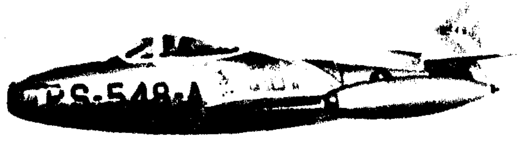
PAINTING BY MELBOURNE BRINDLE



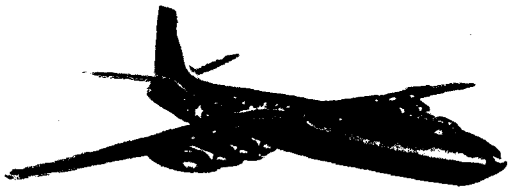
NORTH AMERICAN F-86
Air Force jet fighter



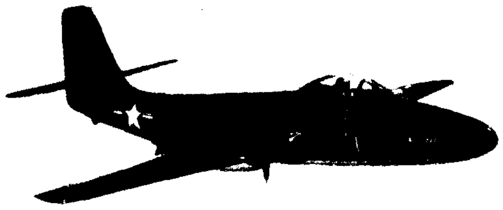
NORTHROP B-49 FLYING WING
Air Force jet bomber



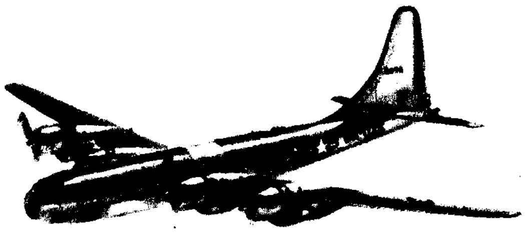
REPUBLIC F-84 THUNDERJET
Air Force jet fighter



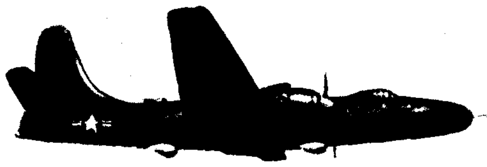
MARTIN XB-48
Air Force jet bomber



McDONNELL F2D-1 BANSHEE
Navy carrier jet fighter

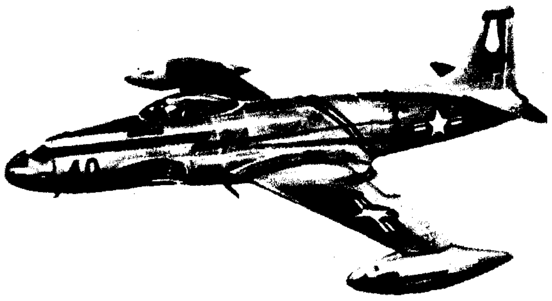


BOEING B-50
Air Force bomber

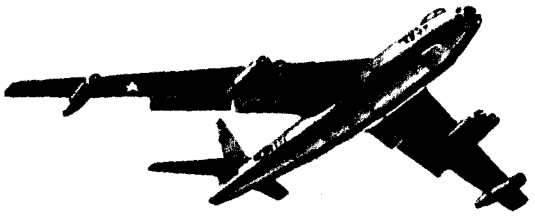


MARTIN P4M-1 MERCATOR
Navy patrol bomber

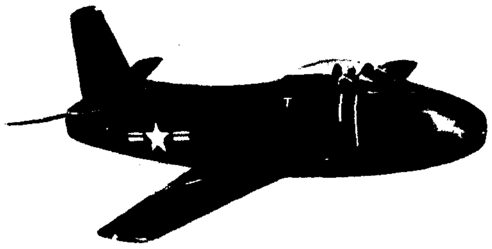
BELL X-1
Air Force rocket supersonic research



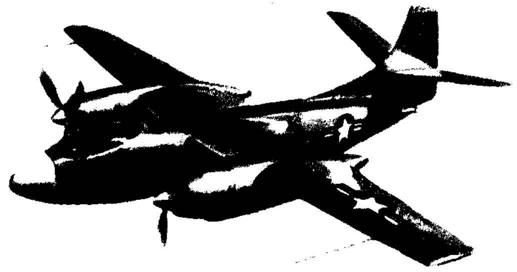
LOCKHEED F-80 SHOOTING STAR
Air Force jet fighter



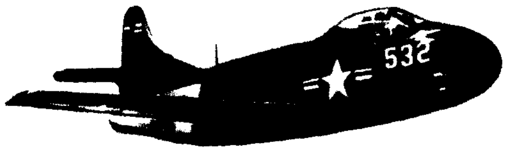
BOEING XB-47 STRATOJET
Air Force jet bomber



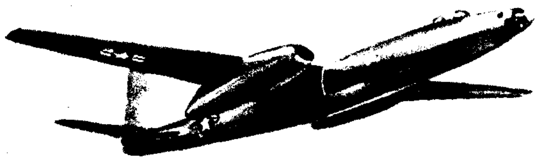
NORTH AMERICAN FJ-1 FURY
Navy carrier jet fighter



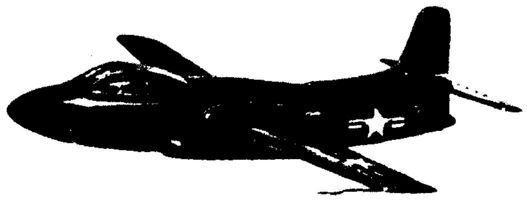
NORTH AMERICAN XAJ-1
Navy carrier attack



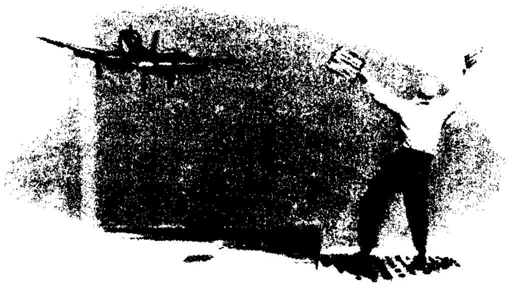
VOUGHT F6U-1 PIRATE
Navy carrier jet fighter



CONSOLIDATED VULTEE XB-46
Air Force jet bomber



DOUGLAS XF3D-1 SKYNIGHT
Navy carrier jet fighter



Our Aerial Arsenal

Here are some of the newest and fastest defenders of our air ocean

THREE years ago the world's civilized peoples hoped they would never hear the words "combat aircraft" again in serious discussion. Aggression had been wiped out, everyone said; peace was at hand, and to stay. Here is a gallery of postwar plane portraits. Except for two research planes, all of these are for combat use. In the light of current events we should give thanks to the handful of men who remained in military aviation; to the military-aircraft builders who struggled to maintain skeleton organizations; to the research scientists who pursued the problems of supersonic speeds and superaltitude flying.

Among these new-type American planes are the world's biggest bomber, the piston-engined B-36; the swiftest jet bomber, the XB-47; and the fastest jet fighter, the F-86; and the first man-carrying aircraft to exceed the speed of sound—the Air Force Bell X-1 research rocket plane. Flight research with the X-1, the Douglas Skyrocket and other supersonic types now being built is supervised by the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics.

Then there are planes of a variety of designs to meet our every anticipated need—land- and carrier-based fighters, bombers and attack planes; for all-weather flying, for night and day operations, for short range at terrific speeds or long range with tremendous carrying capacities.

The power plants for these are produced by our greatest aircraft engine builders: Curtiss-Wright, Pratt and Whitney, the Allison Division of General Motors and the war-born jet engine departments of General Electric and Westinghouse. Still too secret to be presented in detail is the new Curtiss-Wright turbo-prop, the Typhoon, a jet engine the terrific thrust of which—estimated at between 5,000 and 10,000 horsepower—is harnessed to a four-blade propeller, thereby combining all the advantages of both the propeller and the jet for aircraft to come.

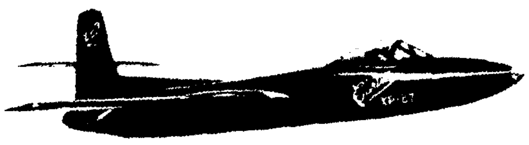
Most of the aircraft shown here are hand-built and exist in small quantities. They are either in the experimental stage or just a few steps beyond that. Some will never be produced in volume, but they will have served well in the development program.

Our aircraft industry has had no genuine opportunity to experiment in volume-production methods with these new planes, except in a very few cases. And in the few cases they are getting but a peek at the enormous problems of the job ahead.

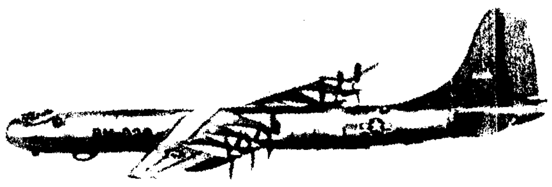
This situation exists despite the fact that three years ago our victorious air leaders prepared a program of absolute minimum defense needs. That program has not been fulfilled, nor has its ultimate fulfillment been guaranteed. Our vanquished foes gave us time to get started in World War II. A new enemy will not be so generous.

DRAWINGS BY DON F. MOSS

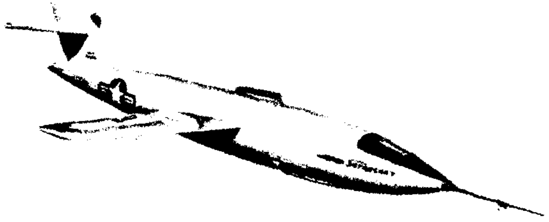
To obtain a reprint of this picture, send 15 cents to Collier's Aerial Arsenal Reprint Dept., Springfield, Ohio



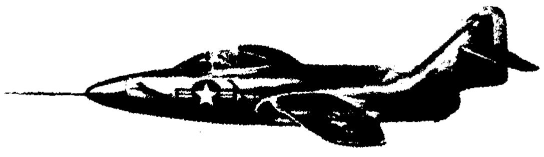
CURTISS XF-87 BLACKHAWK
Air Force jet fighter



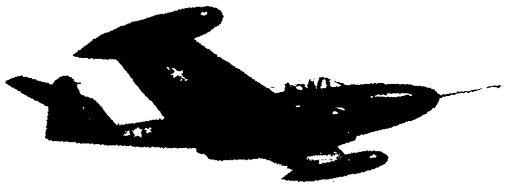
CONSOLIDATED VULTEE B-36
Air Force heavy bomber



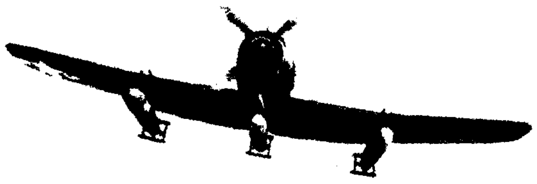
DOUGLAS D558-2 SKYROCKET
Navy jet-rocket research



GRUMMAN F9F PANTHER
Navy carrier jet fighter

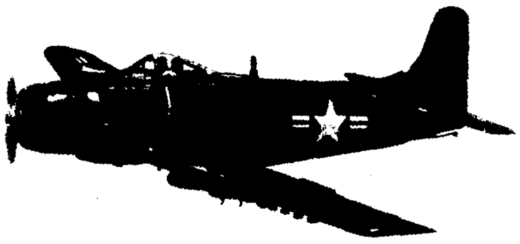


NORTHROP XF-89
Air Force jet fighter

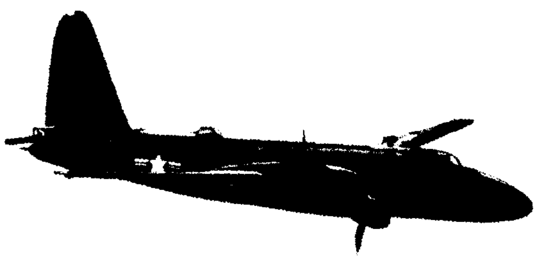


MARTIN AM-1 MAULER
Navy carrier attack

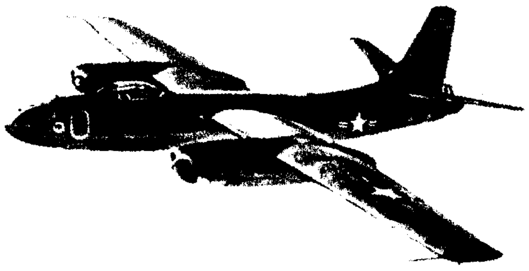
McDONNELL XF-88
Air Force jet fighter



DOUGLAS AD-1 SKYRAIDER
Navy carrier attack



LOCKHEED P2V NEPTUNE
Navy patrol bomber



NORTH AMERICAN B-45
Air Force jet bomber

The World The Kitty Hawk Made

The acorn sowed by the first biplane has grown to a mighty oak whose branches are the roof of the world

By LESTER D. GARDNER

YANKEE ingenuity has changed the living habits of peoples everywhere. The steamboat, telephone, moving pictures and more prosaic devices like the electric elevator have added their share to man's comfort and convenience. But of all American inventions, probably none has had a wider influence than the airplane.

The Wright Brothers' first flights have changed man's methods of transportation, much of his thinking about science, established vast new industries and brought the first basic change in a long time, in the way war is waged.

Even after 45 years of continuous improvements, the possibilities of aviation are still surprising people. Just when aviation seemed to have settled down to a comparatively quiet period, as it did before the last war, something new like the jet engine appeared and became an intense stimulus to inventors and scientists who started out vigorously on fresh trails.

If the Wright Brothers could have foreseen all the results of their experiments they might have made a trial flight—just to prove their plane could fly—and then kept the whole thing a secret. For the airplane has become a machine of war as well as of peace.

Today the people of the world are trying desperately to find some formula for peace, so that airplanes loaded with weapons of mass destruction won't wipe out, or threaten to wipe out, civilization. If peace-loving men are successful, the airplane may still bring mankind together and open an era of interchanging of ideas, products and friendships.

As young men, Wilbur and Orville Wright had the kind of pioneering spirit that made the central part of our country so fertile in accomplishment. They were self-taught, farseeing and daring explorers. For hundreds of years other men had been trying to fly. Some had succeeded in balloons, although the clumsy, gas-filled bags drifted aimlessly about the sky wherever the wind might blow. Others flew short distances in gliders. But the aim of men since Da Vinci's day—to get up in the air and go where they wanted to go—had never been accomplished.

Most people regarded any young fellow who even talked about the possibility of flying as crazy. It took more than the side glances of their neighbors, however, to stop the Wrights.

As Their Father Saw Them

One of the best descriptions of the two inventors was written by their father, a bishop in the United Brethren Church, just after they had made their first flight:

"Wilbur is thirty-six, Orville, thirty-two, and they are as inseparable as twins. For several years they have read up on aeronautics as a physician would read his books, and they have studied, discussed and experimented together. Natural workmen, they have invented, constructed and operated their gliders and finally their Wright Flyer, jointly, all at their own personal expense. About equal credit is due each."

In the years that followed, Americans gradually learned and grew proud of the Wright Brothers' story, of their risky and discouraging experiments with gliders until the tricky problem of controls was solved. Less well known was the way these home-trained inventors built their own laboratory equipment to find out whether their light biplane was strong enough to stand up under the weight and powerful strains of an engine.

The Wright Brothers' original airplane, to aviation fans the most interesting plane in the world, is back in this country once more. On December 17th it became the center of the Smithsonian Institution's aviation exhibit in a ceremony over which President Truman presided. That day was the forty-fifth anniversary of its first flight at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

For the past twenty years the famous old biplane had been carefully sheltered in England, appropriately admired as the world's first airplane—an honor Orville Wright once believed was not accorded his machine in the land of its birth.

Now all is serene again and the Wright Flyer will continue to be an inspiration to young and old.

Their success, when it came, was no accident. When the Wright Flyer was ready, both young men demonstrated confidence in their mathematical calculations by risking their necks to prove that their engineering theories were sound.

From the windy dunes of North Carolina in 1903 has come a chain reaction in aviation as revolutionary as the A-bomb's explosion over Hiroshima. Scientists everywhere have been vitally influenced by the resultant changes. Men dealing in physical sciences have had to modify theories that had long withstood the test of time. Some basic ideas have been altered so drastically that scientists wonder where all the changes will end.

When men discovered that the airplane could be put to new uses and supply services never before provided by machines, they realized that only research and experimentation could provide people with aviation's potential blessings. To meet the great, new pressure for research that followed, other men provided funds in undreamed-of amounts. Not only was money poured out for aeronautical research, but for all the allied sciences that were found to be a part of aircraft evolution.

Meteorology, for example, has been completely changed in recent years by aviation. Most weather forecasting used to be done for farmers, and the U.S. Weather Bureau was originally a part of the Department of Agriculture. When pilots began flying long distances on scheduled flights they wanted to know what kind of weather they would run into along their routes. Local forecasts were no longer enough.

Meteorologists with the air lines and the military services began a new scientific study of atmospheric changes. They were especially interested in learning how the great air masses move from cold to warm regions. They wanted to know what was going on halfway around the world and up in the polar north. Another brand-new field for investigation was the air in its upper layers, for as pilots flew higher and higher, they discovered that winds aloft often moved at different speeds and directions from those on the surface.

To collect all the information that pilots needed, many new weather observation stations were opened. Even ships at sea contributed by sending hourly reports. Then the airports of the country were linked together by teletype so that the government's Weather Bureau, now next door to the Civil Aeronautics Administration, within the Department of Commerce, could send them fresh information around the clock as soon as it was ready.

A New Era in Weather Forecasting

Gradually a new type of scientific meteorologist developed. Universities started courses in weather forecasting and are now graduating trained specialists who can interpret the facts of this new science for the government and the air lines. And today farmers, hydroelectric power companies, city water engineers and the public at large get a much better weather forecasting service because two men made four short flights on a wintry morning in 1903.

Local weather conditions have a way of changing rapidly. Aviators in the air wanted to know if there was rain, snow or low ceilings at airports far ahead, especially at night.

In 1916, when Orville Wright took the original Kitty Hawk machine to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology to exhibit it publicly for the first time, he traveled by steamer from New York to Boston. During the evening he listened for several hours while David Sarnoff, now head of the Radio Corporation of America, tried to communicate with shore stations by radiotelephony. Only static noises could be heard in the earphones.

In the years that followed, radios of all types were improved, largely because of the urgent need of a sensitive but rugged radio for pilots. Today the whole structure of air-transport operation is dependent on radio communication between air and ground. Such magnificent successes as the U.S. air lift in Germany are possible because of radio.

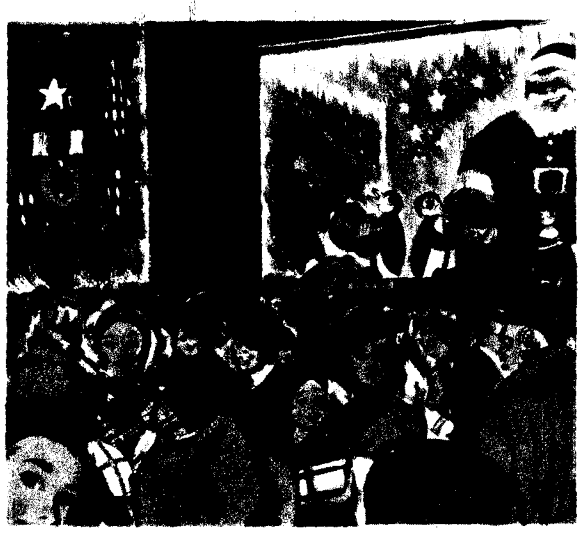
But hearing, by itself, was not enough. Pilots also wanted to see far ahead of them through fog, clouds and darkness. That was one reason why the miraculous radar was created. Today experts on the ground also use it to locate planes in the air, and it is the heart of Ground Control Approach (GCA) which many aviation people believe will soon bring added safety and regularity to air-line flying.

Surprisingly enough, the Kitty Hawk adventure has also had considerable influence on medical men. As long ago as the first World War, medical officers, watching over the health of combat squadrons at the front, learned that pilots who flew too much developed a strange kind of tiredness. Flight surgeons, as these doctors were called, gradually discovered that excessive flying under combat conditions put new stresses and strains on the human body.

Since that time a whole new branch of aviation medicine has been developed to investigate how flying crews, as well as their passengers, are influenced by high altitude, high speeds, sudden pressure changes and other factors of flight. From what flight surgeons have learned about heart action, breathing, vision and hearing they have contributed new medical knowledge from which all men benefit.

The Wright Brothers' greatest influence on all of us, in peacetime at least, has been in the field of transportation. Air lines as we know them today are only about twenty years

(Continued on page 65)



1. To help solve this plight before Christmas—

Shoppers throng the streets, teem in a steady stream through the stores, cram into buses and streetcars. You need a lift with that gift, and that one and that one, too!

Store delivery? A mighty welcome thought... especially if the store has International-Metro Trucks—the extra-capacity, multi-stop, all-steel, light-delivery trucks that speed store deliveries.

2. To keep visions of sugar plums dancing—

A child spots a helper of Donder, Blitzen & Co.! There's Christmas in the air for sure... tingling anticipation in imaginative young minds... a holiday sparkle in dancing eyes that peek through a frosted pane and see Santa's helpers stop at the right address.

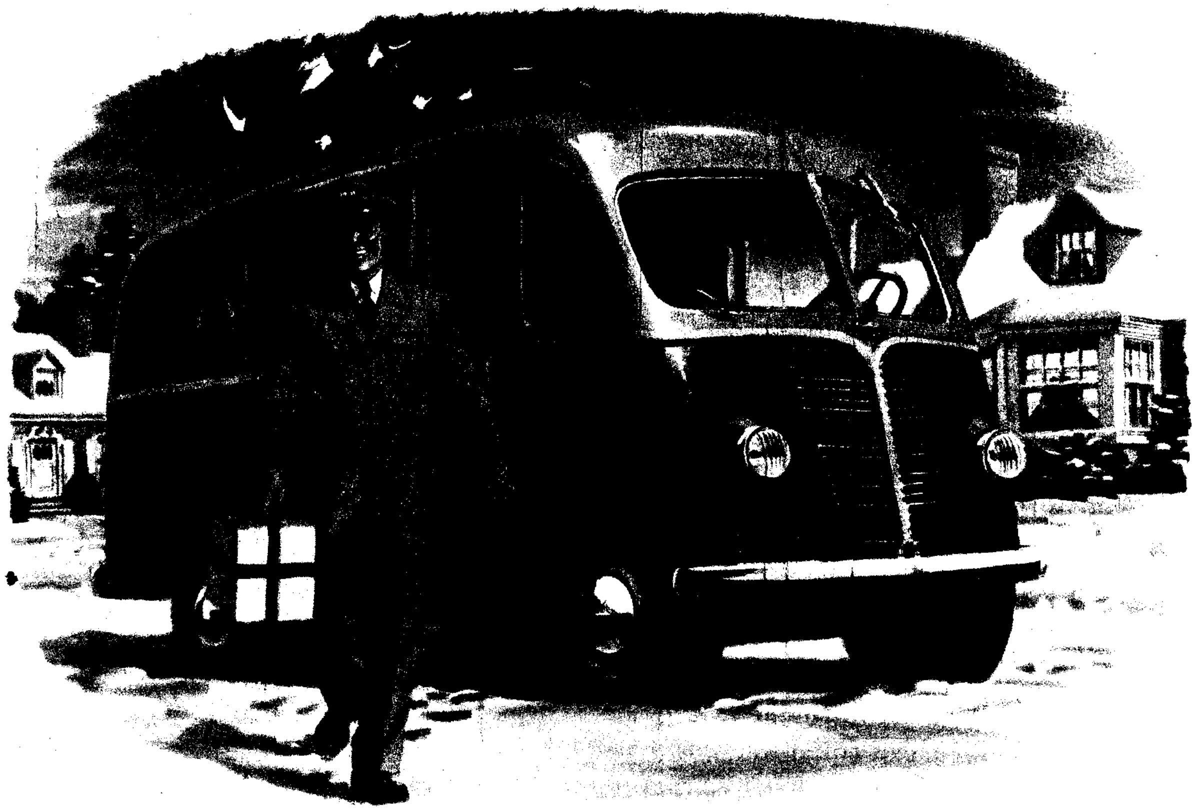
The child doesn't care that International Trucks are the "Standard of the highway." He's just happy that the International-Metro stopped *here!*

3. To make you proud of your family tree—

It's decorated with tinsel... it's surrounded by gifts that were chosen with love, bought, perhaps, with sacrifice, and delivered safely and on time for the big day! The world is bright and right; your circle is securely happy.

You don't care about "more payload space for peak-load days"! But that helped make it possible for the International-Metro Truck to deliver all these gift packages.

These six cylinders work harder in reindeer season...



4. To build goodwill toward these men—

Santa's workshop is on Main Street, these days. Those stores where you shopped earned your goodwill, didn't they... with service, with merchandise, with delivery that saved you time and trouble and worry?

That's important to them; that's why many department stores make International-Metro Trucks the backbone of their delivery fleets. They are specialized trucks designed to do a specialized job *well.*

5. And to emphasize, again, why this truck is a year 'round Santa—

Peak seasons in any industry spotlight the importance of efficient, modern truck delivery. That's why you'll find the International-Metro a favorite among merchants who are already taking advantage of its capacity for efficient multi-stop delivery.

That is also why you'll find International Trucks doing a big job in every industry. There are 22 basic International Trucks. There are different engines (gasoline, diesel and butane), wheelbases, axles, transmissions and other components for efficient specialization-of-truck-to-job. Gross weight ratings range from 4,400 to 90,000 pounds. Job specialization is typical of International Trucks; see your International Dealer or Branch and see how *you* can take advantage of it.

P. S. And a Merry Christmas to you!

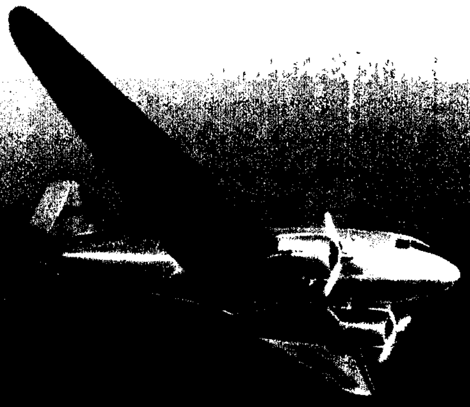
Other International Harvester Products
Farmall Tractors and Machines
Industrial Power... Refrigeration

Tune in James Melton and "Harvest of Stars"
CBS, Wednesday evenings

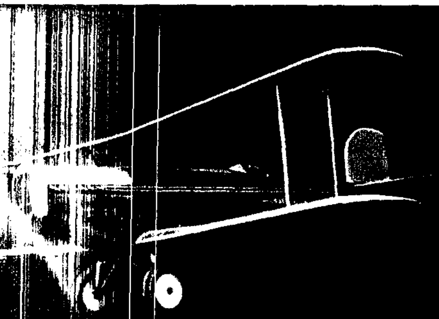
INTERNATIONAL

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

MOTOR TRUCK DIVISION · INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY · CHICAGO



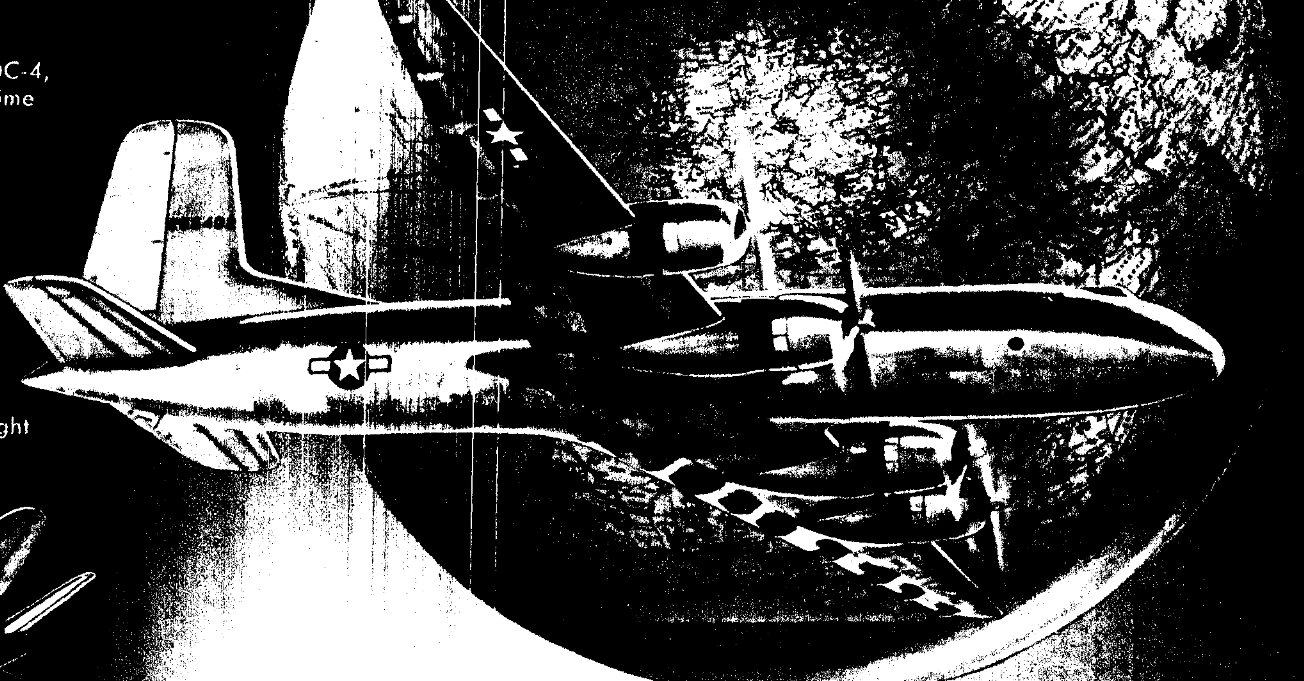
FIRST of the modern air transports, the Douglas DC-3 revolutionized travel by air. (1934)



FIRST run for a scheduled airline that is still in service was by a Douglas M-2. (1926)

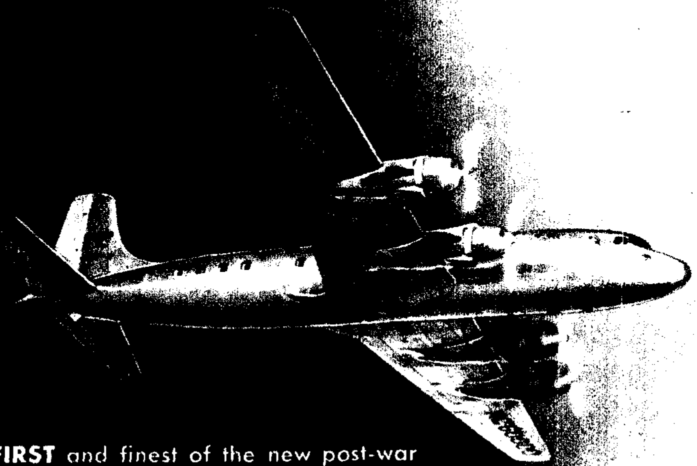
FIRST air trip around the world was made by army flyers in Douglas "World Cruisers." (1924)

FIRST mass-produced 4-engine transport, the Douglas DC-4, logs over a billion miles in wartime and peacetime service. (1943)



(1948) Giant Douglas C-74 transported 29 tons in single flight to help supply blockaded Berlin.

FIRST major Japanese setback in the Pacific—the victory at Midway—was made possible by the famed Douglas SBD "Dauntless" dive-bomber. (1942)



FIRST and finest of the new post-war luxury transports, the Douglas DC-6, now flying on leading airlines. (1948)

"Cloudster"—Berlin Air
DOUGLAS "FIRSTS" SPAN A QUA

Since young Donald Douglas at 17 saw world's first airplane, he has devoted his aircraft that have set new patterns for all

Army pilots in Douglas "World Cr world. Douglas built the first plane in load equal to its own weight. A Douglas scheduled airline that is still in service. the first modern air transport and still

And using Douglas planes exclusively demonstrated the unlimited potentialities greatest airborne supply mission in history

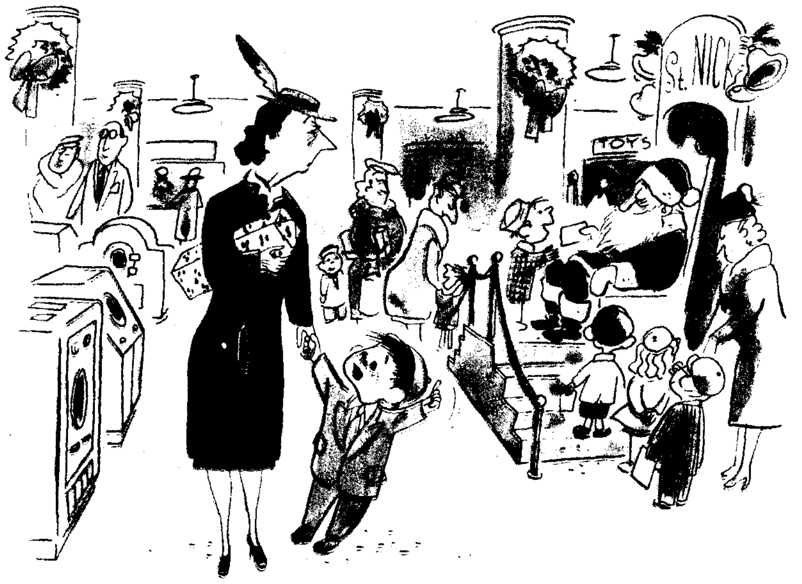
Today—as it has for over a quarter tinues to create ever larger, faster and serve the military and commercial need friendly nations around the world.

DOUGLAS AIRCRAFT COMPANY, INC.

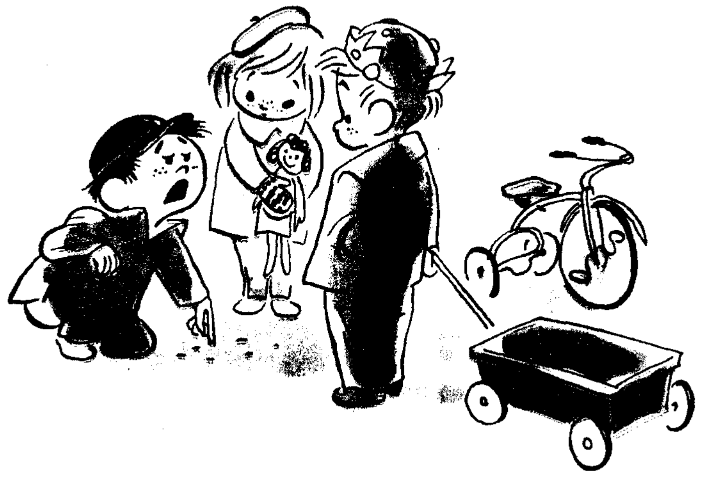
MORE PEOPLE FLY MORE PLACES

The Jolly Season

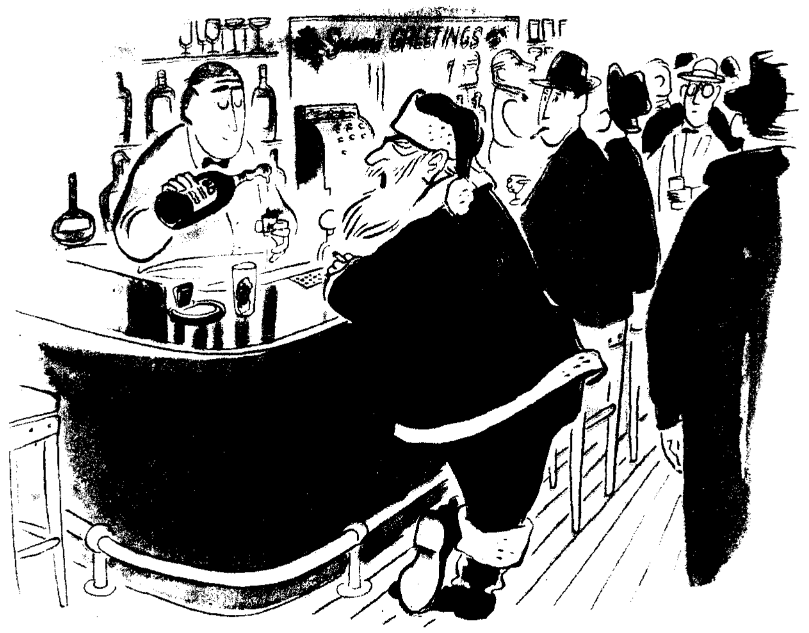
Cartoonist Hank Ketcham gives you a pre-Christmas peek into the inevitable quandaries of the holiday



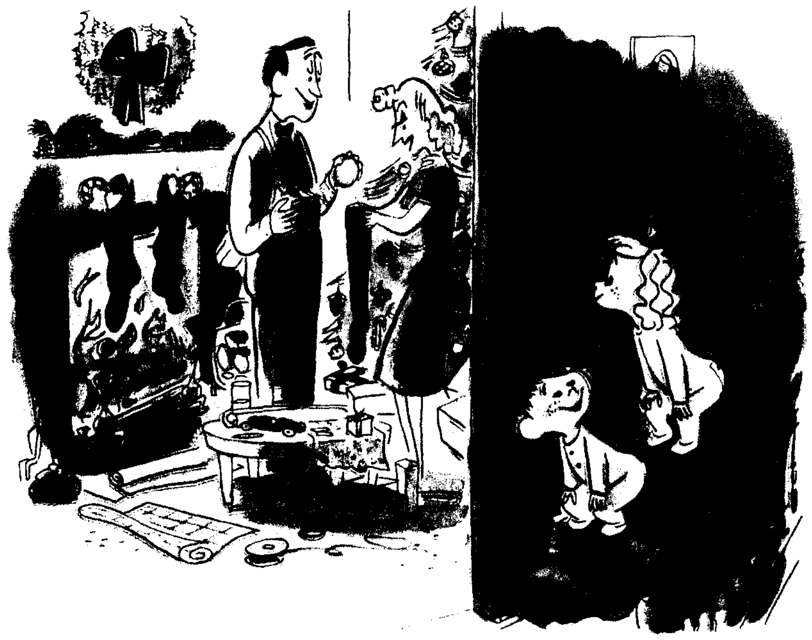
"Just go over and say, 'I want a new washing machine!' Is that difficult?"



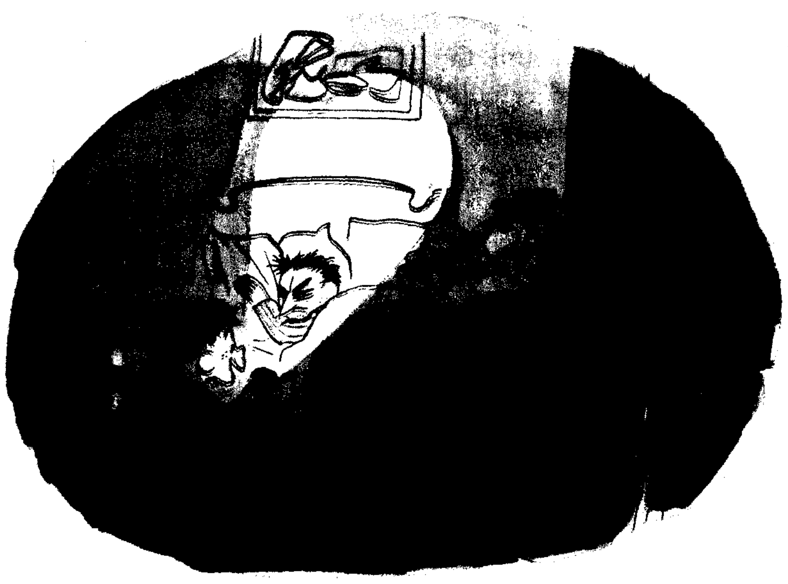
"Let's look at it from the standpoint of distance. They say this character lives at the North Pole. Right? Okay. Now from here to the North Pole . . ."



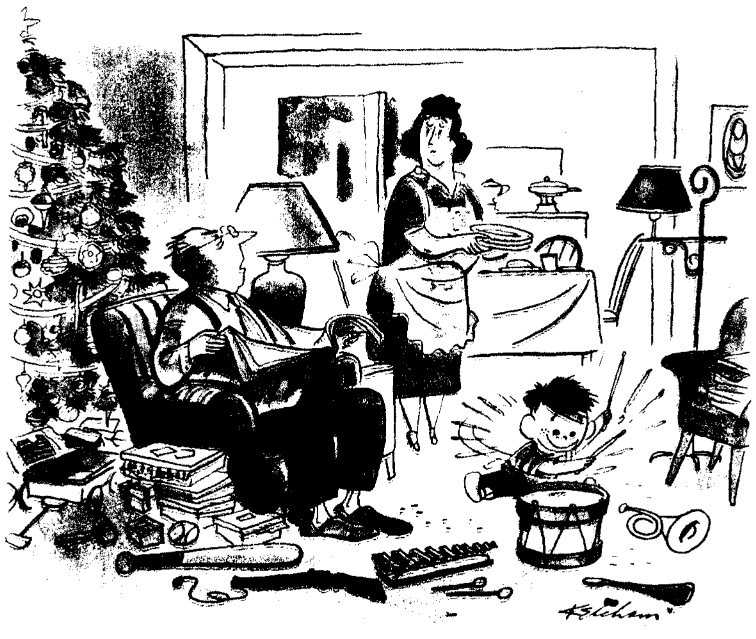
"Make it a double one. When I think of all those little, sticky hands . . ."



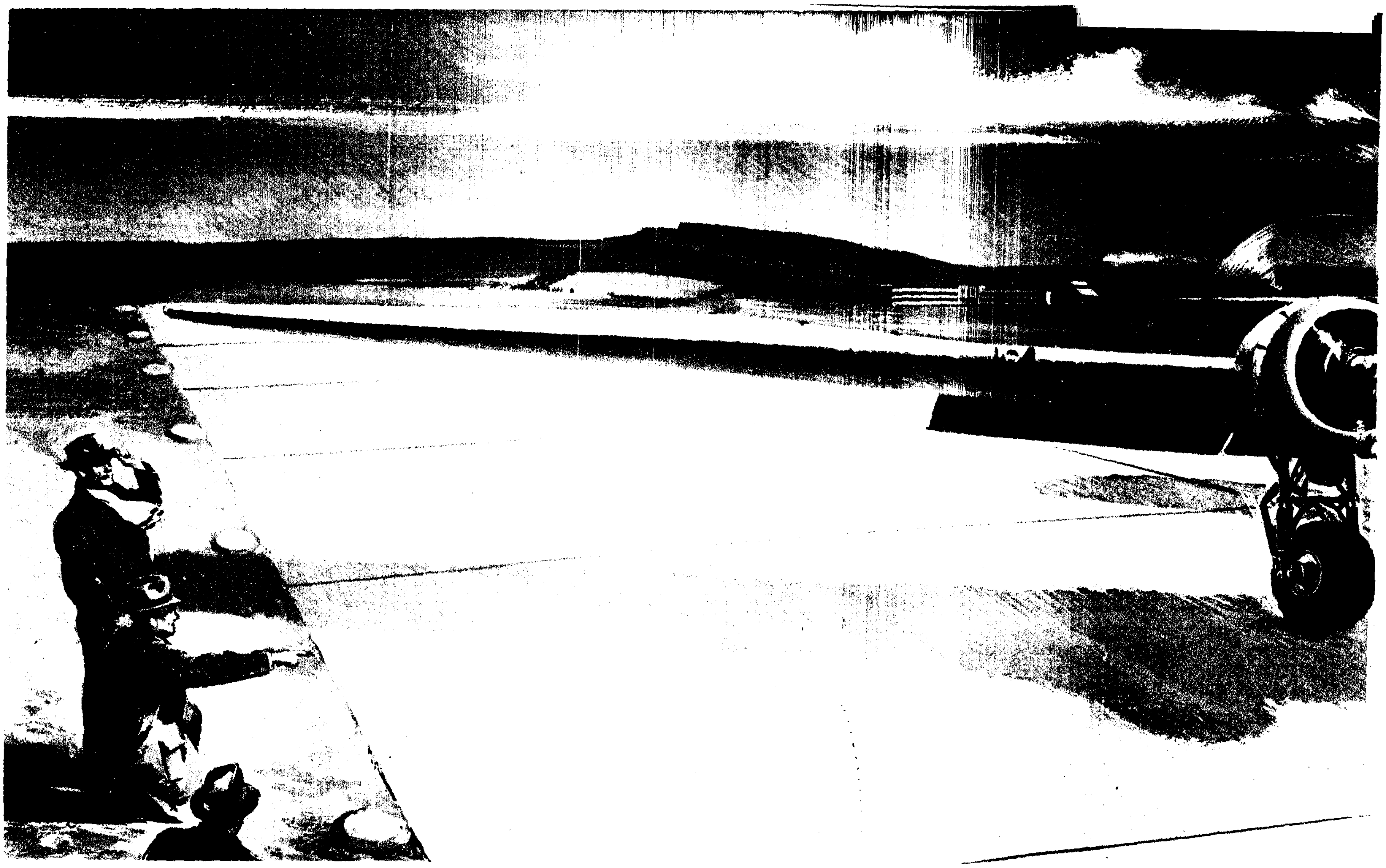
"Just like a couple of kids, aren't they?"



"Wake up, Daddy! He's been here!"



"I wish Mrs. Santa Claus had used a little judgment"



Now a 40-yea

and flying safety takes another long stride forward with the new Goodyear Cross-Wind Landing Wheel

SINCE the earliest days of practical airplane flight, men have been hoping to find a safe way of launching and landing aircraft without regard to wind direction.

But dreaming about an idea is one thing. Making it work is another. Countless experiments have been tried. But now Goodyear has the first practical answer.

It is called the Cross-Wind Landing Wheel. It has already been approved by the Civil Aeronautics Authority for ships as large as the DC-3, and will soon be available for larger aircraft.

If you look at the picture above, you will see how it works.

Note that the airplane is headed in one direction, while its wheels are traveling in another. Like a weather vane, the ship points toward the wind blowing *across* the runway. *But its wheels actually roll it cross-wind down the airstrip!*

It can do this because — when a ship lands by "crabbing" tow
the wind — the Cross-Wind Landing Wheels automatically swi
like casters, in the direction of the aircraft's forward momentu

This means that airplanes can now operate from any runw
regardless of what direction the wind is blowing, without r
of tipping over.

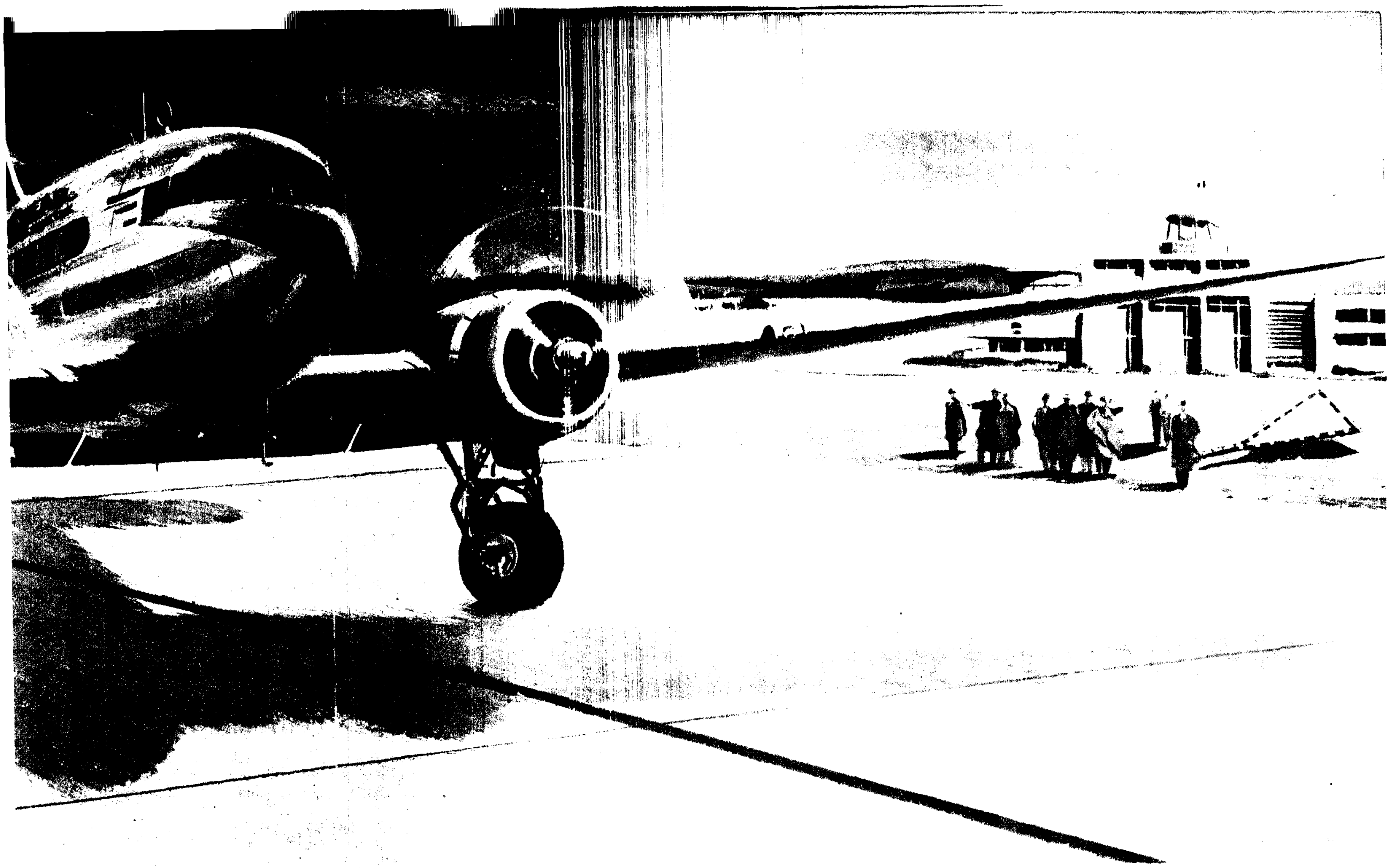
To both aviation and the public this new development me
greater safety and reliability in flying, plus a tremendous sav
in time and money.

It makes routine take-offs and landings safer and simpler t
ever before. It eliminates ground-loops — one of the chief cau
of accidents.

It makes it easier to learn to fly by compensating for beginn
errors in judging wind.

It aids fully automatic bad-weather landings at airports hav
only one runway equipped with an Instrument Landing Syst
and makes duplication of these costly devices unnecessary.

This means that as soon as instrument landing aircraft are fit
with Cross-Wind Landing Wheels, dependable all-weather fly
will become an actuality — because planes will be able to oper
safely under conditions where airports are now closed in.



is illustration made from a photograph of the CAA-Goodyear DC-3 airplane landing on Cross-Wind Landing Wheels.

dream comes true

›oking to the future, the Cross-Wind Landing Wheel forecasts the
y when largest airliners will land on single-runway airports close
the heart of cities — along Chicago's lake front or on New York's
lisades, for example.

is will encourage more people to go by air — save travelers
llions of hours now lost every year in going to and from today's
ʒe multiple-runway airports located far out in the country.

d in military aviation it will save many precious days in build-
; front-line airfields, should they ever be needed again.

r all these potent reasons, we are tempted to say — the day is
ning when an airplane without Cross-Wind Landing Wheels will
as obsolete as an automobile without a self-starter.

This great new contribution to aviation is the latest of many Goodyear advances that go back to the earliest days of flying. The list includes the first pneumatic tire for aircraft pioneered in 1909, as well as the Airwheel, the self-adjusting Disc Brake, the bullet-sealing gas tank, and the new Pliocel bantamweight fuel tanks.

It is, we believe, an invention that will do much to further the progress of aviation in making it more useful and serviceable to man.

For information regarding the Cross-Wind Landing Wheel, write: Goodyear, Aviation Products Division, Akron 16, Ohio.

Airwheel, Pliocel—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

GOODYEAR

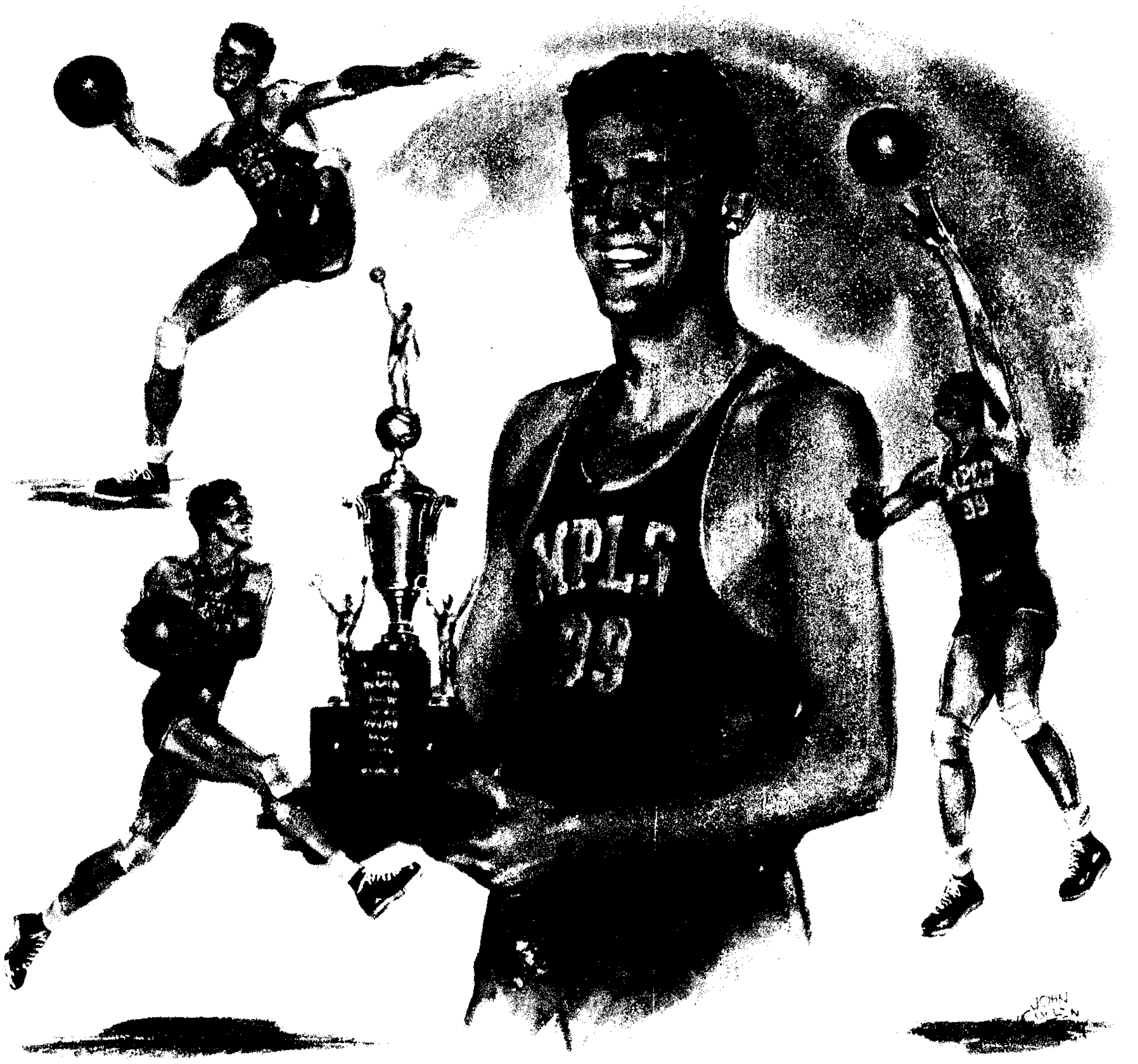
CROSS-WIND LANDING WHEEL

Inside Sports

Collier's
SPORTS

By BILL FAY

THE BASKETBALL PROS ARE STRIDING THE HARDWOOD WITH NOTHING BUT GIANTS LIKE TREMENDOUS GEORGE MIKAN



Championships have been Mikan's specialty ever since his days at DePaul and with the Chicago Gears

GEORGE MIKAN, six-foot-ten-inch center of the Minneapolis Lakers, reported half an hour late for the opening round of the National Professional Basketball tournament in Chicago last April. "It was a boy—22 inches," Mikan explained in the dressing room. "Didn't have time to get a box of cigars. But I'll make up for it by scoring 22 points—one for every inch."

Red-eyed and aching from 20 hours in a maternity-floor uneasy chair, Mikan made good on his point-per-inch promise. Two nights later, refreshed by a 15-hour nap across twin double beds, he flipped 40 points as the Lakers beat the New York Rens for the title, 75-71.

Dunking a ball into a metal hoop only 10 feet above floor level is scarcely a good stretch for Gangling George. (In 1945, stretching for DePaul University, George dunked 53 points against Rhode Island State.)

Understandably, championships and Mikan go together. George carried the Chicago Gears to the 1946-47 National league title. When the Gears folded last year, Mikan migrated to Minneapolis with immediate championship results.

Minneapolis fans claim Mikan's stratospheric sharpshooting transforms any team into a championship team. Mikan has a chance to prove it this season, now that the Lakers have departed the National league for the altitudinous Basketball Association of America.

Last year, in the whole B.A.A., there were only three top-flight players under six feet. The St. Louis Bombers employed a squad of over-six-footers, topped off by Red Rocha, a six-nine center built like a $1.98 bridge table.

Skinny, stork-legged characters who make up in reach what they lack in mobility have elbowed normal-sized players out of pro basketball, but it takes more than height to stop Mikan. George is fast, smart, co-ordinated, deadly on tap-ins under the basket.

"Grandmother gets credit for that," George testifies. "She made me practice the piano two hours every day for eight years and I finally earned a conservatory diploma. The keyboard practice made my fingers strong and sensitive—gave me the quick instinctive touch you need in those under-the-basket scrambles."

P.S. Fans who prefer old-style basketball can still find a few non-six-footers in college competition. Ralph Beard, Kentucky's All-America, is five ten. Beard has scored more than 800 points over the last two years, but it is unlikely that Ralph will be overwhelmed with pro offers next season. Three B.A.A. teams have scouted Beard. Verdict: fast, but too small.

PIGSKIN POSTSCRIPT

Although fullback Jackie Jensen collected the headlines, it was anonymous and bruising line play that kept California high in the national football rankings.

After watching end John Cunningham shatter Wisconsin sweeps, Coach Lynn Waldorf asked Cunningham to explain his technique.

"Well," Cunningham said, "the second the ball's snapped I smash into their backfield."

"Yes?"

"I grab a handful of backs."

"Yes?"

"I toss 'em off one by one till I come to the one with the ball."

"Then?"

Cunningham grinned. "I keep him."

WATCH TIME

Cappy Lane has more time on his hands than any other official in sports. Cappy is official clock watcher for Madison Square Garden. He times 193 scholastic, collegiate and professional basketball games every winter—plus 30 hockey games.

From a front-row seat, Cappy works five clocks with his right hand and with his left push-buttons the automatic scoreboard.

It's easy, the way Cappy explains it: "Two of the clocks indicate minutes and seconds remaining in a period. The other three are penalty clocks for hockey."

Cappy, a hockey timer since 1930, would rather work four hockey games than one basketball double-header. "Less whistle tooting," he explains. "In a basketball double-header—with playful fans whistling up in the gallery and a couple of officials blasting away on the court—well, you gotta watch your watches."

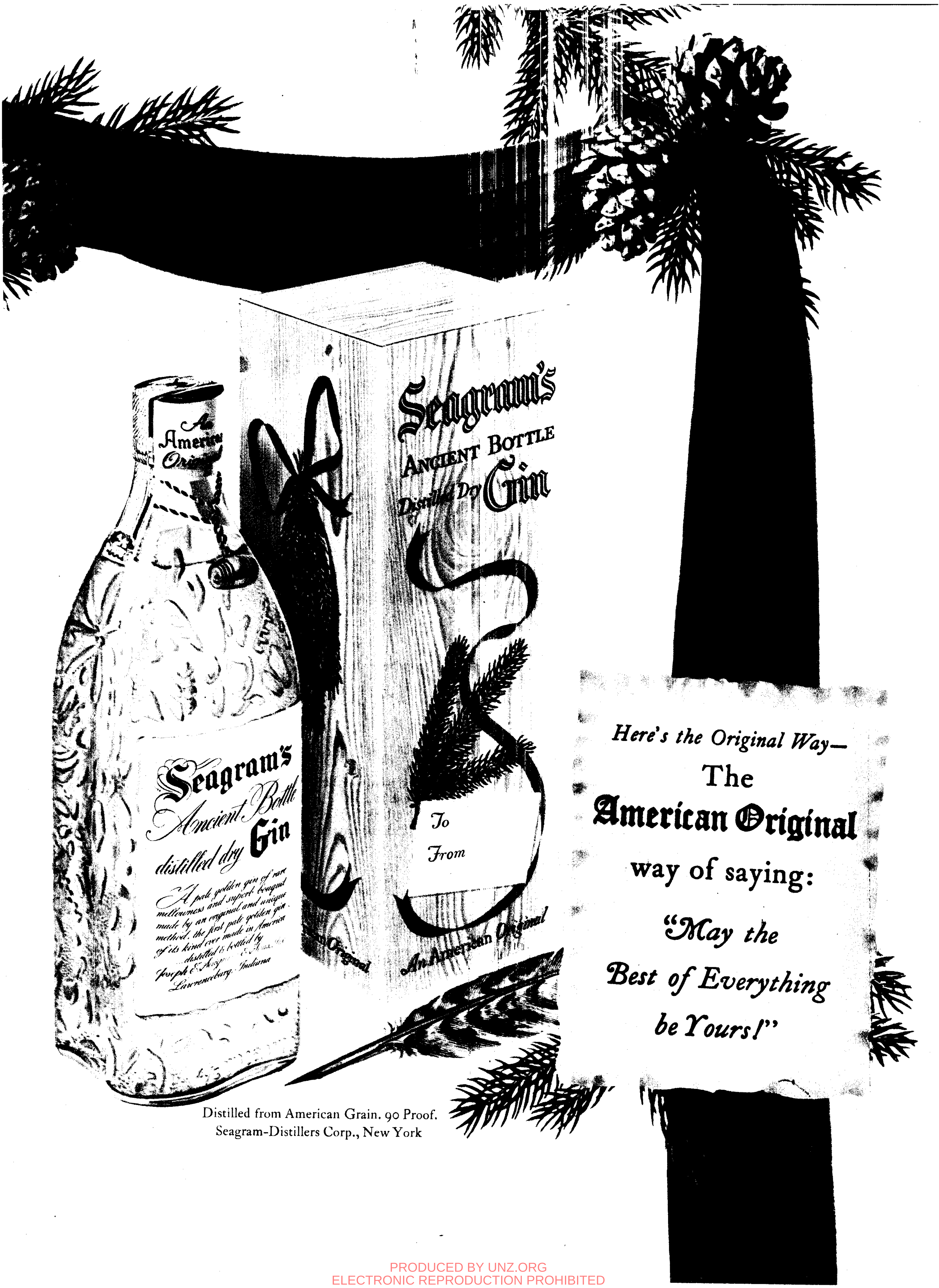
Garden ushers insist Cappy has radar ears. "If he hears a whistle in the gallery," testifies a mezzanine captain, "he spots the section and almost calls the seat and row. Part of our job is to discourage whistling fans, but we can't spot 'em all. Once or twice a game we get a note from Cappy—and he never misses spotting the section."

Cappy's toughest decisions come in basketball on decisive sound-of-the-gun field goals. Cappy, not the referee, decides whether the ball was in the air before the gun.

THEY CAN NAME IT DONDER

Christmas Eve story: Bill Dudley, Detroit Lions halfback, was born on December 24th. So were his mother, grandmother and great grandmother. As we go to press, the Dudleys are awaiting their first child; the doctors predict that the heir will arrive "late in December."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN CULLEN MURPHY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SOVFOTO

Red Army men and women had liberty thrust upon them briefly in Bucharest in 1944. Out of reach of the NKVD they were free to talk and act as they pleased

I Saw The Reds Taste Freedom

By COL. ROBERT BISHOP

In its vigorous drive westward the Red Army was forced to expose its soldiers in Bucharest to the "corrupting" enchantment of the Western world. For 120 days before the secret police arrived, the writer observed how Russians behave when left alone in an oasis of freedom

When Lieut. Colonel Robert Bishop flew into Bucharest, the capital of Rumania, on the day that country surrendered to the Russians, he did not expect a friendly greeting. He had been dispatched from Turkey to be an officer in U.S. counterespionage there. But worrying him most was the fact that his plane—commandeered from the Turks—had Rumanian (enemy) markings all over it.

There was still fighting in the streets of Bucharest. Hedge-hopping into the field so that Russian antiaircraft wouldn't spot him, he landed safely and began setting up shop, bolstered, he says, by two enlisted men and three machine guns. However, the Russians not only tamed the Rumanians overnight, but turned out to be perfect hosts themselves.

Somehow the Soviet secret police had been temporarily left behind in the westward rush. And while Red totalitarianism stood briefly at bay, Russians acted like humans, entranced by the luxuries of Western civilization. Four months later the secret police blew in, and the confidence and warmth Bishop had encountered, and writes of here, were liquidated. Two years later he returned to Europe and again held jobs requiring contact with Russians.

"Though I lived next door to hundreds of them," he says, "at no time could I get closer than a grim-faced good morning."

WE WERE standing on Calea Victoriei, "The Street of Victories," watching the Russian occupation army enter Bucharest after Rumania had surrendered in September, 1944. I was a U.S. counterespionage officer there and had put my uniform back on and stood with a small group of American soldiers and officers.

Mile after mile the drab, grim-faced, weary, dusty horde poured in, crammed into trucks and sprawled on tanks, armed to the teeth for the resistance that wasn't there. One battalion of heavy tanks was commanded by a girl major, a young, plump blonde. She turned and grinned when someone near by blew a shrill wolf note that carried over the rumble and roar of the tanks. The column halted for a moment.

"Hi, Yank," she shouted in good English. "Have you got a bath and a drink?"

"Anything you want," my friend called back. "Come to our place."

He shouted an address. She wrote it down. The line ahead moved. She gave the arm command and did not look back.

By chance I was first at the billet, the well-furnished home of a Rumanian banker. It was turning dark. I was just taking off my trench coat when there was a sharp rap at the door.

It was the girl major. She smiled. "Anyone else around?" she asked.

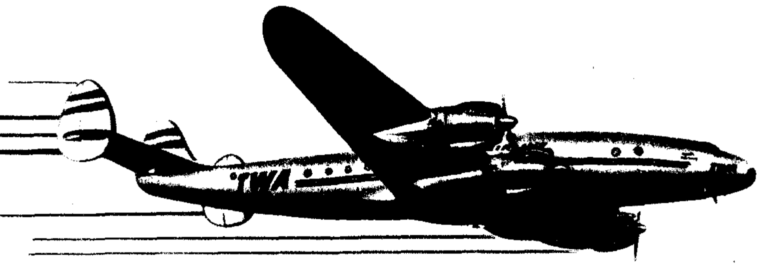
I shook my head, murmuring politely that the others would be there shortly. She hesitated a moment, just inside the hall as though uncertain, then, stripped off every stitch she had on.

"Too much filth and lice to take into a clean house," she explained calmly, accepting the trench coat which I had thrust at her anxiously. "Do you have DDT?"

Standing in the hall, she sprinkled her clothes liberally with the powder I gave her. I led her to the bathroom. She said she wanted a long soak. Afterward she scrubbed her clothes. She came out with her hair shampooed, wearing my friend's bathrobe, asked for a drink and cigarettes, and followed me to the kitchen, where she affectionately patted the electric refrigerator.

"I haven't seen one since the States," she said. She was self-possessed and well-mannered.

Relaxed in an easy chair, smoking American cigarettes with relish, wriggling her toes in my friend's slippers, and brushing out her drying hair, she told me how the Russian government had sent her to the United States for her education but had chaperoned her with NKVD guards so that she had not had much social life with American men. After she returned to *(Continued on page 84)*



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Air travelers today know how well this planning paid off. For today, Constellations *are* flying air routes all over the world. They carry more people over the North Atlantic than all other aircraft combined! TWA Constellations hold speed records, mileage records, winter-performance records, on-time records. No other 300-mph airliner in service today has been as thoroughly proved under all operating conditions as TWA's world-proved Constellation.

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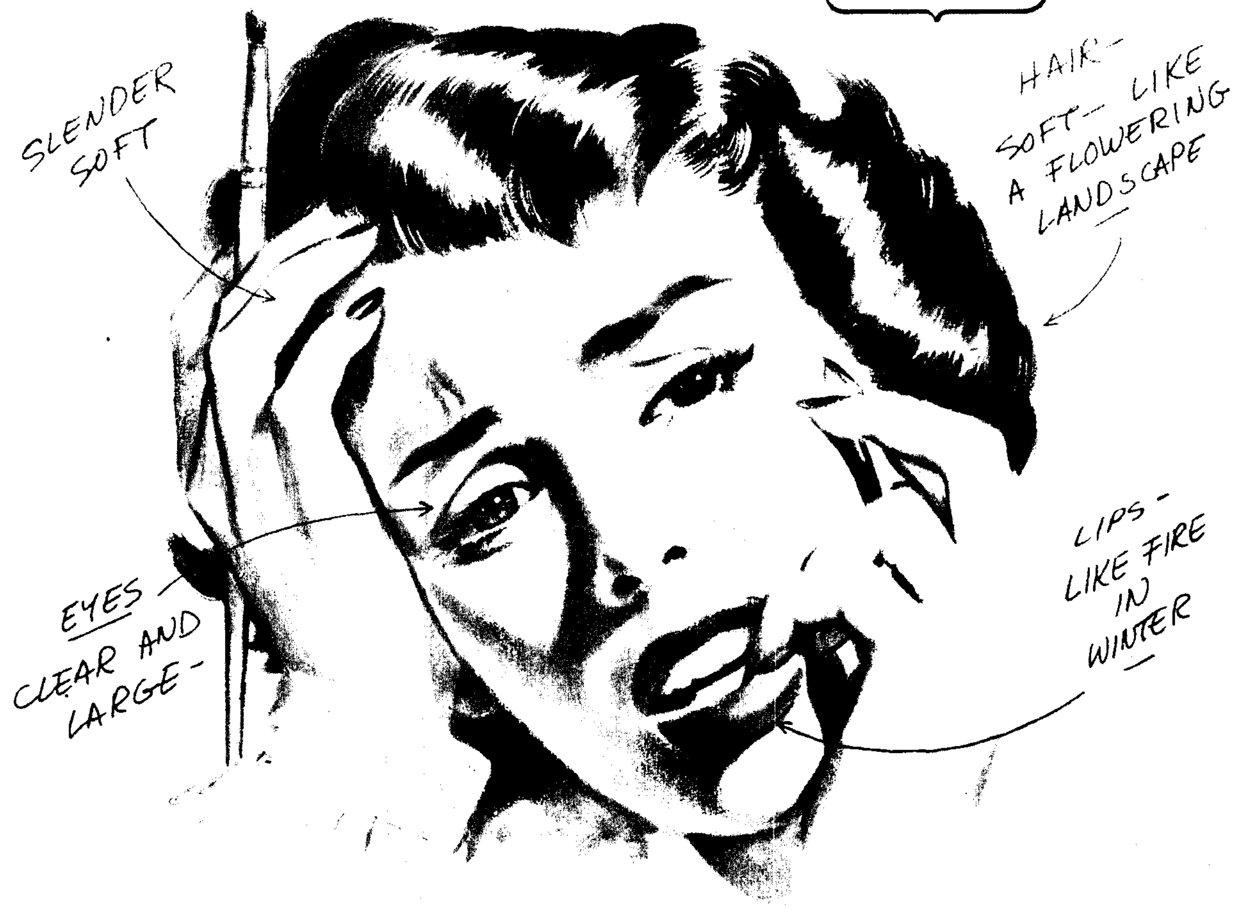
Collier's
SHORT SHORT


SLENDER SOFT
HAIR - SOFT - LIKE A FLOWERING LANDSCAPE
LIPS - LIKE FIRE IN WINTER
EYES - CLEAR AND LARGE -

Make something happen

By EVE MERRIAM

THE springy footsteps of our teacher, Lamar, bounded beside me. "Aha! And now let us see what kind of picture we have here, Miss—ah—"

"Keller. Harriet Keller." I sighed. Five months in his class, and he still didn't know my name.

"Of course! Miss Haller." His head bobbed large as a balloon above the matchstick body, his shiny mustache quivered as he bent closer to my canvas. "M'm." He shrugged. "You should try to make something happen." He rapped his knuckles on the easel. "Still life—you feel like still life inside and so it comes out dead fish. Fall in love!" he commanded. "You must fall in love to learn to paint!"

The class giggled in embarrassment. Lamar turned away from me, his words flung out to everybody now. "Take my advice. Do not sit in a dark brown room with blank canvas. Introduce yourself to life, to love. Then it will be time to create! Love first, paint second!" He wheeled abruptly out of the room.

My head ached. These city art classes three evenings a week were to mean so much to me: They were to offer holiday glamor in my workaday, stenographic world, they were to become a substitute for the love and beauty I lacked. But Lamar was right: You couldn't paint without love. I felt dead inside. Plain Harriet Keller whom no Prince Charming would ever bring to life. I turned my unfinished canvas to the wall and walked down to the basement locker room. The gloomy subterranean passage exactly suited my mood.

Arthur Liss was already there, putting away his belongings in a battered green metal box. Pale and melancholy as an unemployed clown, he could be depended upon not to break my depression.

We left the darkened building together and at a cafeteria on the corner stood silently in line for coffee and doughnuts. When eating could no longer occupy our attention, we were forced to talk, sitting at the table there, facing each other over the thick china cups.

I filled in the slow dots after his remarks. His job as a shipping clerk. The frame house in Queens where his parents rented rooms. His younger sister Maud who had scarlet fever when she was ten and never grew any taller. I pictured Maud's doll-like stature and easily imagined the stunting fever spreading to the neighborhood—all of it dwarfed, denied, and I no stranger to that atmosphere.

Make something happen, Lamar had said. Yet here I passively was, with Arthur Liss whose existence was as dull as my own, whose pale eyes blinked no invitation to the golden trombones and scarlet roses of love.

I stayed home from the class for several nights and then returned, not with any flare of inspiration, but merely a plodding determination to see the term out. Arthur and I fell into having coffee together at the cafeteria. I wanted terribly for him to be handsome or clever, but then of course I realized he must be wanting the same things from me, so I quickly gave up those notions.

During the final two weeks of the term, I tried in class to think of interesting things to talk about with Arthur in the cafeteria afterward. With his poor dwarfed sister, and the rented rooms for home, his life must be even more shut-in than my own. I would invent some stimulating person I had met, or lie to him about some extraordinary place I had visited on a vacation.

Better than that, I decided, I would give him tangible evidence. I had seen posters advertising luxurious cruises to Bermuda—the sand there was pink, and there were large fuchsia flowers cascading down to turquoise waters. Such a scene I would paint for Arthur. He could hang it in his narrow room off the kitchen; when he looked at it, he could forget the cooking smells, the whine and dirt of the streets, the nagging of his boss.

I blocked in the lines, then covered my easel with a cloth to keep the surprise and hurried down to the locker room. Arthur wasn't there. Then surely he would be waiting for me on the front steps.

After half an hour, I walked over to the cafeteria. There were many stooped shoulders inside, many faces pale from working under electricity all day, but none was Arthur's.

The coffee tasted weak as tap water.

Three nights more followed the same pattern, except that I walked slowly past the cafeteria instead of going inside. Arthur came to class; he smiled at me. But he seemed to disappear at the end of each session as if by a trap door. The colors of my painting paled; the purple flowers looked like sick, contagious patches to me, and I blotted them out. The turquoise water muddied to gray. I left it that way.

AND then it was the final session. Half a dozen students, Arthur among them, kept on painting until the moment Lamar arrived. Lamar was to decide tonight which, if any, of the student paintings would be chosen for the annual exhibit. I wanted the agony to be short, please.

Lamar came in, followed by a stout, red-faced man with a beard: Walter Willard, head of the entire Arts Project.

They examined a few canvases, hemmed and hawed, and then it was Arthur's turn. Instinctively, I flinched for him.

Neither Lamar nor Willard said a word; they held their heads so and so, their hands flashed rapid messages in code.

Finally Arthur broke into their secret pool. "It's a portrait," he explained, "of Miss Keller."

I couldn't believe it. He wouldn't do such a thing to me. What right had he to mock me, to expose my pitiable dullness? The class swung around as if on a single pivot to stare at me. There was no place I could run to for cover.

"So? Let's have a look at the original," Willard commanded me with a forward jut of his beard.

I itemized every crack in the flooring as I walked up to the front of the room. There was a rusty nail in the center that had been splattered with yellow and blue. . . .

"Of course! Miss—ah, Haller." Lamar bobbed up and down. "A remarkable likeness."

I hated him almost as much as I hated Arthur.

"How do *you* like it?" Arthur's voice slid like the Eden snake into my consciousness. I looked at the canvas. No matter what, I won't cry, I won't give them the satisfaction. Not tears that any of them *will* be able to see.

"It's marvelous. Marvelous." Willard repeated the word. "He's really made it happen all right."

The painting was beautiful. A soft flowering landscape, and you could almost hear the music singing somewhere in the distance. And in the foreground—a woman so lovely and sweet, like a fire in winter, like a cool drink on the hottest August day.

I wanted to strike Arthur for having mocked me so.

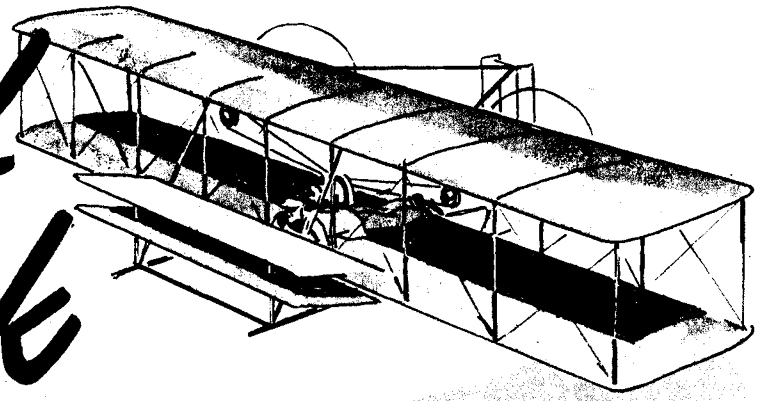
"Keep looking," he whispered, his hand forcing me back to it. The hair was worn like mine. The eyes were clear and large, but shaped as mine when they stared at me from the mirror. And so with it all: nose, mouth, chin. I stood straighter, then cringed again as I looked about the class, expecting some sign. None of them smiled; no one was laughing at me.

I looked at Arthur; past the wrinkles, past his pale work-worn features, past the crooked front teeth that never could afford braces: I looked at Arthur. ☐☐☐

WINNER OF THIS WEEK'S
$1,000 FICTION AWARD
Collier's
☆
STAR
STORY

BY BOB HILDER

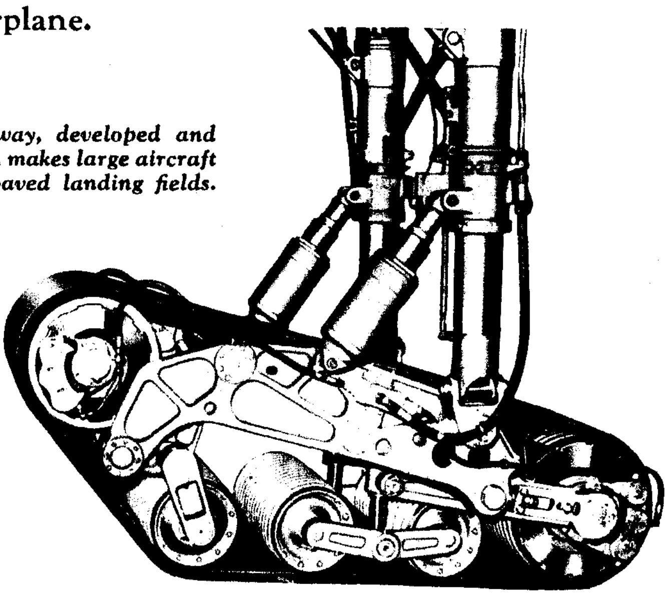
The Miracle of Kitty Hawk



THE triumph of the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk was more than a victory of man over nature. It was a dramatic example of the way in which our American system of competitive free enterprise brings rich rewards to all, from those who are willing to work, to think and to dare!

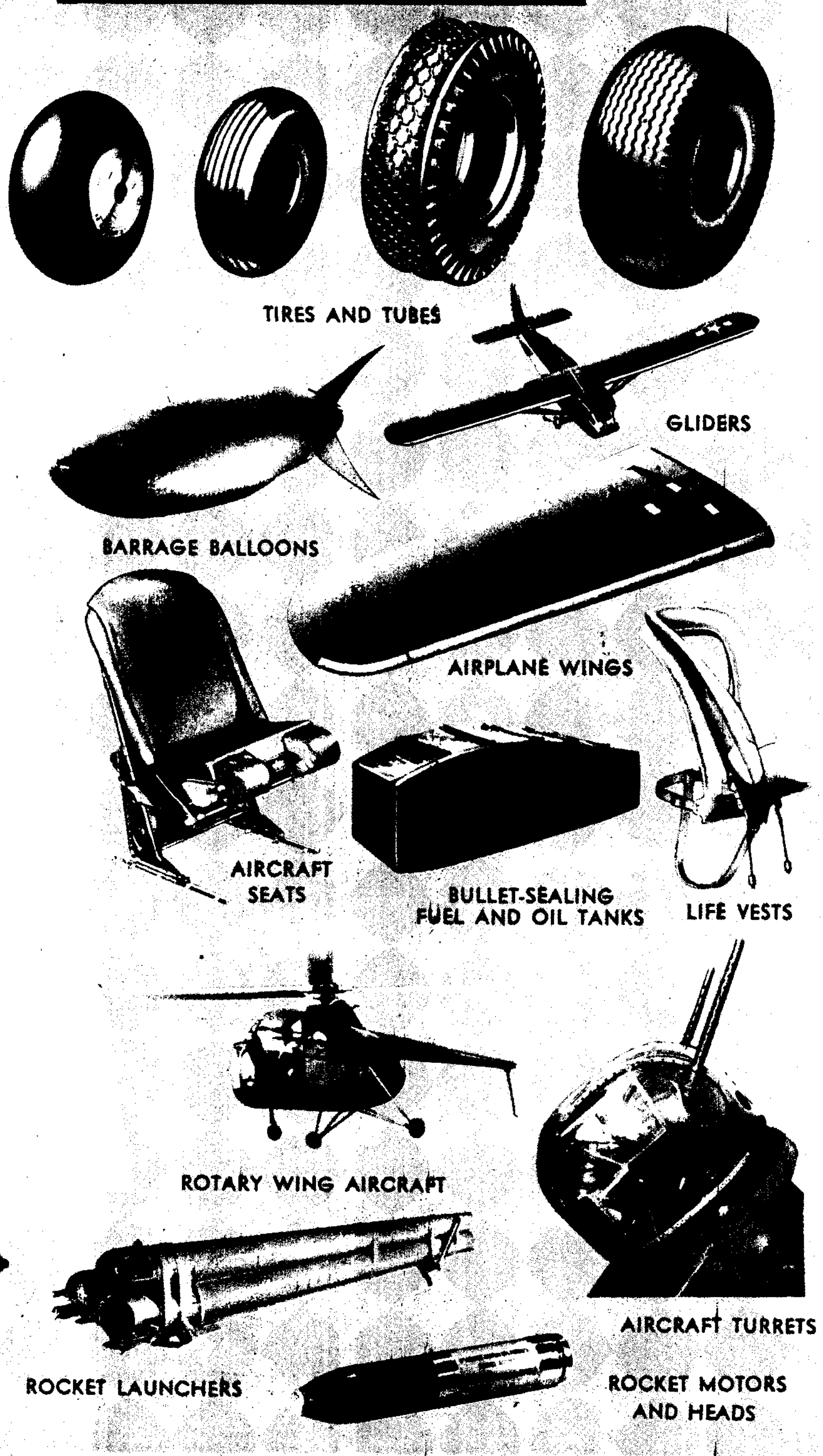
The Wright Brothers created more than the first successful airplane. They laid the foundation for many new industries and for the expansion of many long-established businesses. They made it possible, for example, for Firestone to increase its productivity and its employment by becoming a major supplier of equipment to airlines, aircraft manufacturers, the armed forces, aviation schools, and private plane owners.

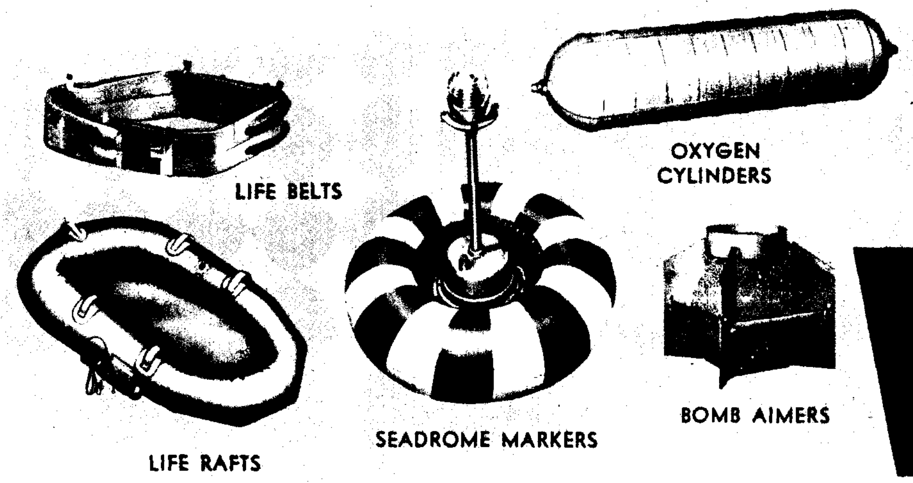
On this forty-fifth anniversary of their first flight, Firestone pays tribute to the Wright Brothers for their pioneering genius, and welcomes back home the first successful airplane.



The Flying Runway, developed and built by Firestone, makes large aircraft independent of paved landing fields.

FIRESTONE
AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS


TIRES AND TUBES
GLIDERS
BARRAGE BALLOONS
AIRPLANE WINGS
AIRCRAFT SEATS
BULLET-SEALING FUEL AND OIL TANKS
LIFE VESTS
ROTARY WING AIRCRAFT
AIRCRAFT TURRETS
ROCKET LAUNCHERS
ROCKET MOTORS AND HEADS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Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
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Limited
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THIS WHISKY IS 6 YEARS OLD
90.4 U.S. PROOF
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Walker's DeLuxe
Straight BOURBON Whiskey
Distilled by
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"Here's to you, Ted"—and the Christmas gift that says it best is one or more of these famed bottles with *Hiram Walker's* on the label.

Canadian Club has made the Hiram Walker name renowned in 87 lands, for this distinguished and distinctive whisky is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon.

Walker's DeLuxe is Hiram Walker's straight bourbon whiskey. 6 years old, elegant in taste, uncommonly good.

Imperial has behind it something good to know—Hiram Walker's 90 years of whiskey-wisdom.

Hiram Walker's Distilled London Dry Gin is the first thought for *fine* gin drinks because Hiram Walker makes it with *Imported Botanicals.*

CANADIAN CLUB — Imported from Walkerville, Canada. Blended Canadian Whisky. 6 years old. 90.4 proof. • WALKER'S DeLUXE — Straight bourbon whiskey. 6 years old. 86 proof. • HIRAM WALKER'S GIN — Distilled London Dry Gin. 90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. • IMPERIAL — Blended whiskey. 86 proof. 70% grain neutral spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

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DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN AND IMPORTED HERBS IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RENOWNED PRIVATE FORMULA AND BOTTLED BY THE PROPRIETORS
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STORK
DERBY
FUND

Foundations created by the wealthy can change anyone's way of life

The rich often have trouble disposing of fortunes. Julius Rosenwald said, "Give it away while you're still alive." Andrew Carnegie would add, "Give it in large sums." When asked for a mere $5,000 donation, he exploded, "Damn it, man, I'm not in the retail giving business"

How To Give Money Away

By LESTER VELIE

SUPPOSE you had a million dollars. You couldn't take it with you. And you couldn't leave much behind to family or friends, because the tax collector would get most of it. So you decide to give it away. That's when your troubles begin.

When Andrew Carnegie decided that "the man who dies rich dies disgraced," he set out to give away $350,000,000 and became involved in the ten hardest years of his life. Frantically, Carnegie combed the world for causes on which to lavish his millions. When a petitioner pleaded for a $5,000 project, Carnegie exploded, "Damn it, man, I'm not in the retail giving business."

At seventy-six, Carnegie had succeeded in ridding himself of some $200,000,000 on good works, ranging from free public baths for his native Dunfermline, Scotland, to $6,000,000 worth of church organs. Then down to his last $150,000,000 and in danger of dying rich, he called in his lawyer, Elihu Root.

"Why not spend the money after you're dead?" Root suggested. "Form a foundation." Happily Scotsman Carnegie cleaned out his pockets and turned his millions over to his newly formed organization for good works.

Ever since, eager givers have been forming foundations with such zeal that today there are some 10,000 of them, with resources of about $2,000,000,000. Their earnings last year permitted them collectively to give away an estimated $80,000,000. The individual largess varied. The Rockefeller Foundation appropriated $23,000,000, while a foundation formed by a New York American Legion Post donated $2.50 to buy a medal for a high-school honor student.

Where the money went also varied widely. The late Senator James Couzens, who put $2,500 into Henry Ford's horseless carriage works and took out $30,000,000, set up The Children's Fund of Michigan. But the Good Thief Foundation of Dannemora, New York, seeks the "temporal improvement" of jail inmates. And in Kansas, the Emma A. Robinson fund provides Christmas dinners for horses.

Giving money away is almost as tricky an art as getting it. There is no manual on how to do it. Former Secretary of State Jimmy Byrnes was an orphan and wanted to help other South Carolina orphans get college educations. He is doing it with the $100,000 proceeds from his memoirs.

Another former Secretary of State, Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., believes that backwardness abroad is dangerous to us, that business promoters should develop the human resources of the countries from which they take the money from natural resources. So he has set up a Liberian Foundation. One project: a school for farming with a diploma of 40 acres of land.

Most of the successful ideas for giving money away have left their mark on our country. Julius Rosenwald's millions went, in part, for Negro schools in the South and helped build a public-school system for a whole race. Public health work, now a commonplace, has greatly expanded since The Rockefeller Foundation pioneered in mass drives against hookworm and malaria. Novelist Thomas Wolfe might have blushed unseen had not a Guggenheim fellowship tided the genius over his attic period.

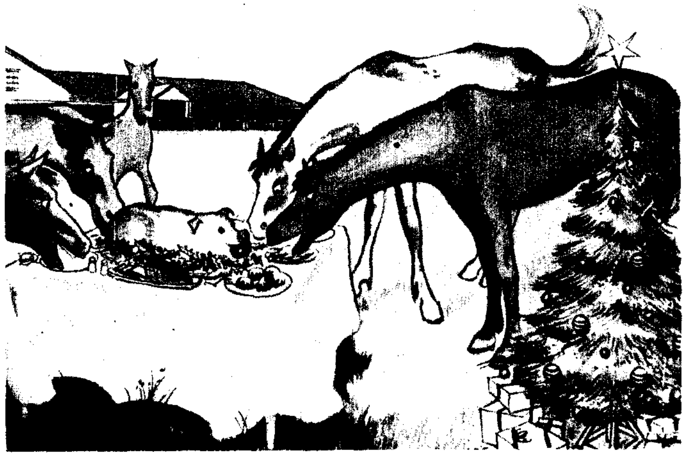
And great new foundations are still coming up. The Ford Foundation will have an estimated half-billion dollars to work with (about three times that of The Rockefeller Foundation) to become the most majestic private good-works dispenser of all time.

Fortunes from oil and steel powered the first great foundations, but Detroit and Wall Street wealth now play their part too.

The $50,000,000 Wall Street fortune of Charles Hayden is helping underprivileged boys. A lonely bachelor, Hayden spent sweltering summer nights walking through congested New York streets, where he saw tenement kids sleeping on fire escapes. During the day he watched grimy urchins dodge under trucks to retrieve worthless playthings while their older brothers snitched from pushcarts.

"If we could only take care of the kids," he said. So he gave his money for summer camps, boys' club buildings and college scholarships.

The drives that impel the creators of great fortunes to distribute *(Continued on page 79)*



Not all the foundation donors are as high minded as Carnegie or Hayden. In Kansas, an equine enthusiast set up a fund to provide Christmas dinners for horses

ILLUSTRATED BY DINK SEIGEL

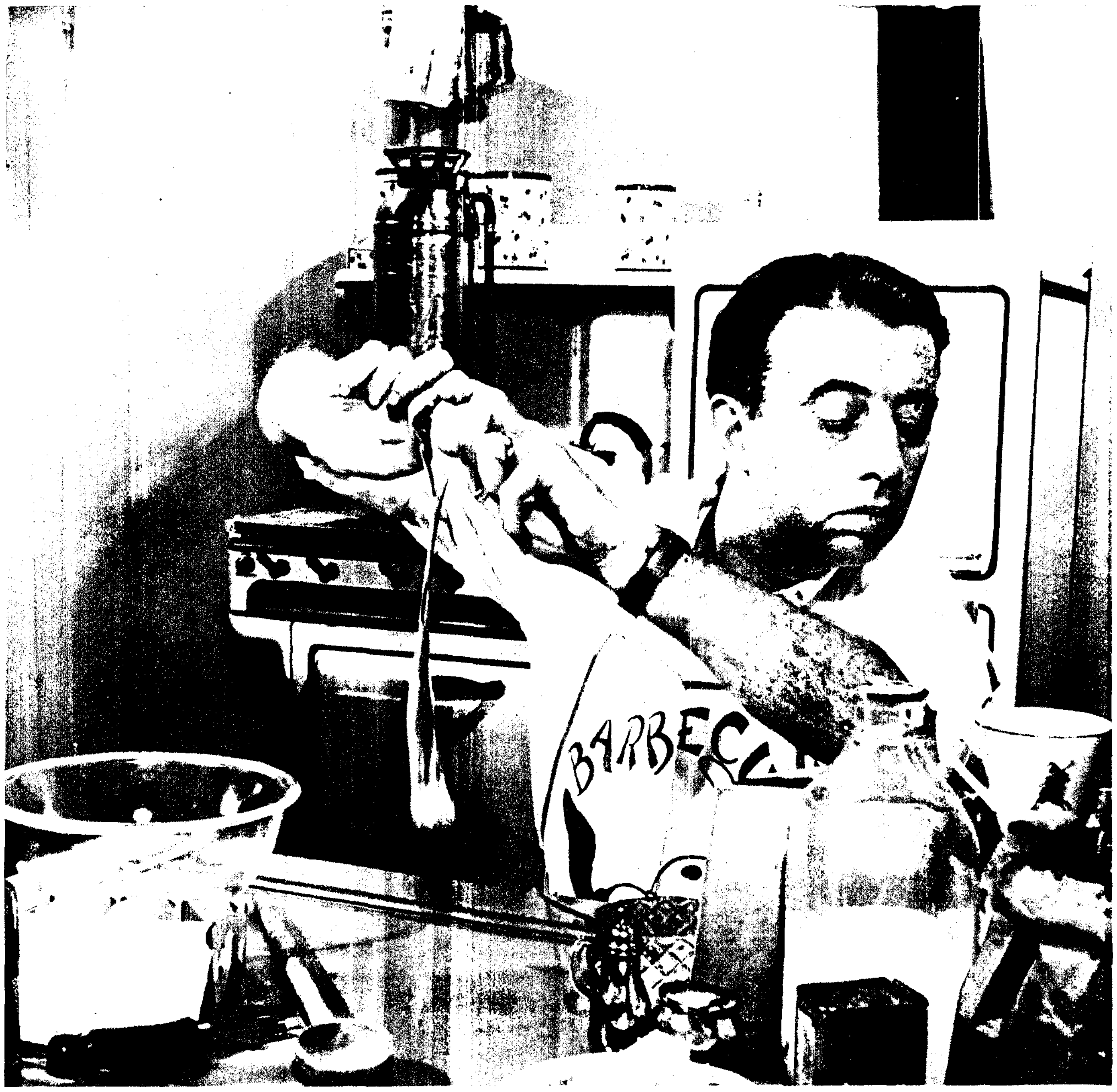
Trailblazer of cars to come

. . . The 1949 FRAZER!

This is a new day . . . a day when you think *twice* about buying a warmed-over version of a traditional car. And you look for that *one* car which is setting the pace for cars to come. For this is the car you want—a car that has proved itself . . . a car with the best that the engineers of tomorrow can produce. But you want *more*—a car that will give you all the joy of ownership that can come only from the very finest in appointments and luxury. You'll want to pick the colors yourself, of course. The fabrics, too, from a wide, wide choice. Only *one* car meets these hopes of yours for the car of tomorrow. It is the FRAZER for 1949. There's one near you, waiting for you to see it . . . waiting for you to drive it. You will find it at your KAISER-FRAZER dealer's. Kaiser-Frazer Corp., Willow Run, Mich.

See and drive the new 1949 FRAZER *Manhattan —"The pride of Willow Run"—at your dealer's now!*

"THE BEAUTY AND DISTINCTION OF CUSTOM CAR STYLING"



The author, swollen with culinary conceit, demonstrates the simplest kitchen procedure with vast skill

My Life in a Cooking School

By STANLEY FRANK

This is terrible — a libel on every American housewife. Please don't publish!
Charlotte Adams
Food Editor

SHAKE hands with a dope. I should have known no good would come of it. A woman may forgive a man's congenital laziness, chronic alcoholism or even his reluctance to hock his soul for the pelts of dead minks. The one thing she will not condone is a man's easy mastery of a feminine chore that has been misrepresented as a harrowing ordeal borne with saintly forbearance.

I have just completed a course in cooking at a very fancy, French and expensive school. I can prepare, as though I know what I'm doing, elaborate dishes whose names I can't pronounce; but around our house the can opener and frozen foods still are considered the greatest discoveries since the invention of the charge account. Man's place in the kitchen, well-modulated shrieks assure me, is confined to washing dishes and answering the back door to receive C.O.D. bombshells.

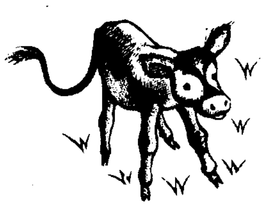
This cavalier attitude toward my culinary accomplishments is strictly the product of a towering rage liberally seasoned with pure envy. It seems I have committed the unpardonable offense of proving a point at the expense of my dear wife, whom I sometimes call my fifth calumnist.

The point I set out to prove was that good family cooking does not call for imagination, skill or sacrifice. It was my contention that anyone who can read, follow a recipe's simple directions, and who has moderate pride in the result, should be able to whip up tasty vittles.

If I could be taught to cook, anyone could. It was not sheer conceit that impelled me to assume leadership of the crusade.

As they told me at the school, kitchen experience is the most important factor in good cooking. But they told me that only after I had completed the course. Before exposing my classic ignorance to the ribald laughter of

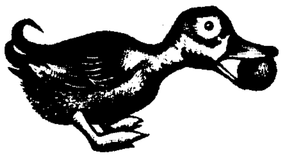
(Continued on page 90)



VEAL SCALOPPINE

Start by putting eight good slices of thin veal between wax paper and beat them into complete submission with a wooden mallet. Brown each side of the veal quickly in butter, adding same as needed, then flame with four tablespoons of brandy. (Better take a cigar this time.) Remove and add to the pot four sliced sautéed mushrooms and cook for two minutes. Stir in off the fire one-half teaspoon of tomato paste, one teaspoon of meat glaze and four teaspoons of potato flour. Stir till smooth.

Pour in one-half cup of white wine, three cups of stock and stir until the mixture boils. Add two dozen cooked asparagus tips, salt and pepper, put back veal and let it simmer gently for a half hour. Arrange veal on pea purée, douse with gravy, sprinkle with grated cheese and brown under the broiler.



DUCK A LA ORANGE

Be wary of pitfalls. You can eat yourself silly. Brown quickly a small duck cut up for casserole in a small amount of butter and drain off the excess fat. Flame it with two tablespoons of brandy and take a short one yourself for having stayed with us this far. After removing the duck, add to the pot one-quarter teaspoon of chopped garlic, a chopped mushroom and cook two minutes.

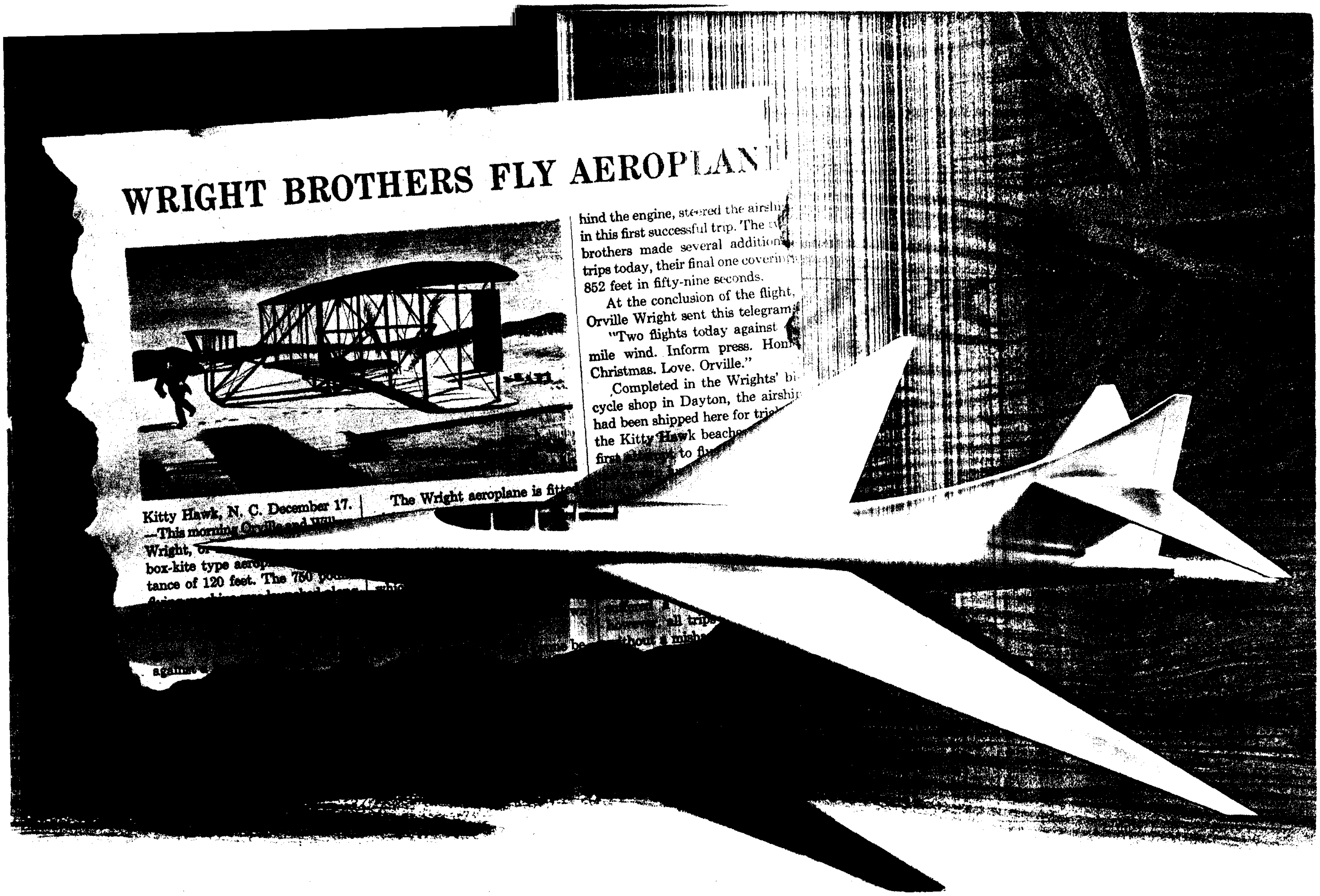
Add a shredded orange rind and cook another minute. Add one-half teaspoon of meat glaze, one-half teaspoon of tomato paste and two teaspoons of potato flour and stir into a smooth paste. Pour on slowly one cup of meat stock and stir constantly, one-half cup of red wine and bring to a boil. Add one teaspoon of dry white wine, one teaspoon of red currant jelly and the orange sections. Put back the duck, skin side down, and cook in a 350° oven for 45 minutes or more until tender.

BEEF STEW

You will go far to find a better beef stew than I make, and if you do I will thank you to stay there. Take three pounds of top sirloin cut into very large pieces (this recipe is for six) and brown quickly in two tablespoons of hot, foaming butter.

Flame with two tablespoons of brandy. Remove the meat and add to the pot two dozen small white onions. Brown quickly, then put in six mushrooms and cook for three minutes. Turn off the flame and put into the pot one teaspoon of meat glaze and four teaspoons of potato flour. Stir until it is a smooth paste, then add a half cup of red wine. Put back the meat and cook until tender.

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GILES



WRIGHT BROTHERS FLY AEROPLAN

Kitty Hawk, N. C. December 17.
—This morning
Wright,
box-kite type aero
tance of 120 feet. The 750 po

The Wright aeroplane is fitt

hind the engine, steered the airshi
in this first successful trip. The
brothers made several addition
trips today, their final one coverin
852 feet in fifty-nine seconds.
At the conclusion of the flight,
Orville Wright sent this telegram
"Two flights today against
mile wind. Inform press. Hon
Christmas. Love. Orville."
Completed in the Wrights' bi
cycle shop in Dayton, the airshi
had been shipped here for tri
the Kitty Hawk beach
first to fl

all trips
without a mish

agains

Kitty Hawk to Jets

Less than 50 years since the Wright brothers flew only 120 feet at 30 miles per hour, jet-propelled airplanes pierce the sonic barrier . . . giant bombers fly nearly 12,000 miles non-stop. A great company tells the story of its heritage received at Kitty Hawk.

ONLY 45 years ago the Wright brothers' "flying machine" left the ground in man's first successful powered flight. Today the world honors those two pioneers, whose conquest of the air over the beach at Kitty Hawk launched the Air Age . . . giving the world a priceless heritage.

This heritage is being fulfilled. Great fleets of passenger and cargo airliners speed international commerce across seas and continents. Aircraft, having played a major part in winning two world wars, today are a safeguard against aggression.

Present-day aircraft performance standards compared with those of the Wright brothers' first airplane reveal astonishing growth and progress for so short a time, an Air Age of only 45 years . . .

Engines: from 12 to more than 5,000 horsepower
Range: from 120 feet to 11,286 miles non-stop
Propellers: from flimsy bamboo and canvas construction to 19-foot hollow steel blades
Speed: from 30 miles per hour to supersonic
Altitude: from eight or nine feet to 59,492 feet
Load: from one man to more than 65,000 pounds

Curtiss-Wright is proud that its products — airplanes, engines and propellers — have played a vital part in nearly all of these accomplishments. In World War II alone, Curtiss-Wright was the greatest producer in the aviation field, delivering 26,269 airplanes, 142,840 aircraft engines and 146,468 electric propellers.

The work of aviation's three pioneers, Orville and Wilbur Wright and Glenn H. Curtiss, is being carried forward by Curtiss-Wright . . . continuous research and development that will keep it "First in Flight" in the future.

FIRST IN FLIGHT
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30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, New York
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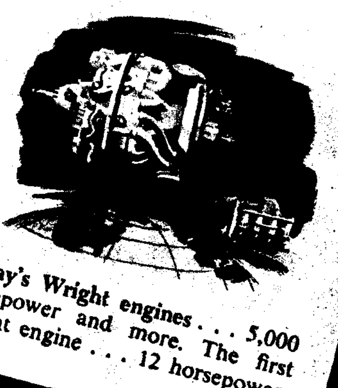
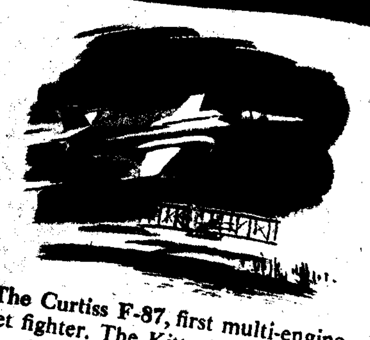
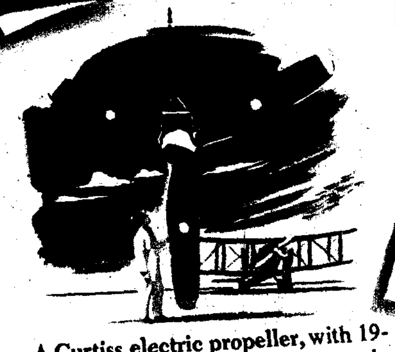


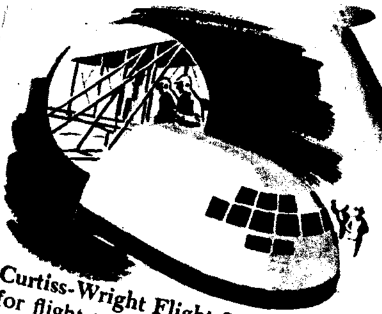
Today's Wright engines . . . 5,000 horsepower and more. The first Wright engine . . . 12 horsepower.



The Curtiss F-87, first multi-engine jet fighter. The Kitty Hawk "flying machine," relic of the Air Age.



A Curtiss electric propeller, with 19-foot hollow steel blades. An early Curtiss 8-foot wooden propeller.



Curtiss-Wright Flight Simulator . . . for flight training the modern way. Learning to fly with Wilbur Wright.

dvertisement

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Relief-Grain shows growth of briar

Identify by Cloverleaf ♣

No. 07 $7.50
(Same price as pre-war)

KAYWOODIE
BRIAR

Picture shows Mediterranean briar bush. Bushes grow 4 to 7 ft. high. Burl at bottom is only part used for Kaywoodie Pipes. Grain is interwoven, makes pipes of beauty and sweetness.

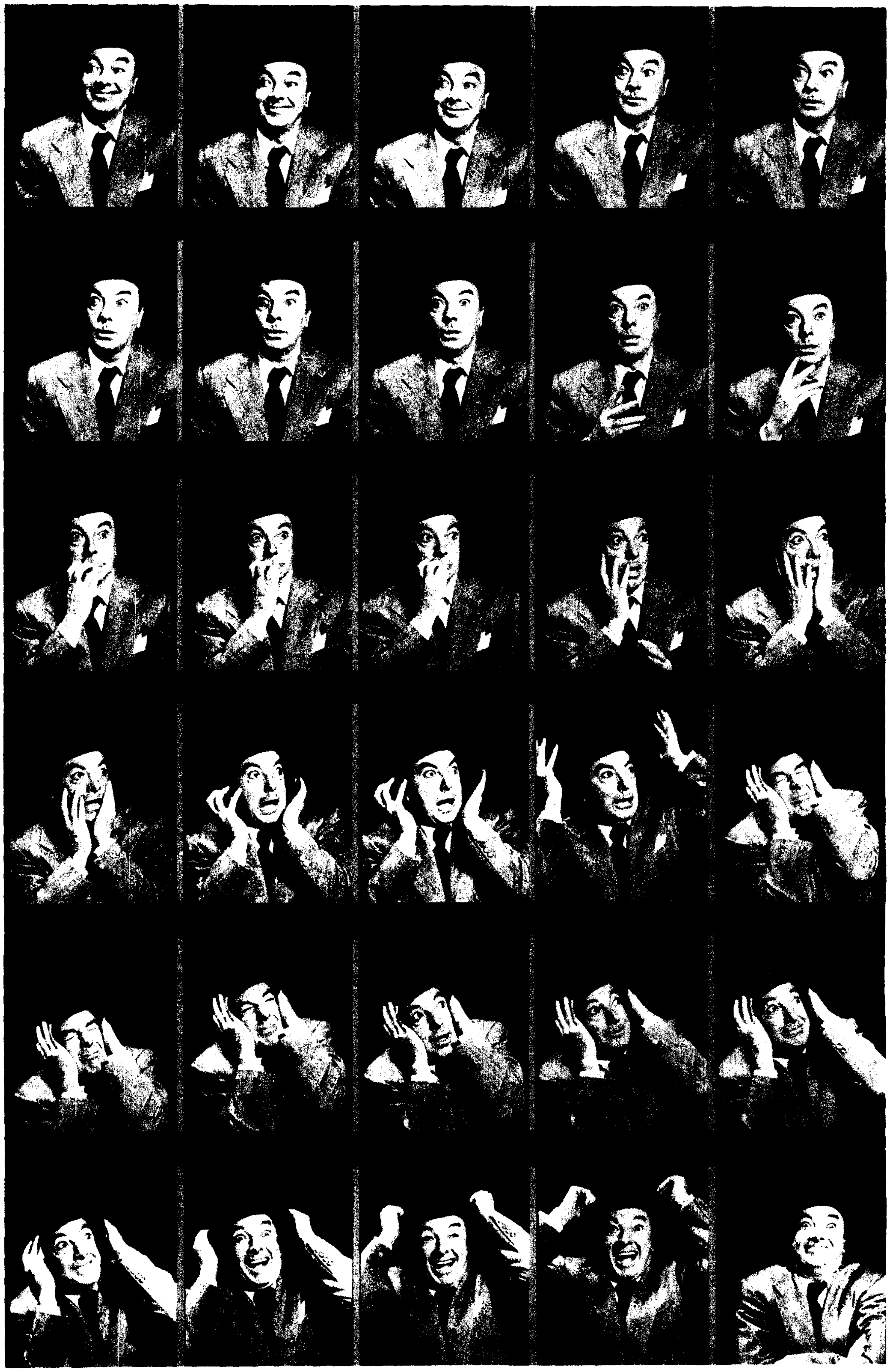
The beauty of the briar grain is developed in relief by Kaywoodie pipe-makers, in Relief-Grain Kaywoodie Pipes, $7.50 each. The ridges on pipe show growth of the briar; each ridge marks a year. Where ridges are close together, the year was dry and there was little growth, wider spaces mark moist years when briar grew more. The pipes are of a rich burgundy color, comfortably light in weight. For years of pleasant smoking and thoughtful contentment, a Relief-Grain Kaywoodie is preferred.

Prices of Kaywoodies range from $3.50 to $25., the same as pre-war. Kaywoodie Company, New York and London. 630 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 20, N. Y. Quality pipes since 1851. Pamphlet on request.

Give him a Kaywoodie for Christmas

Basketball

Inside U.S.A.'s Jack Haley takes time off to watch a basketball game in which a rival team player starts down the court, shoots—and bounces the ball off the rim



MOVETTE CAMERA BY AMERICAN CINEFOTO CORP.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HENDERSON AND SHAW

PASSAGE TO PANAMA

Continued from page 26

Winkley Familia and *Mandraque el Mago*. Then he thought for a while.

"That's a lot of treasure piled on the beach," he said. "Where did it come from?"

"China."

"What was the deal?"

"Did you ever hear of salting a gold mine?" Anna Marie said. "You put gold in it and then sell it to some excitable sucker. My father even salted oil wells in his day, and that's a neat trick. This was the same thing. We were going to find the treasure, or a part of it, decide not to continue the search for one reason or another, let our chump discover more, and sell out to him for a handsome price."

"Why did the stuff have to come from China?"

"It was all Mrs. Redo's plan. She had the flier friend in the Orient, Pop Lane. From drawings furnished by Mrs. Redo, he had doubloons and gold-plated statuettes done very reasonably by Chinese workmen. Captain Maesk hid them on the Leise Neilsen and brought them across."

"Why so much?" Johnny asked.

"That wasn't in my department. I merely put the deal together and financed Mrs. Redo on this end. Captain Maesk and his crew underwrote the expenses of the treasure—I suppose they wanted to be sure there were plenty of pieces of eight to find."

"You had a sucker lined up?" Johnny asked.

THE girl industrialist's expression brightened a little. "A lovely one! An elderly smart aleck in New York who had fleeced so many other people that he thinks he knows everything. He was ripe for a shady proposition. Fifty per cent of anything found here goes to the government that owns this island, and the idea of cheating the rightful owner out of its share would have been irresistible to him."

Johnny digested that. "Anna Marie Bishop!" he said.

"I knew you'd say that," Anna Marie said disgustedly.

"If it was such a fine setup, why did Mrs. Redo pull out?"

"Because this is a kind of daisy chain." Anna Marie struggled briefly to prevent her countenance from becoming a rage and chagrin. "I had the New York rube. Mrs. Redo had me. She was after the airplanes in Panama. Probably she let the treasure scheme ride in case something went wrong with her plane angle."

"The airplanes are more valuable, huh?"

"Figure it out for yourself. They're former bombers, in excellent condition. Some group in Latin America can buy themselves a ready-made air force and overturn the existing government. Those ships will mean success in a country without real air power." Anna Marie seemed to suffer great pain. "You can sell them for ten times what you'd get out of salting this island, cash on delivery."

"But how would they arm them?"

"There must be bomb racks and machine guns lying around somewhere."

"That's what I think," Johnny said. "Listen, this is terrible. That old witch on her broomstick is going to be responsible for killing a lot of people and maybe even paving the way for political tyranny."

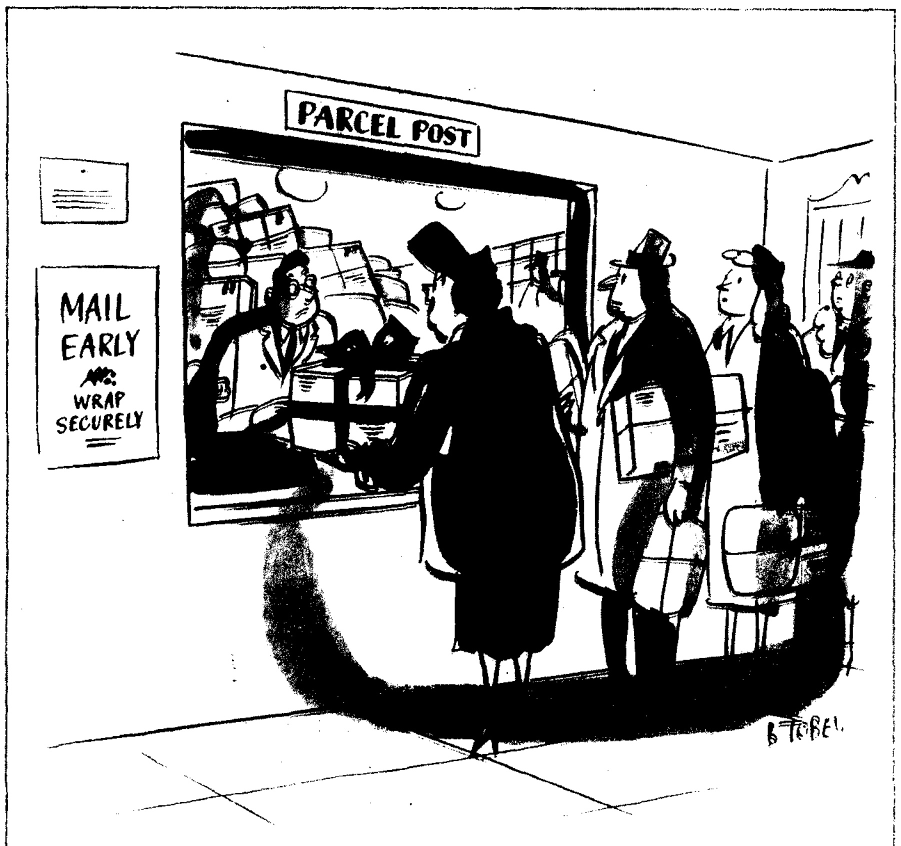
"You put it very well," Anna Marie said. "Besides that, she's going to put me in a federal stir."

"It looks like it."

"The thing is all sewed up. She'll be as surprised as everyone else when those planes vanish. I'm the owner of them, and I hide on an island until the business is consummated and then try to flee into Central America. Mrs. Redo was just an employee of my expedition. Pop Lane undoubtedly goes with the planes and disappears. Captain Maesk and company wend their merry, searfaring way—they had nothing to do with the deal. Whom do you think the cops will look for when the smoke clears away?"

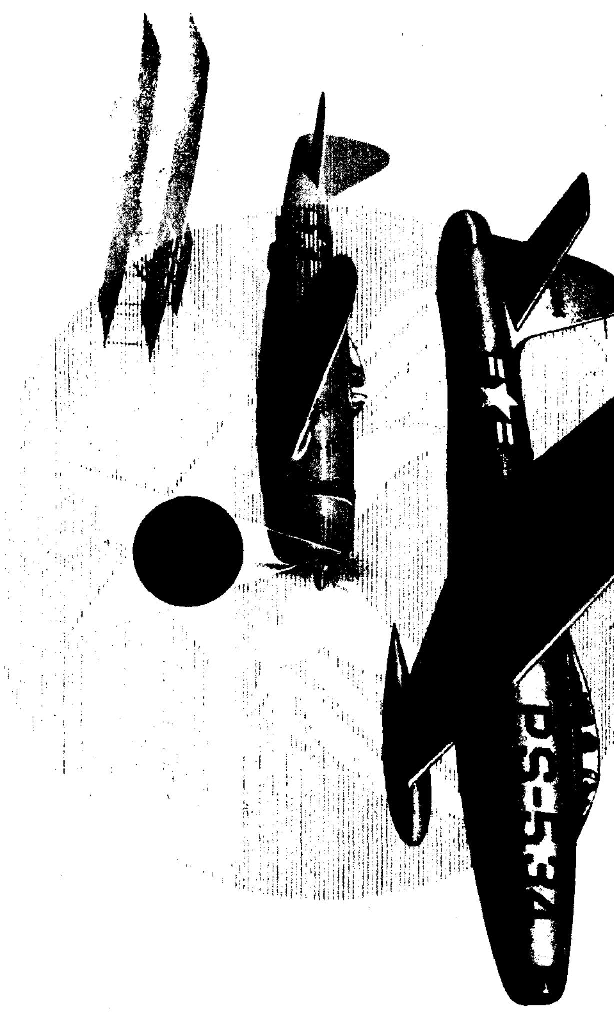
"You, dear," Johnny said.

"How will I explain lying low here? It's your word and mine against the word of Mrs. Redo and Maesk. It was my expedition, and I hired Pop Lane. I can't explain secretly selling Madame de



"Now you will be sure to keep the bow on top, won't you?"

COLLIER'S BARNEY TOBEY



PRELUDE TO SURVIVAL

• Forty-five years ago at Kitty Hawk . . Orville Wright soared aloft . . to make mankind's oldest dream of heavier-than-air flight . . an accomplished fact. ¶ Despite a complacent belief that this scientific achievement heralded an era of expanding friendship among the peoples of the earth . . time has shown that in ruthless hands the airplane can be a frightful instrument of aggression. ¶ Only three years after World War II . . and just a year after the Air Force has commemorated its first anniversary of autonomous operation . . there is abundant evidence that maintenance of a dominant American air power is a vital factor in discouraging aggressor nations. Republic joins with the USAF in committing our entire resources to this end.

Republic built the P-47 Thunderbolt, used on all fronts by the air forces of the Allied Nations in World War II . . It is still flown by our Air Force and our National Guard . . . and we are now concentrating full production on the 600 MPH F-84 Thunderjet. ¶ Several hundred of these are in daily service with USAF groups throughout the country, meanwhile, development continues on faster, longer-range aircraft destined to probe new areas of performance . . Republic Aviation Corp., Farmingdale, L.I., N.Y.

"This is the year of the Thunderjet"

REPUBLIC AVIATION

Makers of the Mighty Thunderbolt • Thunderjet • XR-12

Maintenon products before I start for Panama by saying I was in a combine organized to plant treasure on Mangrove Island. That isn't going to vouch for my character."

Johnny looked gloomily out the rain-smeared window.

"In fact," Anna Marie said, "my only hope is that my late associates will give me a ride back to the mainland. Perhaps I can dye my hair black, learn Spanish, marry an Indian, and spend the rest of my life picking bananas."

"Anna Marie Bishop!" Johnny said.

TOWARD sundown Anastacio and Pedro paid another call. One of them had a large fish spitted upon his machete. Johnny took it delicately off the knife. "Fish for dinner," he said. "Thanks, boys."

The boys went away. Rather happy for a change, Johnny brought the fish to Anna Marie. She shrank from him.

"Go away," she said. "I only eat fish from cans."

"But it's a change in our diet!"

"I'll take beans."

"I was counting on you to help me fix it," Johnny said. "I'll clean him, and you can do the cooking."

"You must be mad," Anna Marie said.

"We'll offend our hosts," Johnny said.

He threw the fish outside, sat on the stool and grimly folded his arms. Time passed. Darkness came. He lighted the lantern, and by its light Anna Marie applied a coat of nail polish.

"Mustn't grow careless in the jungle," she said. "By the way, when are you going to prepare dinner?"

"Never," Johnny said.

"In that case," Anna Marie said, "I know you'll pardon me if I turn in."

Removing her shoes, she snuggled in the bunk. More time passed. His stomach not to be denied, Johnny groaned and got up. "Beans or spaghetti?" he said.

"Beans."

They ate the meal without undue relish. Rain poured down, and the shack trembled in the grip of the wind. Johnny read *Super-Hombre* again. His client stayed in the bunk while he washed the utensils.

"You'd make a great wife for somebody," he said.

"That reminds me," Anna Marie said. "I am not your wife, and we're living under rather compromising circumstances. Since those two comics with the machetes apparently intend us no harm, I suggest we quit standing watch and alter our sleeping arrangements."

"Such as?"

"You live in the other shack."

"It has no furniture."

"You may have the stool."

"That's a hot one," Johnny said; "you worrying about being compromised. A girl who salts treasure island and associates with people like Mrs. Redo. I'm the person that ought to be worried."

"Keep a civil tongue in your head, my good man," Anna Marie said.

"At least, I'm not likely to go to prison."

"You might. I could involve you in a confession."

"I wouldn't put it past you," Johnny said. "Annie, do you realize that other shack is full of rats?"

"You should feel right at home," Anna Marie said.

"This is the end," Johnny said. "I get the lantern. You can keep your stool."

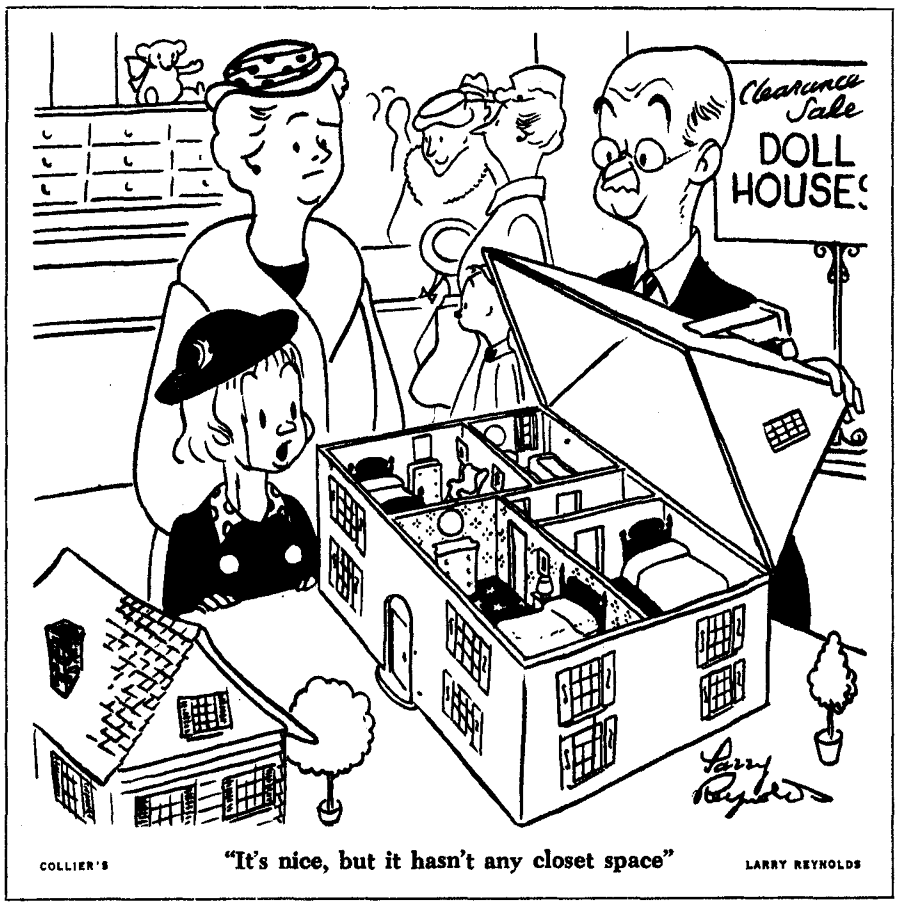
Taking his bags and the light, he went into the dark and the storm. The rats left the storehouse reluctantly. He opened his bags and discovered most of his clothing was mildewing. It didn't matter much if he spread a couple of suits and his bathrobe as padding on boxes arranged as a bed.

The book of private-eye stories translated into Danish that the chief had given him caught his attention. He lay down, pulled the lantern closer, and examined the incomprehensible pages. Suddenly he remembered the chief's inscription and turned to the flyleaf. There it was: "To my pal Johnny, from his frend K. P. Neilsen. May, 1948."

"Frend," Johnny said, and sat up. "F-r-e-n-d. There's the guy I was looking for!"

The case was busted wide open at last. Here was a man who knew the whole deal, whose conscience bothered him, and who would confess under pressure. K. P. Neilsen, the man who could save A. M. Bishop from the pokey. Johnny cussed—only it was too late. The chief was on the high seas, Mrs. Redo was peddling bombers, and the great detective was stuck helplessly on an island with a blonde, in the power of a couple of chewing-gum scouts. He started to swear again, changed his mind and groaned plaintively.

In the morning, Johnny walked lamely to the other shack and knocked on the door. Fully clad and obviously freshly groomed, his client admitted him. She eyed him narrowly.



COLLIER'S "It's nice, but it hasn't any closet space" LARRY REYNOLDS

"Good morning, Miss Bishop," he said coldly. "I wonder if I might heat my spaghetti on your stove?"

"Come right in, Mr. Smith," Anna Marie said. "The milkmen made an early delivery. Have a coconut."

Johnny drank the milk thirstily. He fumbled as he pumped the stove.

"Did you find something to drink last night and get loaded?" she asked. "Or are those puffy eyes from a party Anastacio and Pedro gave for you?"

"I tossed all night."

"Rats?"

"Thoughts," Johnny said. "I wish we had Parmesan cheese to put on this spaghetti."

EVEN he didn't have an appetite. Anna Marie toyed with the soggy strings on her tin plate.

"Time hangs heavy on one's hands, at times," she said, "doesn't it? I think I'll give myself a Madame de Maintenon Self-Permanent."

"I guess I'll have to kill those two guys," Johnny said.

She paled perceptibly. "You—you can't do that."

"I probably can at night."

"No, you mustn't."

"Then what would you suggest?"

"Well, overpower them. Don't kill them."

"Very funny," Johnny said. "The chief engineer is the guy that wrote the letter. I've established that now. He will clear you if we can lay hands on him. I know he'll confess. The solution to this is simple: We have to knock off the chewing-gum twins and get to Panama. And quick."

"Please, Johnny—not on my account. Don't kill anyone. Why, they bring us coconuts and fish. They're only obeying orders. They might kill you."

"We have to move, Annie."

"For Heaven's sake," Anna Marie said, "let's not have two of us going to prison. This isn't the United States, Johnny. They'll get you for murder. I couldn't stand that. Promise me you'll leave them alone."

"I promise nothing," Johnny said.

He left her on the verge of tears, and wandered through the rain. Anastacio and Pedro were sitting in their hut. They spotted Johnny immediately, so he could do nothing. He moved back in the bushes at the edge of the flat and waited for them to leave, or, better yet, separate. At midday Anna Marie found him still waiting, soaking wet, the hammer in his big hands. Her face was white and worried.

"Come inside, dear," she said. "I've fixed you a nice, hot lunch."

"Well," Johnny said, "I see something new has been added."

"I'd even cook to keep you from shedding blood," Anna Marie said. She took his arm and pulled him in the direction of the shack. He didn't resist.

"Let me guess what we're having," he said. "Spaghetti?"

"Wrong," Anna Marie said. "Beans. Beans and fruit salad."

"Another week of beans and spaghetti," Johnny said, "and I'll kill myself."

They ate slowly and silently. Anna Marie had managed to dry out a couple of cigarettes for him. He smoked one after the other as she did the dishes.

"This isn't such a bad life," she remarked. "I'm beginning to enjoy housekeeping. I hope they give me domestic work at Alcatraz."

"I'm going out," Johnny said.

"I'm going with you," Anna Marie said.

She followed him doggedly during his scouting of the *chicleros'* hut. It was empty and there were no signs of Anastacio and Pedro.

"Now they've gone," he said, "and I've wasted the morning. If I try to hunt them in the bush, they're sure to get the drop on me."

"Good," she said. "Don't you want to come back and read *Super-Hombre* again?"

Without answering, he walked down to the bay and stared out across the water. She trailed him, gazing up anxiously at his gloomy face.

"Wait here," he said. "I promise I'll be right with you."

GOING to the storehouse, he changed into swimming trunks. Anna Marie was sitting on the beach with her chin in her hands when he returned. She said she hadn't seen Anastacio and Pedro.

"Maybe Mrs. Redo lied about the launch being crippled," Johnny said. "I'll swim out and check it."

"I'll bet sharks are in that bay."

"It's not far. They probably stay in deeper water."

"How did my gray-haired partner get ashore?" Anna Marie said. "They must have a skiff hidden about somewhere. Let's hunt for it."

"That would take the rest of the day," Johnny said, "and we ought to do this while the twins are gone." He started wading. "I'll be right home, Mother."

"Open your motor wide," Anna Marie said. "Get up on your step. Take off."

He was a powerful swimmer, and made short work of getting to the launch. Nothing untoward happened. Hoisting himself over the side of the filthy old craft, he examined the cockpit and the reeking cabin forward. Then he lifted the engine hatch.

The first thing that caught his eye was the distributor cap, which was unfastened; the rotor was gone. That did it, because he wasn't well enough versed in engines to overcome a missing rotor. He replaced the hatch, jumped on the foredeck, pantomimed cutting his throat for explanation to Anna Marie, and slid into the water.

The return swim was leisurely for half the distance. He used a crawl stroke, his face and ears buried, and yet he could hear Anna Marie's frantic shouts quite clearly. Rearing up, he saw she was pointing behind him and shrieking an ugly five-letter word. She had peeled off her levis and shoes.

"Shark! Shark!"

He whirled, treading water, his blood running cold. Ten feet off, a black fin sliced past him and he caught a glimpse of a blunt black head and red, piggish eyes.

"Splash!" Anna Marie yelled. "Make all the commotion you can! Here comes Mother!"

He clapped the surface and kicked desperately. The fin was lining up on him again. His client crashed into the bay and started flailing toward him. The double uproar seemed to dissuade the shark. He curved off.

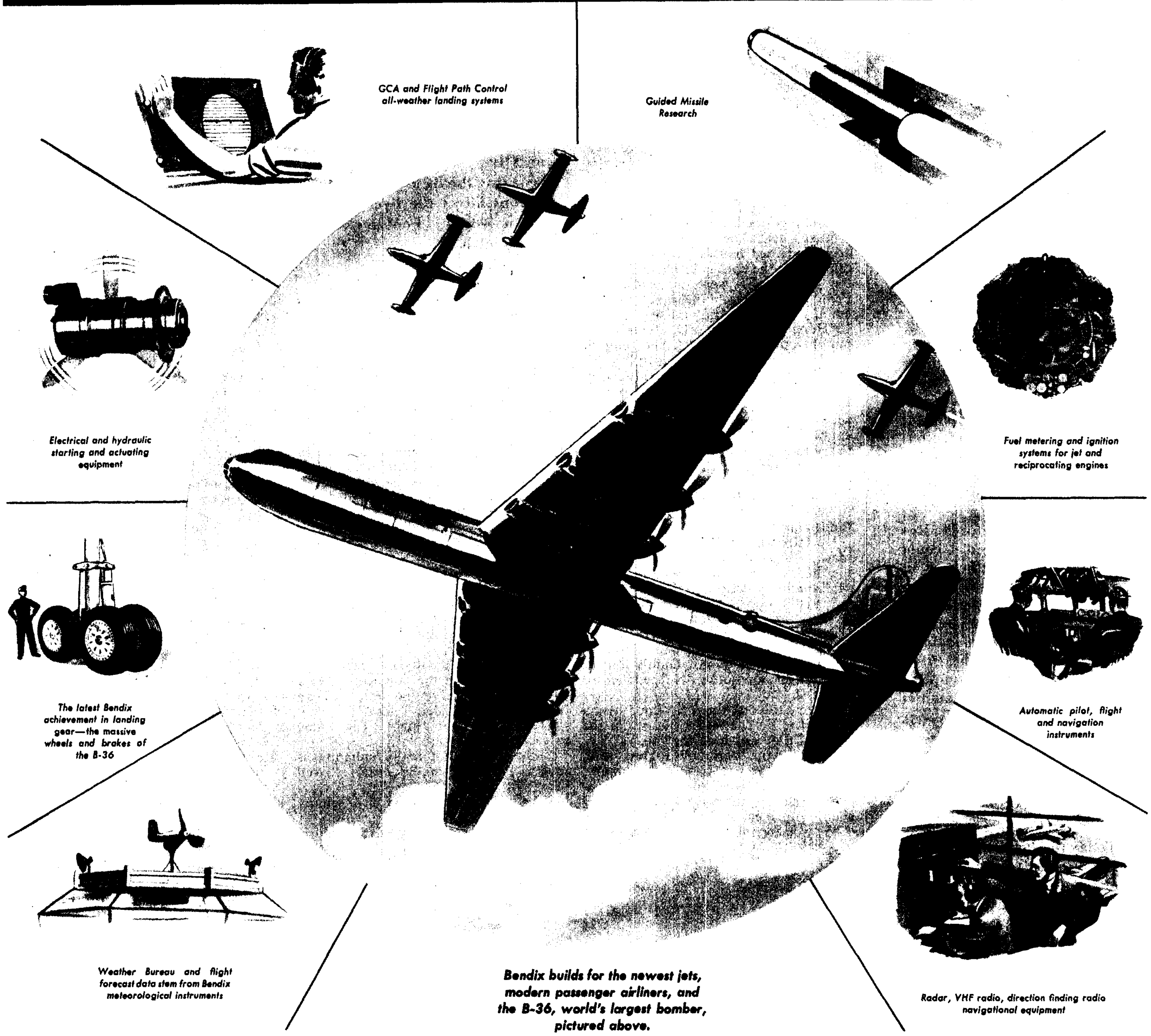
Johnny remembered Anna Marie's earlier advice. He opened his motor wide, rose on his step, and nearly took off. The shark started for him again, but Anna Marie was coming in at an angle, lathered in foam and churning like a paddle-wheel steamer, and once more the fin altered course and headed into deeper water.

Johnny's face rammed the shallows, and he staggered to his feet. Anna Marie had disappeared. As he looked wildly for her, she rose from the depths, spluttering and still trying to create a commotion. Plunging in, he got his hands on her, dragged her to the beach, and set her up on her rubbery legs.

"Johnny," she gasped. "Johnny—"

Her eyelids trembled and closed, and she went over backward before he could

ANTICIPATING AVIATION'S EVERY FORWARD STRIDE



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ALUMINUM WAS ABOARD even then!

December 17, 1903
. . . day of the Wright brothers' first flight across the dunes at Kitty Hawk, N. C., is a date that becomes more important than ever, now that the famous plane returns to America—aviation's birthplace.

Men said, in 1903, that it was impossible for a heavier-than-air machine to fly. But the Wrights showed it could be done—with the help of an engine with an aluminum crankcase and water jacket that cut needless pounds from their "flying machine". Aluminum—from the Pittsburgh Reduction Company—later to become Aluminum Company of America!

Since that memorable day, more and more aluminum, and Alcoa teamwork with the industry, have helped a vastly increasing number of American planes take to the sky. Today this light, strong metal is the *chief* component of engines and structures of *all* commercial and military planes. ALUMINUM COMPANY OF AMERICA, 1895 Gulf Bldg., Pittsburgh 19, Pennsylvania.

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Today 75% of the Average Plane's Weight is ALUMINUM!

grab her. He hastily gave her artificial respiration. She disgorged a good deal of Pirate Bay. At last her eyes opened, and she smiled up at him. He sat beside her and wiped the sweat from his anxious face. Three land crabs advanced in a sidewise fashion and looked at them curiously.

"You can't swim, can you?" Johnny asked.

"If I could, I'd have gone with you to the launch."

"You're a brave girl, Annie. You've got the heart of a lion."

"I'd fight a shark for you," Anna Marie said. "Or other women, for that matter."

"Sharks, yes," Johnny said solemnly, "but never other women. You've saved my life, Annie. I—uh—I love you—uh—madly."

TEARS filled her eyes. A yeasty turmoil gripped Johnny's insides, and it wasn't seasickness. He bent to kiss her and halted halfway, noticing something from the corner of his eye. Near the land crabs were Anastacio and Pedro, squatting on the sand, rifles in hand. They were not missing a trick.

"Honey," Johnny said, "you better put on your cowboy pants. Your lingerie is all wet, and we have visitors."

Anna Marie blushed, rose unsteadily, retired behind a palm tree and put on her levis. Johnny regarded the *chicleros* without favor. "Haven't you guys got any work to do?" he said. "Do you have to try to muscle in on our beach party? Go swimming—there's a cute shark out in the bay."

"No sabe," one of them said.

"No sabe to you too," Johnny said, "and many of them."

He took his reinstated fiancée to the shack. They drank orange juice, and she had a nap while he pored over *Mandraque el Mago*. Whistling called him to the door. Anastacio and Pedro awaited him with a mess of small fish in a basket.

"Beat it," Johnny said severely. "We're buying nothing. Didn't you see the sign on our house, 'No peddlers or agents'?"

"I'll try to cook them for you," Anna Marie said. "The fish, I mean, not the twins. I'd do anything for you."

"Thank you, darling," Johnny said, "but I want you to have every luxury. Nothing is too good for you. I'll prepare a specialty of mine tonight— spaghetti with meat sauce."

"You're terribly sweet," Anna Marie said. "Good night, boys. Make the regular delivery in the morning."

THE NINE WISE MEN AND YOU

By BILL DAVIDSON

The Supreme Court is not an Olympian body austerely scorning the little guy. Its decisions affect the lives of all of us—from bootblack to billionaire.

In Collier's *next week*

"No sabe," one said.

Johnny shut the door on the puzzled men and began his household duties. Their appetites were better than usual, undoubtedly owing to the exercise. A quality of tenderness and interest had entered their relationship, and the island didn't seem so unbearable as previously. After dinner, Anna Marie tried repeatedly to provide Johnny with a usable cigarette, but they were all beyond repair. Both of them got sleepy early.

"Well, this has been charming," Johnny said, abandoning the stool. "I wouldn't leave, except I should go tend to my rats."

"I'll see you to the door," Anna Marie said, handing him the lantern. "Please come often. You're the only boy on Mangrove Island that I like."

He kissed her good night. They clung to each other.

"Johnny, I'm not really unhappy as long as I'm with you," she said. "Even here."

"Neither am I, with you," Johnny said. "Sleep tight, Annie."

"I wish you could stay," Anna Marie said, "but I'm a bad woman already. I won't have the ruin of a nice kid like you on my conscience."

"No, no," Johnny said. "You can't let yourself go in the jungle, you know."

The third day was the grimmest and wettest so far. Johnny and Anna Marie drank coconut milk and ate a dish of fruit salad apiece. He paced restlessly up and down, pausing to peer from the window. The clouds were practically lying on the ground.

"If only I had a cup of hot coffee," he remarked.

"Let's not go out today and try to kill anybody," Anna Marie said. "Let's stay inside and play house."

"I'll go nuts."

"Not if you keep yourself occupied. The devil finds work for idle hands."

"What can I do?"

"I'm going to give myself that Madame de Maintenon I spoke of yesterday." Anna Marie looked at him in sudden interest. "Hey, your hair has grown out enough—why don't you have one too?"

"Aw, for goodness' sake," Johnny said.

"I mean it. It'll occupy your mind."

"It's sissy."

"Please," Anna Marie said. "Surely you don't fear the opinion of those armed comics?"

Rather than argue, Johnny submitted. She worked on him with loving care, and then upon herself. He watched while she applied fresh polish to her nails and toenails. She trimmed his sideburns and neckline with scissors. They sat down to beans for lunch, their heads full of curlers.

"Gee, we're lovely, "Anna Marie said. "Perhaps we ought to dress for dinner tonight."

"This stuff makes my head ache," Johnny said. "What happens next?"

"You wait for the wave to set, remove the curlers, and wash your hair."

"I'll just stand outside for a minute."

WHILE he washed the dishes, a subdued, extraneous roaring came to his ears. He cocked his head. The noise waxed and waned regularly.

"Listen," he said. "Hear that?"

"What?"

"That roaring. Doesn't that sound like a plane?"

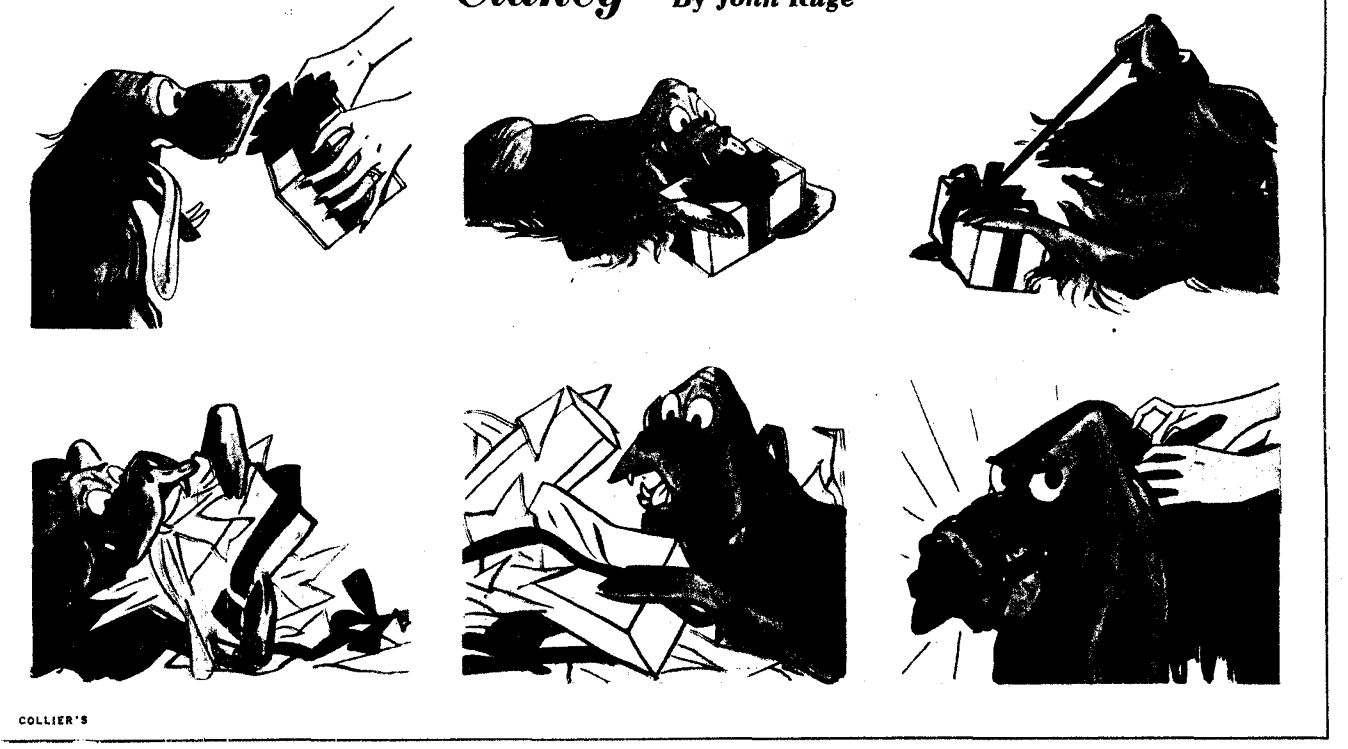
"You're cracking," Anna Marie said. "Relax."

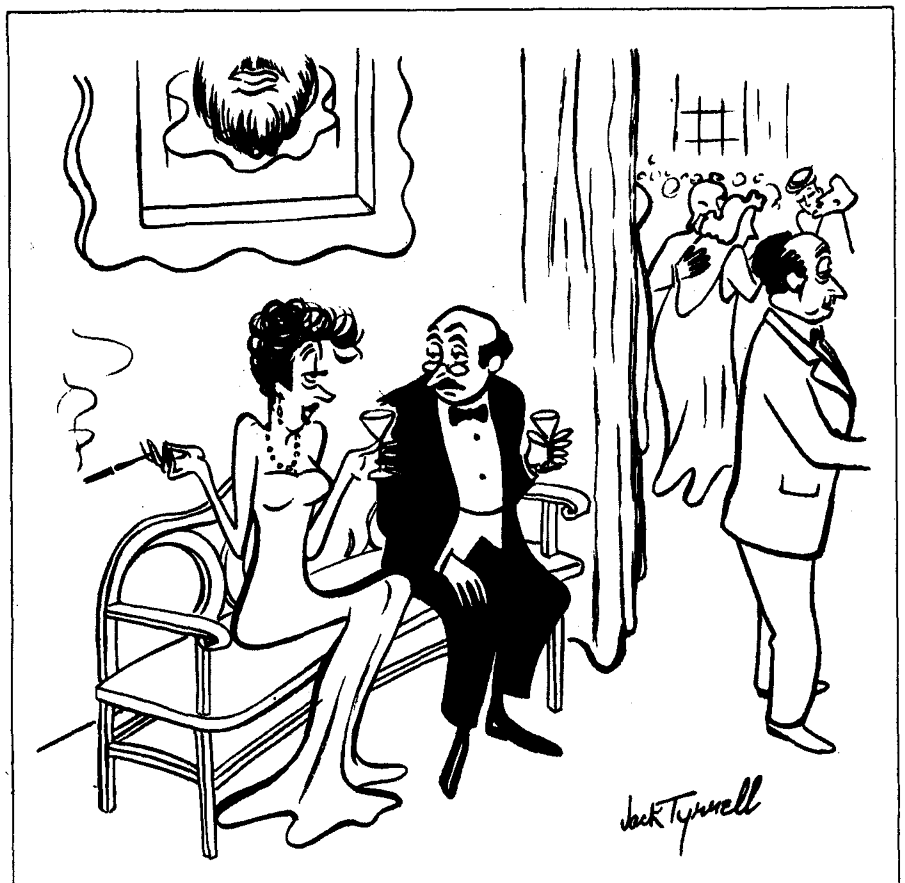
"I tell you it does."

"It's the falls in Biscuit Bay, or the full streams," Anna Marie explained. "Stop having pipe dreams."

The roaring thinned, and gradually

Clancy By *John Ruge*





"I never know what I'm saying—I just talk to keep the conversation alive"

COLLIER'S JACK TYRRELL

died away. "I must be hearing things," Johnny admitted, "but I'd have sworn at first that a plane was circling here."

Anna Marie superintended the removal of the curlers and the hair washing. A mirror in his hand, Johnny gazed bug-eyed at the transformation in his appearance. The justly celebrated Madame de Maintenon ripple, plus curls, gave him the impression that he was looking at the reflection of a late-Victorian bartender.

"You've wrecked me!" he said. "I look like a guy with a toupee."

"I admit it hasn't done much for you," Anna Marie said, "but this climate will soon eliminate my handiwork."

"Wait'll Anastacio and Pedro take a hinge at me," Johnny said. "They may ask for the next dance." . . .

During the remainder of the afternoon he sat quietly, absorbed in private thoughts. Anna Marie glanced nervously at him several times, and finally tried to interest him in a fresh perusal of *Super-Hombre*.

"No, thanks," Johnny said. "But I wish the guy was here."

"Superman? That would be nice. He could fly us on his back to Panama."

"Yeah. Look, Annie, we have to blow this island."

"Don't let your curly hair go to your head," Anna Marie said. "You're no *Super-Hombre*, and those little men with the long knives are tough. I'm in trouble enough without having you killed. Probably they'd blame me for that too."

"I'm beginning to be annoyed," Johnny said. "It rains too much in these parts."

LATER on, whistling heralded the arrival of Anastacio and Pedro. "More finny beauties," Johnny said. He had a hard gleam in his eye.

"Ask 'em if they have any *filet mignon*," Anna Marie said.

He got up and went to the door. One man was holding a basket of fish in his left hand, his machete in his right. The other man stood behind him with his rifle. Johnny stepped down to the ground.

"Oh, what a dandy surprise, boys," he said. "How'd you ever happen to think of fish for us?" He motioned. "Slip 'em to me."

The man held out the basket. Johnny fumbled, and it fell to the ground. He stooped to retrieve it. As he straightened, he jammed the basket on the depressed point of the man's machete. The man tried to side-step and lift the entangled weapon. Johnny hit him so hard that he literally left the ground.

He fell against the man to his rear, deflecting the latter's half-raised rifle. Leaping forward, Johnny caught the barrel, and pulled him within reach, but his blow missed because the man relinquished his hold and ran. He was lost in the trees before Johnny could draw a bead on him.

WITH a tough decision to make instantaneously, Johnny decided on protecting his client instead of pursuit. Of course, the guy was after the other rifle, but he might lose Johnny in the chase, circle back and shoot Anna Marie; and besides, there was his unconscious associate to consider. Jumping up and down on the machete, Johnny broke it into pieces.

"For pity's sake!" Anna Marie cried. She had come to the doorway of the shack, a can of beans and an opener in her hands, and was stupefied by surprise.

"Come on," Johnny said, "the honeymoon is over. We have to take to the woods. Bring our raincoats and hats and a piece of rope—and the beans. I didn't get the other twin, and he's gone for another gun."

Anna Marie joined him with commendable speed. The *chiclero* slung on his shoulder, Johnny headed into the trees. He picked a spot sheltered by spreading branches, where the underbrush was low enough to afford a field of fire. The adjoining trees were not too close, and he had a view of the flat and the shacks. Rain was falling thinly. The light was going.

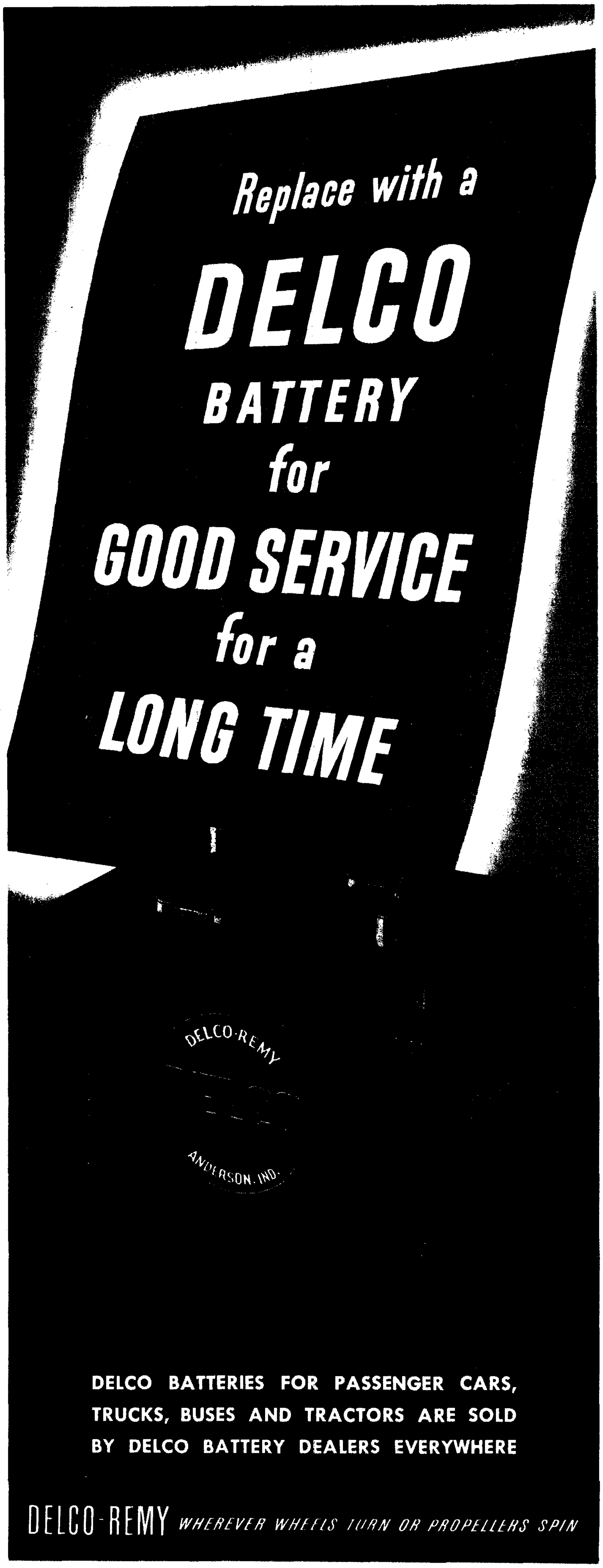
"Is he dead?" Anna Marie whispered.

"No," Johnny replied. "But I was sore, and hit him kind of hard. Pass the rope."

He used it to tie the man's hands behind him. His own belt served to bind his legs. Ascertaining that his breathing was strong, Johnny stuffed a handkerchief in the *chiclero's* mouth. His eyes opened. He looked at Johnny and promptly closed them.

"Our boy woke up," Johnny said. "It's all right."

"This is charming," Anna Marie said,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"out here on the ground in the dark, expecting a bullet. Couldn't you have waited until morning to pick a fight with them?"

Johnny was examining the action of the rifle. "It was the fish that set me off," he told her. "They shouldn't have brought any more."

"If we ever get married," Anna Marie said, "I *must remember not to give you* fish."

"Let's cut out the yakking."

Johnny's principal worry was that the free man would spot them, creep up without firing, and go to work with his *machete*. He put Anna Marie to his left, and stretched the captive beyond her to impede attack. Their backs were protected by the tree trunk. Johnny's eyes soon grew accustomed to the darkness, though the veil of rain impeded vision. He insisted that Anna Marie exert the same vigilance that he did. They ate the beans together, and the *chiclero* chewed quietly on the handkerchief until Johnny rapped a warning on his forehead.

THREE miserable hours dragged by. Anna Marie's chin began to drop on her chest. Each time it did, Johnny pinched her arm. She snarled at him under her breath and resumed the vigil.

Then a report crackled among the trees, and they heard the rasp of the bullet tearing through a shack. "The sucker," Johnny mouthed in Anna Marie's ear. "Maybe he didn't return with his gun in time to see us leave. Or he's tired of waiting. Look for the flashes."

They stood up. The *chiclero* fired twice more, and Johnny saw the muzzle blasts plainly. Obviously the guy was moving around the edge of the clearing, trying to draw fire. From the angle, he assumed the shooting was at the place with the bunk. The storehouse would be next. He lifted his rifle, estimated the man's necessary move, and got set. This was far better than the Hürtgen Forest, and a lot warmer. And no tanks.

His calculations weren't far wrong. The *chiclero* fired, and Johnny shot at the flash. An involuntary howl of pain drifted across the flat. Johnny put a bullet to either side and one behind where the flash had been, moving at each round, and receiving no reply.

"Now we leave," he said. "Forget the fishmonger."

Clutching his coat, Anna Marie followed at his heels. He abandoned the idea of going deeper into the trees; the darkness and the underbrush were too confusing. Instead, he kept to the perimeter of the flat for fifty feet, dropped to his knees, pulled Anna Marie down with him, and started to crawl toward the stores shack.

"Are you crazy?" she whispered.

"I've found a guy dumber than I am," Johnny said. "He won't think of shooting up the houses again—if he can shoot any more."

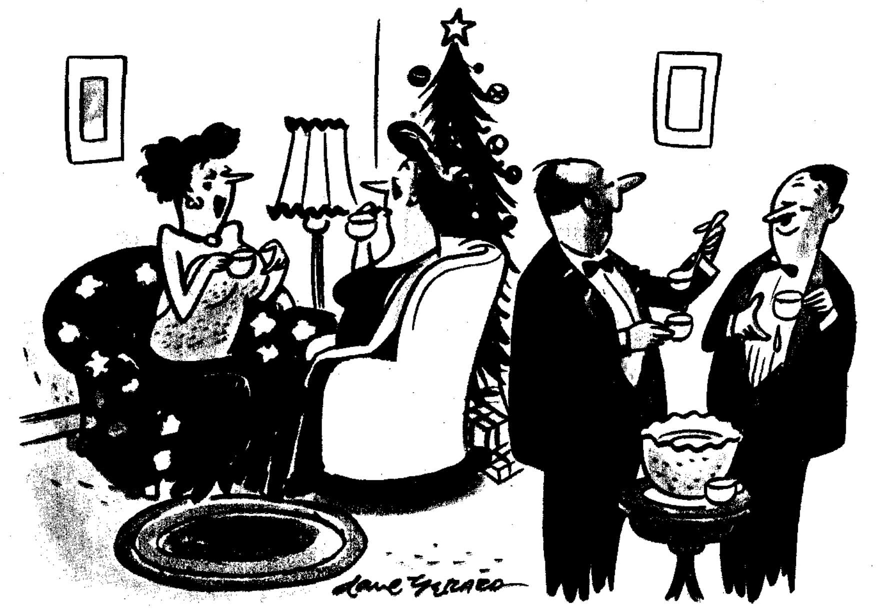
They did the journey slowly, pausing to listen. Creeping into the dark shack was a bit of a trial, particularly since the rats were annoyed. As silently as he could, Johnny piled boxes and goods around them in the center of the floor.

"He can't set the joint on fire," he said, "and he really has to come in to get us. Maybe this stuff will stop a bullet."

"And maybe we will," Anna Marie said. "Oh, well, at least we have a roof over our heads."

"Pound your ear, honey," Johnny said. "I'll take it from here."

He was feeling rather pleased with himself, now that they were settled. The fish versus machete wasn't a bad routine, and that snap shooting at a flash couldn't be simply laughed off. He had to concede that his progress at the beginning of the case was less than sensational, but he was picking up speed by the minute. Only the Lone Ranger could have done better, he told himself. Stay in there, kid, thinking and punching.



"It's an eggnog recipe that's been in my family for years. And it's perfectly harmless. My people were teetotalers"

"It's a recipe of my wife's that I've improved on—if you know what I mean!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

Elation kept him reasonably alert. Just before dawn he heard a whistle. It was repeated several times. At last another whistle answered the first. Anna Marie awakened from a sound sleep and clutched groggily at her bodyguard. More whistling intermingled.

"You had to expect that," Johnny said. "Our boy must've spit out the gag long ago, and I regret to say either Anastacio or Pedro ain't fatally shot. They're getting together."

"Probably to bring us our coconuts," Anna Marie said. "Hadn't we better exit while it's still dark?"

"Undoubtedly, Annie," Johnny said.

He took cans of beans and orange juice with him, identifying them in the flare of a match. They crawled from the shack and across the flat, and fled into the bushes. Johnny selected another bivouac that afforded them protection and a chance for clear shooting.

DAWN shone dimly through a lifting cloud bank and the rain grew mistier. They breakfasted on cold beans. Examining the rifle magazine, Johnny found he had three cartridges left.

"Camping out is such fun, don't you think?" Anna Marie said. "Prior to being shot by Anastacio or Pedro, I do want to assure you how glad I am that you made a change. This is so superior to merely living in a shack—and going on living."

"Do you want to sit here and eat beans until the cops come for you?"

"What's the matter with a warm, dry cell and plenty of guards?"

"Aw, let's not get excited," Johnny said. "We are—Hey!"

The roaring he had heard the previous day was being repeated, but now it was coming closer and growing in volume. There was a whine and a regular beat in it that suggested propellers. He scrambled to his feet and lifted his head, walking clear of the trees.

"Don't expose yourself!" Anna Marie said, exposing herself.

"That's a plane," Johnny said. "I'd bet my life on it."

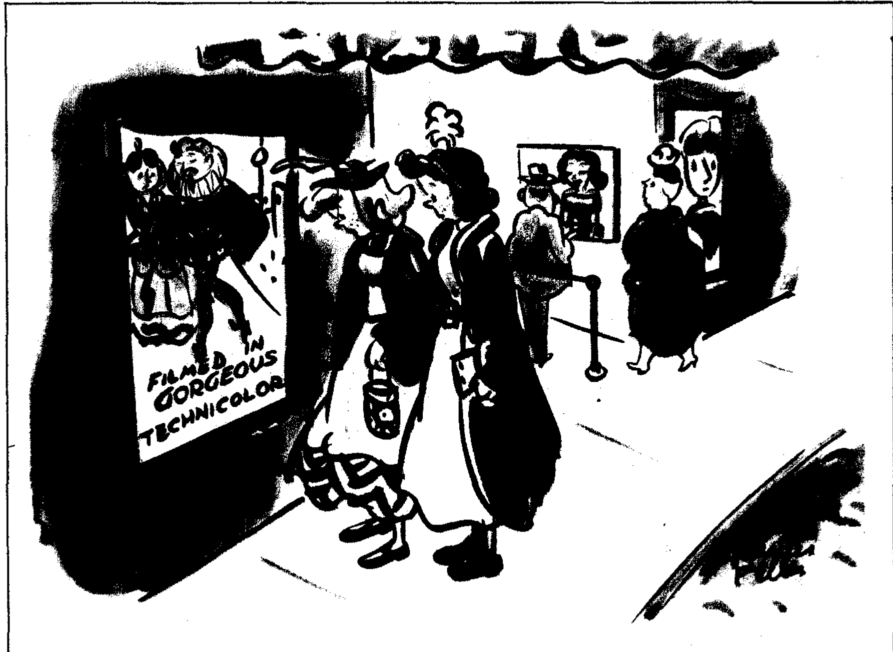
"You are," Anna Marie said.

But they remained standing. At the southerly end of the island a break had developed in the cloud bank, and a column of sunlight struck down. Into that radiance dived a potbellied airplane with an awkward high tail and twin engines mounted atop the wing. Johnny emitted a whoop and ripped off his raincoat and whirled it over his head. The plane banked north, traveling low along the hogback. Then it altered course, tilting sharply over them and heading out to sea.

"We were seen," Johnny said. "Come on. They'll probably land in the bay."

"How about the chicle twins?"

"I'll shoot anything that moves. Keep right behind me."



COLLIER'S "Of course the book was just in black and white" REAMER KELLER

Despite his excitement, Johnny took time getting to the bay, using plenty of cover. From the sound, the plane seemed to be turning, but he couldn't be sure. Dryness settled in his throat, the fear that he was dealing with casual visitors who wouldn't land, or that Mrs. Redo was returning for a quick check on her guests.

"Listen!" Anna Marie said.

Mixed in the waxing noise of the plane was a lesser exhaust—that of a motorboat.

"They're off at Saratoga," she added. "They're running—"

Johnny started running himself, Anna Marie at his heels. He hurdled a row of bushes, slipped, skidded on the wet ground, and rose almost without breaking stride, although he lost his hat. Anna Marie caught up with him. They dodged through the palms and burst upon the shingle.

THE plane was coming in, thirty feet above the surface. Towing a dinghy behind them, Anastacio and Pedro were outward bound in the launch. One of them was propped against the rise of the decking, holding the wheel with his left hand; his right arm and the upper portion of his torso were heavily bandaged. The other *chiclero* was rising from the cockpit, lifting a rifle.

"He's going to shoot at the plane," Anna Marie gasped. "Let him have it, Killer!"

Johnny fired, and splinters flew from the stern of the launch. The man with the rifle dropped to safety. His companion sank as low as he could and still steer. Taking better aim, Johnny raised splinters from the wheel.

"I have to save the last shell for emergencies," he said.

The amphibian passed directly across the bows of the launch, the propwash rocking it crazily. Johnny caught a glimpse of somebody waving to him from the cabin and waved back.

"He's dragging the bay," he explained. "That's a southerly breeze, and the water's calm. He can make it."

"I hope he doesn't hit that shark," Anna Marie said.

The plane went beyond the mangrove swamp, climbed and banked around. Anastacio and Pedro curved by the islet at the mouth of the bay, were lost to sight. Unconsciously both Johnny and Anna Marie held their breaths. The plane lost altitude and the engines quieted until the whistling of the wind on exposed surfaces could be heard.

It appeared to drift for too long, inches between it and the water. A series of hollow bumps followed, and the hull was obscured by flying spray. One engine blasted. The plane spun and taxied slowly toward the beach. Johnny seized Anna Marie's hand and waded until she was in waist deep. The pilot cut the engines and let his ship drift.

In the nose, a hatch popped up. Frank Graham emerged, in a Panama hat, a white drill suit and black bow tie.

"Johnny boy," he said, "your hair is curly! I saw that from two hundred feet!"

Johnny was terribly surprised. Emotion choked him. He couldn't speak, and he forgot the rifle was pointed at a dear old friend.

"Hello, Miss Bishop," Frank said. "Speak to me, Johnny boy. And put that thing down."

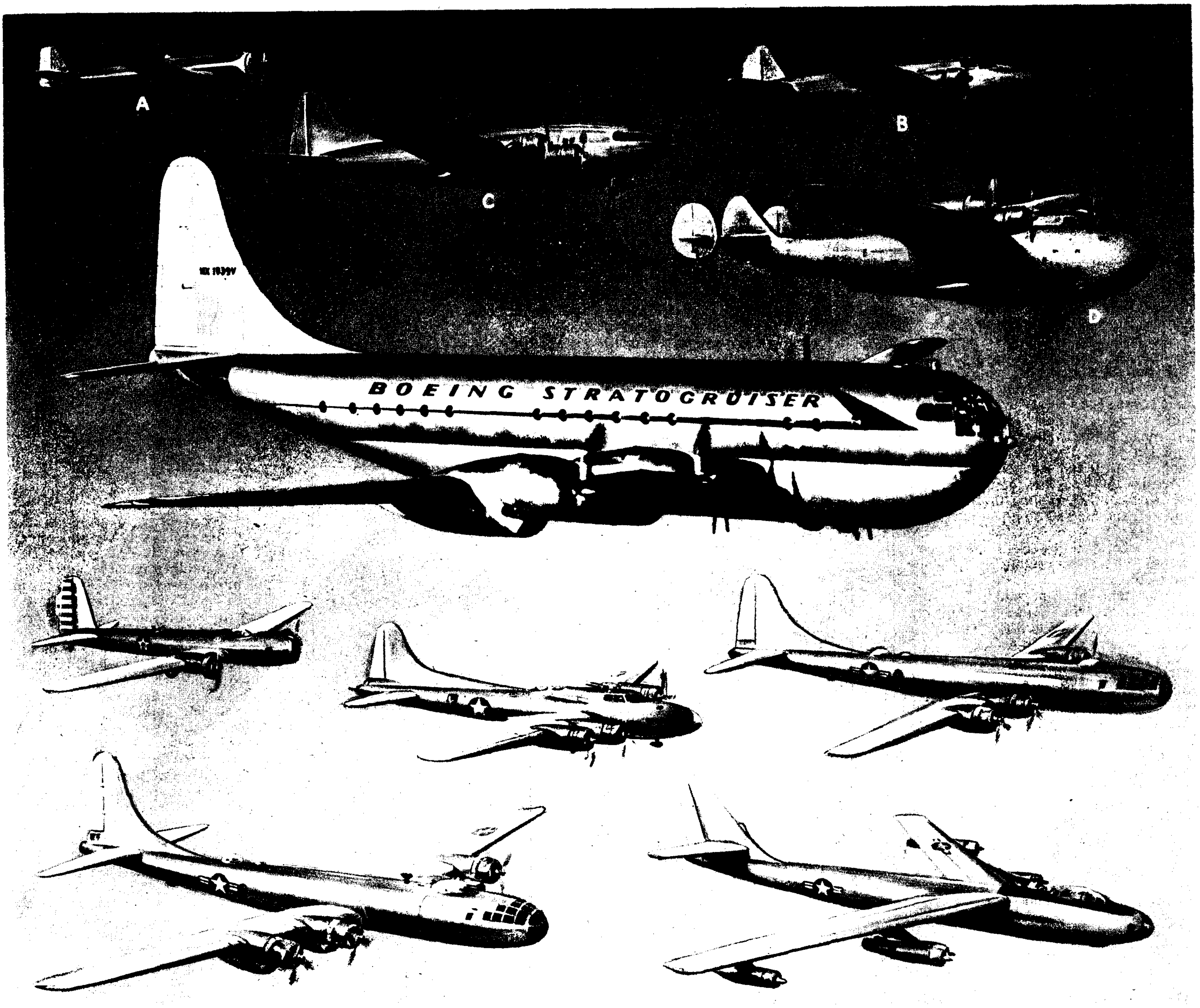
He walked elegantly out on the hull. A slim, sunburned man in dark glasses climbed from the hatch and tossed a small anchor overboard. Johnny dropped the rifle in the sand.

"Who are you?" Anna Marie said.

"Tell her, Johnny boy," Frank said. "Speak up like the brave little guy we all know you are."

"He—he's my former partner, Frank Graham," Johnny said. "Miss Bishop, Mr. Graham. Mr. Graham—"

(To be concluded next week)



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GIRL WITH A HORSE FOR SALE

Continued from page 18

him, and expressions came and went across her mobile face almost as if drawn by the violin bow itself. Her lips were parted and her eyes were shining when he sang about the young girl who prayed with pure love for the dying young man.

She looked away from him and lowered her head when he came to the part about the young man rising from his earthly form and ascending, with his limbs restored, to heaven; and a lesser man than John Cooper could have seen that the gracefulness to the turn of her head was unconsciously sweeter than the prettiest note in his fiddle.

He finished the ballad, then sang Gentle Annie to her, putting the violin aside after he had started the melody, so the song itself was the only sound in the quieting town. The rest of the crowd slowly faded away, but the girl's dark eyes never left him, and he walked hand in hand with her along the silver river of the song . . . At its end she seemed suddenly to realize that she was there alone and she backed away, pulling the two boys with her, and hurried off down the street.

THE sheriff returned to the wagon while John was rolling up his flags and pictures.

"You done fine," he said. "She sure won't suspect you're tied in with me when you show up tomorrow. How'd you know her name was Annie?"

"I didn't," John said.

"Ann Ryan. Well, you put on a beaut of an act, anyway. You're doing fine." He flashed John a knowing look. "Just so you don't get a mind to go further'n you're supposed to."

"How far am I supposed to go?" John asked. He capped a flare.

"I told you."

"You said you wanted me to go buy a horse."

"That's right. You buy her steeldust horse. She's got him up for sale but she really don't want to let him go. I told you you'd have to charm her enough to get her really to sell him, but just don't charm her too much. Understand?"

"Yes. Maybe I could do a better job all around if I knew what it was really all about."

"So far as you're concerned you're only buying a horse." Andrew took a stogie from a vest pocket, and John, his work done, rolled a cigarette. Andrew lighted the stogie and thrust it over to the corner of his mouth, then hooked his thumbs in his vest and rocked back and forth on his heels and toes.

"Everything's planned down to as fine a bead as I can draw her," he said.

John passed his hand in the air and a burning match appeared between his fingers and he lighted his cigarette.

Andrew, watching, started a little. "Hey, I never saw that done before."

"A trick," John said. . . .

In the morning John drove four miles out of town into the round green foothills and found a ramshackle adobe house set beside a layout of empty pens and corrals. It had been raining hard at daylight, but now the sun was out, throwing a pattern of long blue shadows across the land and filling the newly washed air with sparkling brilliance.

When he got out of the buggy one of the towheaded kids shot around the corner of the house. John followed him around to the rear. Ann Ryan, her back turned, wearing a calico dress tucked up around her knees and a pair of Mexican sandals, was making soap at a trough on a white pine bench.

She turned quickly. "Oh—hello."

"Howdy," John said. "I hope you'll excuse me stopping by. I heard you had a horse for sale."

"Why, yes." She dried her hands. "You're Dr. Rainwater, aren't you?"

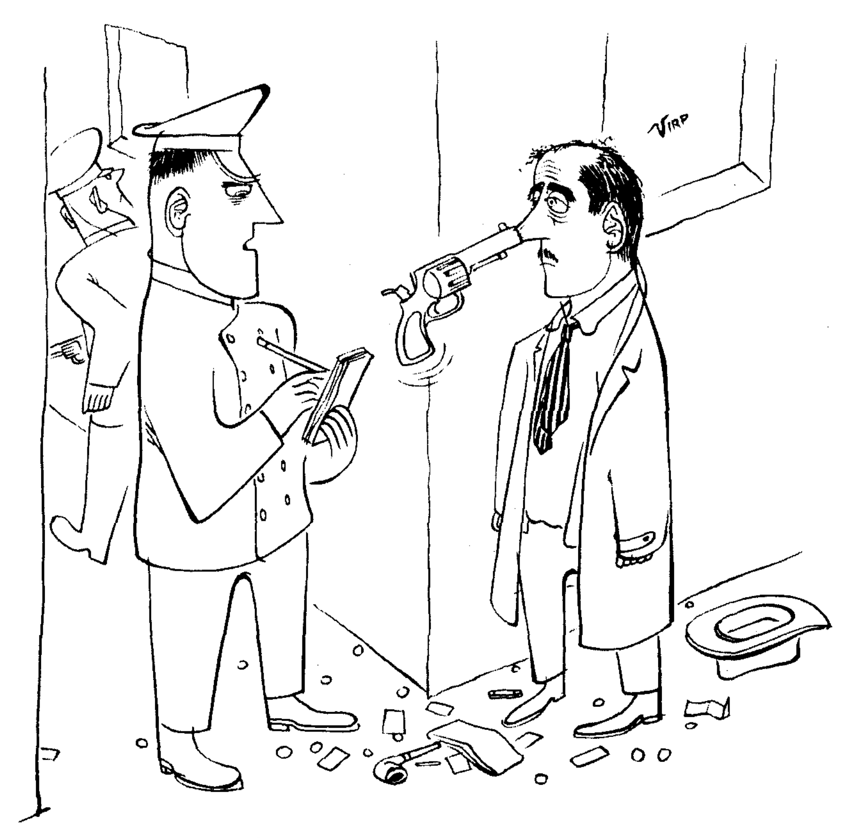
"That's right. I was told about your steeldust horse and I thought you might let me take a look at him."

"Yes, of course, if you want." She hesitated. "He's an awfully fine horse and the price is high. Were you told that?"

"Sounds like the horse I'm looking for."

"I'll show him to you." She led the way to the far side of the figure-eight corral and whistled. A steeldust horse came trotting down to them from the manzanitas on the hill. He was a breedy-looking animal, close-coupled, short-backed, with a gait as square as a box. He came up to Ann and laid his head on her shoulder and blew out his breath.

She stroked his nose. "He's perfectly kind; I raised him by hand. He's just five, and real handy. I'll show you." Without even using a hackamore she vaulted onto the horse and set him into an easy lope; she wheeled him on a pin by knee pressure alone, stopped him suddenly and he backed as if he had a calf on the rope. She brought him around at a slow pace, his head and tail up, and he might have been treading the measure of a stately dance.



COLLIER'S "He suddenly shoved a gun in your face, eh?" VIRGIL PARTCH

ANN'S long dark hair was flying in the wind, and she took a red ribbon from her pocket and tied it up; she was laughing. She remembered her modesty and pulled her skirts down over her legs and turned the off side of the horse to John as she slid to the ground.

"I'll take him," John said abruptly.

She was startled. "But you haven't even asked how much."

John sat on his heels and studied the horse. "I'll give you five hundred."

She put her finger to her cheek. After a moment she said, "But I'm not asking near that much. I'm asking two hundred. The folks around here think that's miles too high."

John shook his head. "I couldn't take him for two hundred. He's worth more."

"But I couldn't let you pay—" She laughed and said, "We're arguing from the wrong sides, aren't we? You don't mean it, do you? It's ridiculous."

John stood up. "Well, I think I do. Maybe I can think it over and come back. All right if I come back?"

"Why, yes. Of course."

Ann's cheeks grew pink as she and John looked at each other steadily for a moment. The horse snorted and shook his head, then walked away, swatting flies with his tail.

They walked back to the house. "Honest," Ann said, "you can have him for two hundred if you want him."

"I might come down from five to four."

"Oh, that's silly!"

John took an envelope out of his pocket. It contained two hundred dollars the sheriff had given him, in great secrecy, that morning. He opened the envelope and leafed through the bills. "Will you take this on account?"

"Not unless you've made up your mind." She looked at him uncertainly, then laughed a little. "I might take three."

"I'll think it over," John said. He replaced the envelope in his pocket. "Would you be home this evening?"

"No. This is Sunday, we'll be at church." She gave him a sidelong glance. "You like to sing; you ought to come."

"Thank you." John lifted his hat to say good-by. At this moment the two towheaded little boys, now romping with a great red dog, came around the corner of the house in full cry. They stopped short, or nearly short, when they saw John. The dog came on, wagging his tail, grinning at John and wanting to be friends. John reached for the dog's ears, took a bright new penny from each one, and gravely handed them to the boys.

Ann laughed. "Is there anything you can't do?"

"I just know a few tricks," John said. "See you later." He bowed with some formality and went to his buggy, got in and drove away, waving. . . .

"She might sell," John told Andrew when he got back to town. "I couldn't get her to name a price."

"Didn't you charm her none?" Andrew asked.

John spread his hands.

"The price is two hundred," Andrew said. "Like I told you. She's had the horse up for two hundred for six months and that's twice as much as anyone would pay for him. She's sorry to sell him, that's all. She thinks you mean business and she hates to let him go."

"I'll keep working on her," John said. "Are those kids hers?"

"No; she's their sister," Andrew told him. "What's that got to do with it?"

"I'm thinking how to work on her."

Andrew made his eyes level. He rolled his stogie from one side of his mouth to the other. He said, "You just buy the horse."

"I'll watch my step," John said.

HE LEFT the sheriff's house and went to his horseless medicine-show wagon and slicked up, and when evening came he went to church.

After the service he escorted Ann Ryan to the penny supper in the churchyard, then saw her home, driving the steeldust to her spring wagon with her brothers asleep on a mattress in the box, and the sheriff's horse and buggy trailed to a macarty. She put the two kids to bed and then made a cup of coffee for him in the kitchen. They sat in the open doorway and talked and watched the moon sail over the cottonwoods.

He asked her how she came to be living there alone with her two kid brothers and she told him. Her folks were dead, she said. Her father had died only a year before, and left nothing but a pile of debts and the ranch so heavily mortgaged there was no hope of saving it, and the bank in Three Rivers was taking it over.

She had paid off all the other debts, except one last note, and she meant to pay that off with the sale of the steeldust horse. When that was done she and the boys would live in town and she'd take in sewing or such, and make out.

Why, she asked, was he a medicine-show man?

Just his nature, John said. His uncle had been one before him, and left him the outfit, and he had tried it out and found it fun; it was a happy life. She asked him what he wanted of the steeldust horse in his show, and he explained that he had a grand idea of putting the horse in an Indian rig, then finding an Indian maiden to ride him. Dress up the show.

"Come on along with me," John said. "You have a fine voice for harmony, and the kids could play the drum. You might as well come."

They both laughed, watching the moon spin through the clouds above the hills.

"Is your name really Dr. Rainwater?"

"Of course not." John told her his name. "Why?"

"Oh, I was just going to make a poor joke. About your name. That rain last night. I was going to say you probably had—you know—brought it."

"I'm afraid not. You can blame the sheriff, Andrew Bass, for the rain, I reckon. He stepped on a big old wolf spider yesterday. It's sure medicine, if you want rain."

Ann was silent for a moment, then she said. "You know Andrew?"

"I had to take out a permit. Why?"

"Oh, nothing. Except that—well, he's been wanting to buy my horse, too. I may as well tell you about it. The reason the horse is priced at two hundred is because that's the amount of the last note I have to pay." She hesitated. "Andrew holds the note."

"What's wrong with that?" John asked reasonably.

"Just that I won't sell the horse to

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him, and he knows it. The price is much more than the people around here think the horse is worth."

"Well?"

"Well, Andrew wants me to marry him. He has wanted me to for quite a while. I don't want to. Just," she added quickly, anticipating his question, "because I don't. You don't marry people you don't love. Do you?"

"No," John said.

"No. But if I let him have the horse, for two hundred, to cancel out the note, it would look like I was saying yes. It would look like—taking advantage. So Andrew is just waiting because he thinks if I can sell the horse to somebody else and pay off the note, all aboveboard, then maybe I'll—have him. The way it is now, with you wanting to buy the horse, I just don't know what to do." She stood up. "It must be awfully late. I think you'd best go back to town."

John stood up. "I want the horse. Four hundred."

"You said three this morning."

"I said four," John insisted. "You said three."

HE COULD see Ann looking at him steadily in the moonlight. She said evenly, "You want to buy the horse. Then I can pay off Andrew's note, and—and—"

John took an envelope from his pocket and handed it to her. She didn't move. He put it in the pocket of her dress. "Tomorrow I'll bring out the bill of sale," he said. "And—get the steeldust horse." He started away, then stopped. "And by the way, may I use your kitchen tomorrow for mixing up a batch of the elixir?"

She waited a minute. "Yes," she said, and went into the house.

John drove to town, had a good night's sleep, then in the morning he drew up a bill of sale and went over to see Andrew.

"I've bought the horse," he told the sheriff.

Andrew was elated. He told John to go out and get the hôrse and put him in the barn, the sheriff's barn, as he didn't want Ann to know, at least right away, that he was the one who had really bought the steeldust.

"But you didn't," John said. "I did."

Andrew snapped his sleeve garters and said genially, winking. "Oh, sure! Let's just say I'll take possession of him by stoppage *in transitu.*"

"But I didn't even buy the horse with your money," John said. He handed Andrew the bill of sale. "You might read that."

Andrew did so. He cleared his throat a dozen times. "Well," he said. "Well—well—well! Ahem! It says here you have bought the horse for four hundred bottles of Elixir of the Prairie." He looked up. "It seems she's taken a considerable fondness for that elixir, then."

"I reckon," John said.

Andrew seemed confused. "Well, I don't know— In any case, you'd better give me back my two hundred dollars."

"Why," John said, "I don't know anything about any money."

Andrew called out, "Tom!" and the feed-store clerk, a tall man in spectacles and a purple shirt, came over. "Tom is my deputy," Andrew said. "Tom, we're arresting this young fellow for grand larceny. He just stole two hundred dollars from me. Search the prisoner. It'll be in an envelope."

The clerk stepped up to John, who was grinning, and went through his pockets. "He ain't got it on him," Tom said.

Andrew seemed even more confused than before. "Now see here," he said nervously, "I want to know what you did with that money. Tom, what do you make of this?"

The clerk was polishing his spectacles. "I'd say we made a mistake, Andrew. We grabbed the wrong fellow."

"Now look," John said, "if you think you're out two hundred dollars, I might be able to help you find it. I can do fortunetelling, you know. For a fee."

"What kind of fee?" Andrew asked.

"Well, Miss Ryan told me you hold a note of her late father's. I'd consider that a suitable fee."

Andrew went to his safe and got the note.

"Stamp it canceled or paid or something or other," John said. Andrew frowned and moved his mustache a little, then scribbled something across the face of it. John took it.

"Now can you tell me where the money is?" Andrew asked.

"I think so."

Andrew's whole demeanor changed. He danced a little jig. "Good! Now, my boy, I have you! Telling where the money is amounts to prima-facie *de facto* evidence that you stole it and hid it. That's grand larceny. I've carried out my part of the bargain with that note, now you carry out yours, my fine redheaded jailbird!"

"Well, it seems to me," John said, "that since you say it's your money, it ought to be in your pocket."

Andrew slapped his pants, then felt around to his right hip pocket and brought out an envelope. He opened it and looked inside, then stared at John, his mouth open and his mustache perfectly quiet.

The clerk took the envelope and counted the money. He looked at Andrew and struggled with a covert grin. "Had it right on you," he said. "And we was accusing this young fellow. I guess you're getting old, Sheriff."

"Shut up and go back to your work!"

The clerk turned away, chuckling, but not before John had materialized one of Andrew's stogies in the air and handed it to him.

"Now I'll just get my team from the barn and be off," John said. He slapped Andrew on the back. "No hard feelings."

Andrew could not seem to think of anything to say.

ANN wasn't in the house when John got there with his team and medicine-show wagon, but there was a light in the kitchen and he just went in and got busy at the stove mixing up a batch of elixir: strong tea with mint flavoring.

"Well, I didn't think you'd come back," a voice said softly, and John turned to see Ann standing there in the doorway. "I thought it was a rather poor joke," she said, coming in and tossing her sunbonnet to a chair. "What you gave me in that envelope. A promise to pay four hundred bottles of your elixir for the horse. I knew you didn't intend buying him."

"But I've bought him, Ann," John said. "Nobody said anything about money, and he's really worth four hundred bottles of this priceless medicine. Why, I'm stirring up your batch right here." He reached into his pocket and brought out an envelope and gave it to her. "This is an extra bonus, you see."

Ann opened the envelope and saw the canceled note. She looked at him. "Well," she said, "you have an odd way of going about things, I should say. So now you have paid the note and you really have the horse after all."

John said, "As I explained, the horse is no good to me without the Indian maiden I was telling you about. I thought I'd stay around a while and go courting for one." He stood before her now, his hands on his hips, and his red hair was tousled from standing over the stove, and he was grinning. "And a couple of kids to beat the drum for me. It's a happy life."

"Oh," Ann said, in a rather small voice. "I see."

The tea boiled over on the stove.

After a moment Ann pointed to it. She said, "I think you'd better tend to my elixir, John." ⊔⊔⊔

There is a house on
quiet street that holds within its wal
the story of a love so rare, so filled wit
wonder, tenderness, sorrow and passion
—that it has become a part of every
room, every hidden corner,
every brick and shingle...
and if this house could speak,
if it could tell of all that it
has seen—the fierce embrace,
the whispered word,
the muted sigh—
the yearning and the joy...
if this house could speak,
your heart could not help
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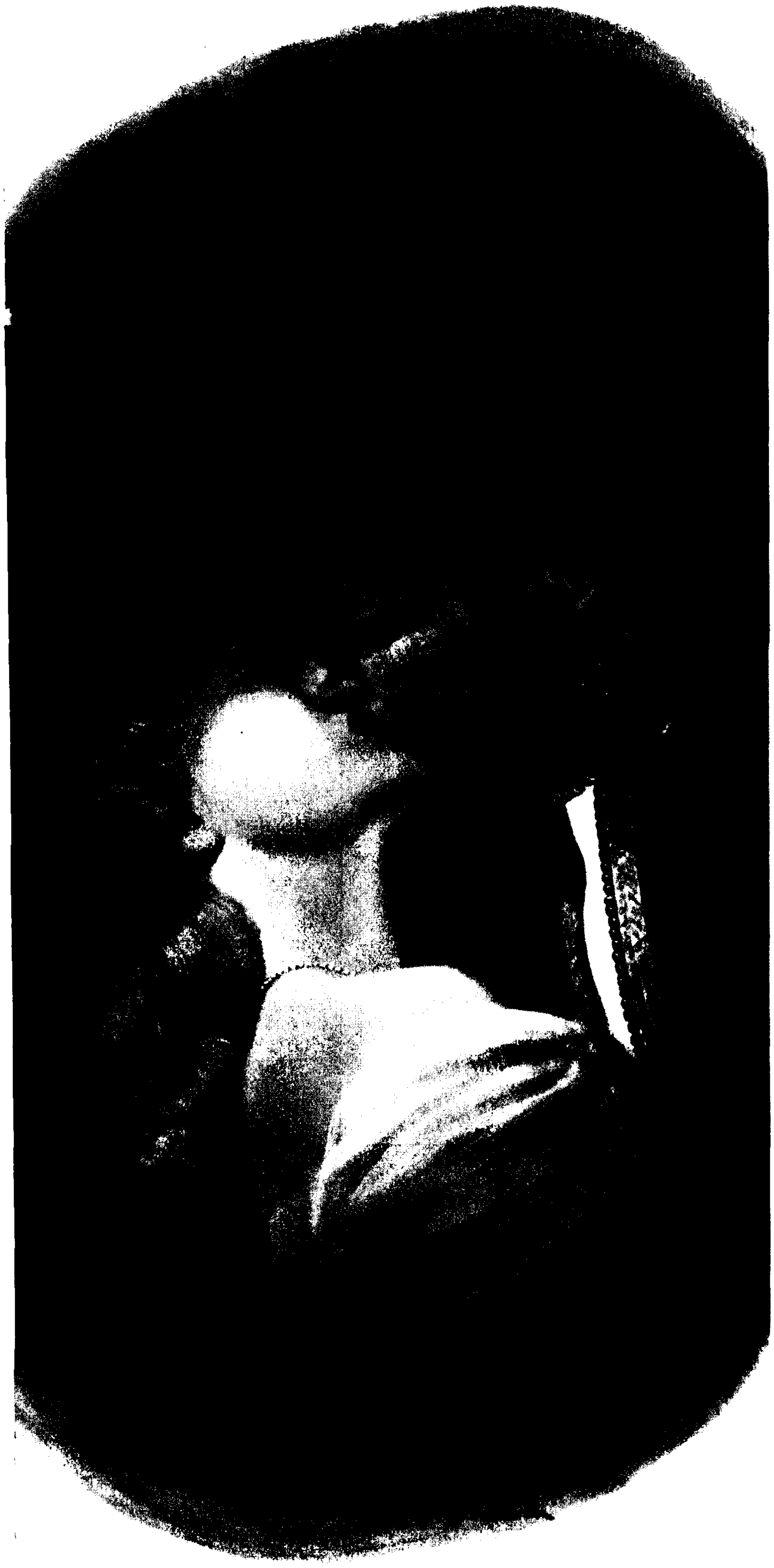


VELYN KEYES · FARLEY GRANGER

rected by IRVING REIS · Released by RKO Radio Pictures, Inc.

F "THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES"

THE WORLD THE KITTY HAWK MADE

Continued from page 36

old. Air travelers at first used airplanes only in the daytime and continued their trips after dark by train. Since then operators of the vast network of lines that connect all the large cities of the world have overcome early obstacles and can now keep planes flying in all seasons and in all but the very worst weather.

This speed-up in transportation has brought changes in industrial, governmental and personal relationships far yond the dreams of even the most farseeing aviation pioneers. Even a few years ago men were called visionaries who talked about future week-end trips to Europe and return. And yet that is precisely what Secretary of State Marshall did last fall when he flew from Paris to consult with President Truman.

Lessons of the Air Lift

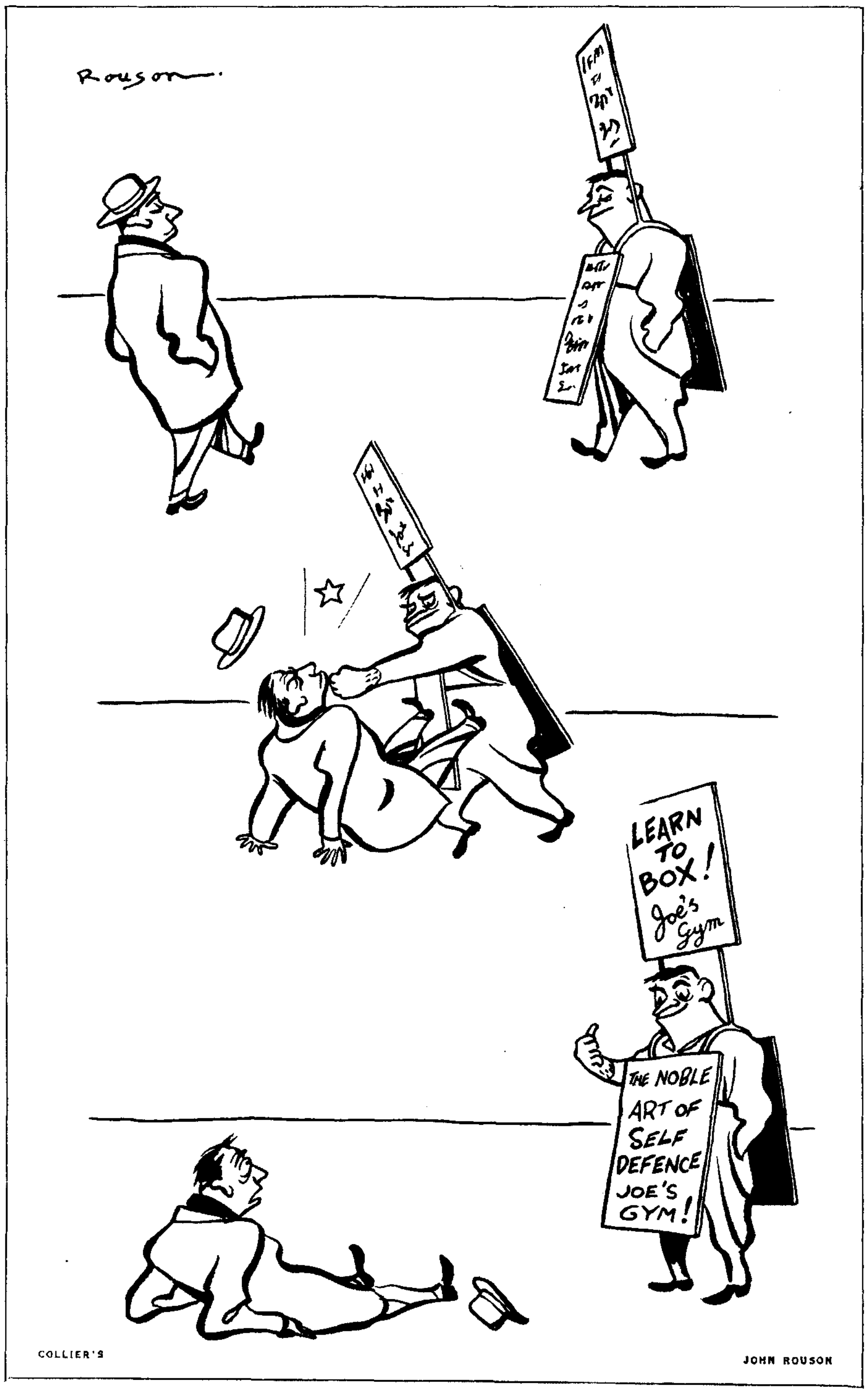
The Berlin air lift is a practical demonstration of the new form of carrying goods that astonished even the airmen themselves. In a sense the air lift, which is showing the people of the world what can be done by airplanes, is a new phase in aviation. In Phase I, the airplane was a specialized means of carrying mail, express and passengers. Now planes are able to carry almost everything that can be moved on the face of the earth.

Of course cargo carrying by air has been a familiar thing for many years in countries where railroads are undeveloped. There are thousands of people in northern Canada, South America and Africa to whom an airplane is a familiar sight but who rarely or never have seen automobiles or trains. Now there will be a new demand for fleets of air freighters to supplement de luxe passenger service.

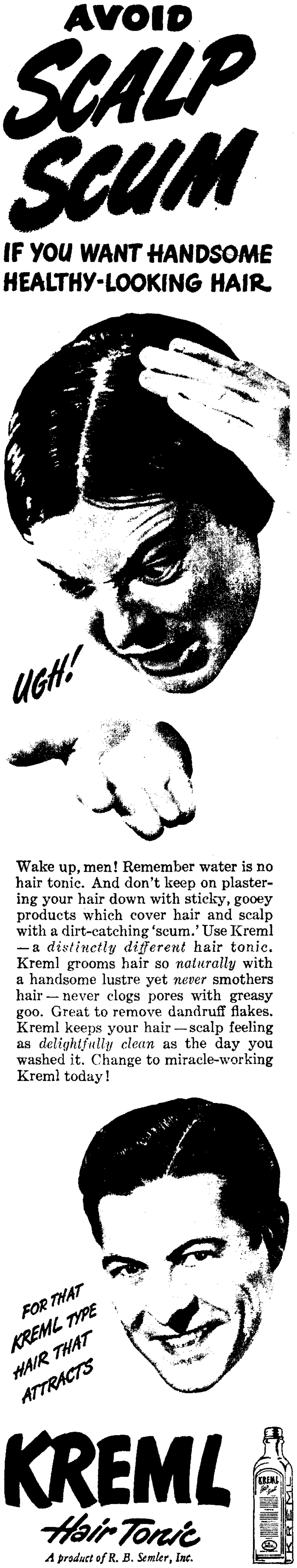
Within five years after the Wrights first flew, their airplane had attracted the interest of military men who saw the Flyer as a potential instrument of war. Balloons and primitive dirigibles had proved to be too vulnerable. European military men sensed this possibility first and sent representatives to Dayton to negotiate. But the American inventors preferred to let their own country have first chance.

Army officers in Washington, however, were cautious, having had an unhappy experience in backing Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley's airplane. Langley's plane did not fly. In 1908, the Signal Corps of the Army, prodded by President Theodore Roosevelt and Secretary of War William Howard Taft, offered the Wrights a contract for an airplane if it would meet certain military requirements.

It was while he was demonstrating


Rouson
LEARN TO BOX! Joe's Gym
THE NOBLE ART OF SELF DEFENCE JOE'S GYM!

COLLIER'S JOHN ROUSON


AVOID
SCALP SCUM
IF YOU WANT HANDSOME HEALTHY-LOOKING HAIR
UGH!
FOR THAT KREML TYPE HAIR THAT ATTRACTS
KREML
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Wake up, men! Remember water is no hair tonic. And don't keep on plastering your hair down with sticky, gooey products which cover hair and scalp with a dirt-catching 'scum.' Use Kreml — a *distinctly different* hair tonic. Kreml grooms hair so *naturally* with a handsome lustre yet *never* smothers hair — never clogs pores with greasy goo. Great to remove dandruff flakes. Kreml keeps your hair — scalp feeling as *delightfully clean* as the day you washed it. Change to miracle-working Kreml today!

this machine to the army that Orville Wright was seriously injured. Even though he made many later flights both in this country and abroad, he always felt the effects of that accident.

At the beginning of the first World War the military airplane was an uncertain and undependable vehicle. But it was improved rapidly as both sides put pressure on their designers to turn out better machines.

Even so, those early combat planes, far from playing a significant role in the outcome of the war, were primarily vehicles for the great individual pilots of the day.

While most governments realized that airplanes had some potential combat value, the Germans were first to build a real fighting air force. When *Luftwaffe* pilots devastated Poland in 1939 and moved against the Low Countries and France with such strength the following spring, Allied military leaders realized they had a new and overpowering force to check. An element had been introduced in warfare that was to dominate future military and naval operations everywhere. The airplane altered all previous concepts of planning and carrying on a war.

And the airplane was responsible for the greatest change of all that came in warfare: the use of the atomic bomb. Thus we entered the Atomic Age.

It was in the frenzied rush to build war planes that the aircraft industry, as we know it today, came into being. Factories of a size never before believed to be possible were built in all war countries, but especially in the United States.

Engineers designed new types of airplanes and engines to meet the specialized needs of the new third-dimensional war. Fighters, bombers and transports with steadily increasing speeds and loads were turned out in hitherto unbelievable numbers.

In its rapid expansion, this infant industry reached out its tentacles and encircled hundreds of other factories, especially those in the automobile field. Shops that had made a thousand other products were commandeered until building airplanes became the largest industrial enterprise in our country.

Workers throughout the nation were caught in this sudden expansion. As they moved from country to city, and from state to state, they created housing shortages such as had never occurred in the United States before.

The urgent need for thousands and thousands of aircraft workers brought women into the industry on a scale unknown in the past.

When No Price Was Too High

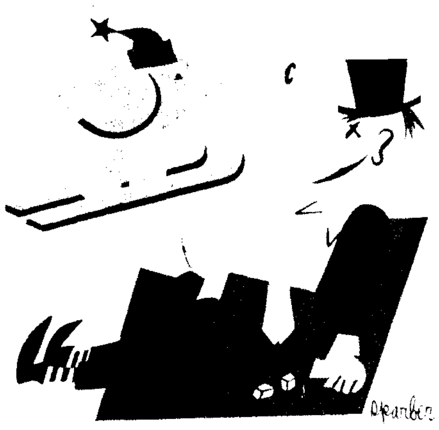
Wages and overtime pay increased, and costs mounted; but the need for fighting planes was so pressing that no costs seemed too high if airplanes could reach the battle fronts in time to help defeat the enemy.

The achievement of the young and comparatively inexperienced aircraft executives in building this industrial colossus brought acclaim from both government and people. Their ingenuity and productive genius hastened the end of the war, and many believe they forged the instrument that brought victory.

After V-J Day the industry that stemmed from the Wright Brothers' first airplane declined with even greater speed than it developed. At the war's peak in 1944 nearly 1,500,000 people were helping to build airplanes. A year after the war ended all but about 200,000 had been let out. But aircraft management plowed back its capital into designs for new airplanes, knowing that our survival as a free people would depend on our having the best of the new types. To these firms have gone the contracts for building up the Air Force and Naval Aviation for which Congress appropriated money this year.

Back of the amazing and ever-changing airplane business stands a group of men who are largely responsible for it: the engineers. The early Wright planes that set many world records cost $1,800 to build. Today some airplanes cost many million dollars each, and more millions are tied up in their engineering background.

It is obvious that processes of design and production have changed. No longer can company management rely on the primitive methods of earlier design engineers who used to draw plans of airplanes in chalk on the factory walls.


HOWARD SPARBER

Nothing Ventured, Nothing Skinned

When slush is on the boulevard,
  And hills are white morasses,
I look with less than scant regard
  On winter's skiing masses.
I'll take my snow on Christmas cards;
  My ice in cubes in glasses.

—WILLIAM W. PRATT

Today thousands of man-hours of testing go on before the design stage is finished. The small wind tunnel the Wrights made from a wooden box cost only a few dollars. Wind tunnels now may cost five to six million dollars, as they are often huge buildings with powerful fans that can drive the air through at several times the speed of sound. Delicate measuring instruments add to their complexity and cost.

The design of engines has been changed more than that of any other aeronautical element. From 12 horsepower of the first Wright engine, the technicians have gone on until today an engine may have the power of a locomotive.

Just when many observers thought the reciprocating engine had about reached its maximum size, there suddenly came a revolutionary change in design which the public knows by the simple word jet.

The mighty force that drives a jet engine was not new to scientists. Rockets that used jet propulsion were centuries old. When Francis Scott Key composed our national anthem in 1814, he wrote about "the rocket's red glare" after he had watched the British attack on Fort McHenry near Baltimore.

The German V-1 and V-2 might have been a serious obstacle to Allied victory. Fortunately the Germans lacked time to develop them more fully. Since the war the acceleration in the use of jet motive power has been one of the engineering marvels of our time.

Now that power in almost unlimited amounts is available, engineers are making radical changes in the configuration, or outside shape, of the airplane. This combination of new power and new shape has brought performance of a fantastic character. Pilots have at last penetrated that hazardous barrier known as the speed of sound to reach a new milestone in aviation history.

The Future Guided Missile

Jets are also used to propel guided missiles. With their potentially long range and an ability to "home" on a predetermined type of target, the missile may be developed to such a point that it will become a rival to the present type of aircraft. Perhaps the pilot will be replaced by a set of mechanical and electrical controls.

Engineers have not given up the more orthodox type of engine. But an immense amount of work is being done on compound reciprocating engines, as well as on turbo-propeller jet power plants, to bring higher speeds and greater fuel economy to propeller-driven transport planes. Most spectacular of all engine research jobs now going on are attempts to harness atomic energy.

Both the Air Force and the Navy have vast aeronautical experimentation programs. These are augmented by the great research work of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. Special projects are also assigned to universities, schools and industrial laboratories. The public has heard much of manpower mobilization in time of war, but we should all know that of even greater importance is the mobilization of scientific, engineering and industrial facilities in time of peace.

Because research and engineering are the heart of aviation progress, a great responsibility rests on the public and the government to make sure that graduates of technical schools continue to flow out into the laboratories and factories.

A great opportunity lies before these young men because everything pertaining to aviation is changing daily. Nothing remains constant. The airplanes of 1948 are very different machines from those of 1938. In another ten years equally great changes will again have been made. Few men today would predict with confidence what those changes will be for fear of being too conservative.

Whether the currents of the rivulet started by the Wrights are kept controlled within the channels of national security or permitted to overflow and inundate man's achievements of past centuries remains for the statesmanship of the world to determine.

The airmen of the world have given evidences of their skill, resourcefulness and productive capacity. The future amity of the peoples of the earth depends on making war—even victorious war—so futile that no nation will ever resort to it.

No better protective shield can be devised than that provided by the free play of the scientific, engineering and productive resources of the United States. Such free play will prove that the creative power shown at Kitty Hawk still endures and can become such a controlling factor in world affairs that history will give to the Wright Brothers credit for bringing to the world the great instrument of peace. ◻◻◻

NIAGARA FALLS

Continued from page 17

K-18 Fairchild aerial cameras, which hovers over the gleaming body of the continent. looking across sunlit plains and the shining lakes, Erie and Ontario. To the north you can see our neighbor, Canada. To the south, New York State fades away into Pennsylvania. But here at the juncture of the lakes, on a bend in a short, swift river lies the queen of America's wonders—white, roaring Niagara Falls.

Due east, now, in the camera sights, in the center of the field of vision, the effervescent spray of the American Falls (center of picture, pages 16 and 17) rushes and tumbles over a 167-foot cliff, pushed by the boiling upper rapids of the Niagara River.

Mighty Waters Join Forces

The waters break with such a roar you cannot hear, and they flow down between the Canadian and American towns toward Rainbow Bridge (top left in picture). Joining them from the western shore is the angry swell that has poured over Canada's half-mile-long Horseshoe Falls (lower right).

The spray floats like steam in the wind, blowing a million tiny rainbows toward the sun. The mighty waters, churned to thick foam, push and battle in the running river, catching and tossing light to the sky. Their glory is impressive beyond belief.

The great falls are an ancient wonder, called "Thunderer of Waters" by the Indians, but here, from the air, they are brightly new again and silent as diamonds in space.

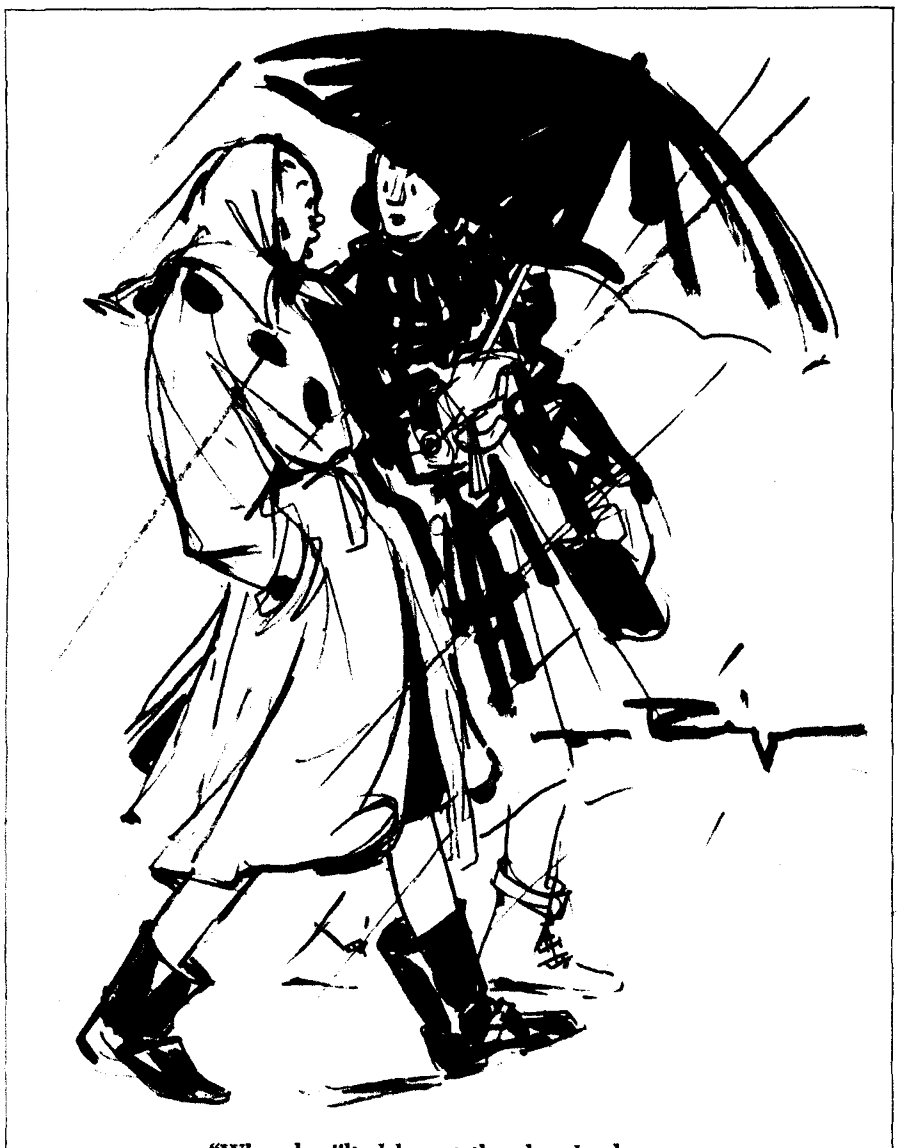
You look at the fantastic portrait of the falls and its meaning is clear. Yet beyond it another portrait shines—the clean-cut face of the Land of Industry. Even in this American town inhabited by only 77,400 people, excitement reaches to the clouds.

In Niagara Falls, New York, there are two skyscrapers—the United Office Building and the Walgreen Building (top right). Around them scores of factories and office buildings reflect the power of a nation that has learned to use its resources.

Here American industry produces abrasives, paper, flour and machinery. Here American science is developing the limitless potentials in carbide, calcium, aluminum and silicon, using tremendous quantities of current liberated from the rushing waters.

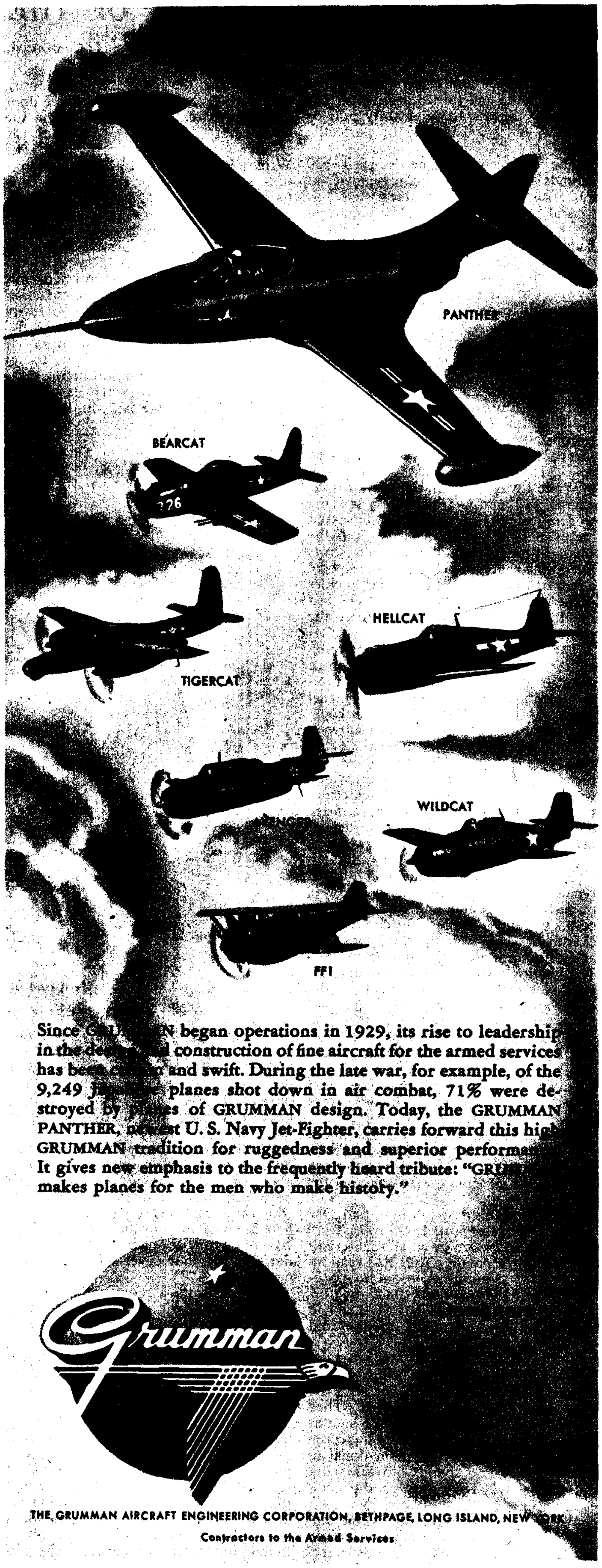
On the American side generators like those in the Niagara Falls Power Company (above the falls) take enough electric power out of the falls to supply more than 2,500,000 people in western New York. On the Canadian side, Niagara feeds current to towns and villages throughout the countryside and as far west as Windsor, Ontario, 240 miles away.

Yet surely the essential power of Niagara is in its beauty—the beauty worshiped by Indians in the forgotten halls of time, the beauty beloved by lovers since the dawn of the nation—and the effervescent, breath-taking beauty that glistens on the faraway crust of earth in the eyes of the airman in flight, in the wondering eyes of the beholder of America from the air. ⊔⊔⊔



"When he jilted her at the church, she arranged to marry somebody else the very next day, so she wouldn't lose her nerve"

COLLIER'S WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



Since GRUMMAN began operations in 1929, its rise to leadership in the design and construction of fine aircraft for the armed services has been certain and swift. During the late war, for example, of the 9,249 Japanese planes shot down in air combat, 71% were destroyed by planes of GRUMMAN design. Today, the GRUMMAN PANTHER, newest U. S. Navy Jet-Fighter, carries forward this high GRUMMAN tradition for ruggedness and superior performance. It gives new emphasis to the frequently heard tribute: "GRUMMAN makes planes for the men who make history."

THE GRUMMAN AIRCRAFT ENGINEERING CORPORATION, BETHPAGE, LONG ISLAND, NEW YORK
Contractors to the Armed Services

MY STORY OF THE WRIGHT BROTHERS

Continued from page 27

with a hammer and chisel. Then I put it in the lathe and turned it down to size and smoothness. It weighed 19 pounds finished and she balanced up perfectly, too.

The completed engine weighed 180 pounds and developed 12 horsepower at 1,025 revolutions per minute.

And that reminds me: The engine in the Kitty Hawk machine that's been in England for the last 20 years isn't the original motor entirely. Somebody got away with the original crankshaft and flywheel at an Eastern air show, and I had to make new parts to complete the original engine.

Data on the First Engine

The body of the first engine was of cast aluminum, and was bored out on the lathe for independent cylinders. The pistons were cast iron, and these were turned down and grooved for piston rings. The rings were cast iron, too.

While I was doing all this work on the engine, Will and Orv were busy upstairs working on the air frame. They asked me to make the metal parts, such as the small fittings where the wooden struts joined the spars and the truss wires were attached. There weren't any turnbuckles in the truss wires, so the fit had to be just so. It was so tight we had to force the struts into position.

The fuel system was simple. A one-gallon fuel tank was suspended from a wing strut, and the gasoline fed by gravity down a tube to the engine. The fuel valve was an ordinary gaslight pet cock. There was no carburetor as we know it today. The fuel was fed into a shallow chamber in the manifold. Raw gas blended with air in this chamber, which was next to the cylinders and heated up rather quickly, thus helping to vaporize the mixture. The engine was started by priming each cylinder with a few drops of raw gas.

The ignition was the make-and-break type. No spark plugs. The spark was made by the opening and closing of two contact points inside the combustion chamber. These were operated by shafts and cams geared to the main camshaft. The ignition switch was an ordinary single-throw knife switch we bought at the hardware store. Dry batteries were used for starting the engine and then we switched onto a magneto bought from the Dayton Electric Company. There was no battery on the plane.

Several lengths of speaking tube, such as you find in apartment houses, were used in the radiator.

The chains to drive the propeller shafts were specially made by the Indianapolis Chain Company, but the sprockets came ready-made. Roebling wire was used for the trusses.

I think the hardest job Will and Orv had was with the propellers. I don't believe they ever were given enough credit for that development. They had read up on all that was published about boat propellers, but they couldn't find any formula for what they needed. So they had to develop their own, and this they did in the wind tunnel.

They concluded that an air propeller was really just a rotating wing, and by experimenting in the wind box they arrived at the design they wanted. They made the propellers out of three lengths of wood, glued together at staggered intervals. Then they cut them down to the right size and shape with a hatchet and drawshave. They were good propellers.

We never did assemble the whole machine at Dayton. There wasn't room enough in the shop. When the center section was assembled, it blocked the passage between the front and back rooms, and the boys had to go out the side door and around to the front to wait on the customers.

COLLIER'S "Not one of yours, I trust" BARNEY TOBEY

We still had bicycle customers. The Wright Brothers had to keep that business going to pay for the flying experiments. There wasn't any other money.

While the boys always worked hard, and there never was any horseplay around the shop, they always seemed to find time to stop and talk with a customer or humor the neighborhood children who wandered in. Sometimes I think the kids were the only ones who really believed that Will and Orv would fly. They hadn't learned enough to say it couldn't be done.

We block-tested the motor before crating it for shipment to Kitty Hawk. We rigged up a resistance fan with blades an inch and a half wide and five feet two inches long. The boys figured out the horsepower by counting the revolutions per minute. Those two sure knew their physics. I guess that's why they always knew what they were doing and hardly ever guessed at anything.

We finally got everything crated and on the train. There was no ceremony about it, even among ourselves. The boys had been making these trips for four years, and this was the third time I had been left to run the shop. If there was any worry about the flying machine not working, they never showed it and I never felt it.

You know, it's a funny thing, but I'm not sure just how or when I learned that Will and Orv had actually flown the machine. They sent a telegram to the bishop saying they had made four successful powered flights that day—December 17, 1903—and would be home for Christmas.

I suppose their sister Katharine or maybe the bishop came over and told me about it. I know I thought it was pretty nice that they had done what they set out to do; and I was glad to hear that the motor ran all right. But I don't remember doing any jig steps. The boys were always so matter-of-fact about things; and they never made any effort to get me excited.

Even when they got home there was no special celebration in the shop. Of course they were pleased with the flight. But their first word with me, as I remember, was about the motor being damaged when the wind picked up the machine and turned it topsy-turvy after Wilbur had completed the fourth flight. They wanted a new one built right away. And they were concerned with making improvements in the controls. They were always thinking of the next thing to do; they didn't waste much time worrying about the past.

The Wrights didn't go into the airplane experiment with the idea of making a lot of money. They just seemed to be curious about the problems involved—I suppose you would call it a challenge—and they determined to find out why they couldn't make it work. It was not a game with them or a sport. It may have been a hobby at the start, but now it was a serious business.

I was happy, working for Will and Orv, and I know they were pleased with my work. They showed it in many ways. Orville even left me an $800 annuity in his will. When I finally left his employ in 1919 he could have forgotten about me then and there. But the fact he did not helps me believe he appreciated that I had a part in giving the airplane to the world, though nobody made any fuss about it and I didn't either.

Will and Orv were always thoughtful at Christmastime. The second year I was with them they gave me a two-inch micrometer. Another year it was a one-foot scale. And one Christmas they gave me a $10 gold piece.

People have asked me if I knew why neither Wilbur nor Orville ever married, particularly since their older brothers Reuchlin and Lorin and their sister Katharine did. I'm sure I never asked them, but I remember that Orv used to say it was up to Will to marry first because he was the older of the two. And Will kept saying he didn't have time for a wife. But I think he was just woman-shy—young women, at least.

He would get awfully nervous when young women were around. When we began operating at Simms Station on the outskirts of Dayton in 1904, we always went out on the traction cars. If an older woman sat down beside him, before you knew it they would be talking and if she got off at our stop he'd carry her packages and you'd think he had known her all his life. But if a young woman sat next to him he would begin to fidget and pretty soon he would get up and go stand on the platform until it was time to leave the car.

I don't recall that Orville was that shy, but after Wilbur died I guess he just didn't feel like getting married. I think both the boys were mentally flying all the time and simply didn't think about girls.

They were both fond of children, though. Orville, especially, was quite a hand with kids. He used to make toys there in the shop and give them away. Later, he designed a little wooden man on a flying trapeze and licensed some company to make it.

The Wrights didn't drink or smoke, but they never objected too much to my cigar smoking. I used to smoke around 25 cigars a day. Once I walked down the street with three cigars going at once—you know how a young fellow does crazy things once in a while.

Both the boys had tempers, but no matter how angry they ever got, I never heard them use a profane word. I never swore, myself, and to this day I can't think of a time I ever let go with anything stronger than heckety-hoo. The boys were working out a lot of theory in those days, and occasionally they would get into terrific arguments. They'd shout at each other something terrible. I don't think they really got mad, but they sure got awfully hot.

Both Admitted Being Wrong

One morning following the worst argument I ever heard, Orv came in and said he guessed he'd been wrong and they ought to do it Will's way. A few minutes later Will came in and said he'd been thinking it over and perhaps Orv was right. First thing I knew they were arguing the thing all over again, only this time they had switched ideas. When they were through though, they knew where they were and could go ahead with the job.

It was Orville who gave me my first flight. He first offered me a hop in 1908 at Fort Myer, Virginia, when we were demonstrating the Wright airplane for the first Army contract (which it later won). I was in the passenger's seat and we were preparing to take off when a high-ranking officer asked Orville if he would mind taking along an Army observer instead.

Naturally I got out and Lieutenant Thomas E. Selfridge took my place. The machine crashed shortly after the take-off. Lieutenant Selfridge was killed and Orville was seriously injured. Lieutenant Selfridge was the first military air casualty, and a big Air Force fighter base at Mount Clemens, Michigan, is named for him. Since then, a lot of people say they have narrowly avoided being killed in airplanes by a last-minute switch in plans. Maybe I was the first, though.

In May, 1910, Orv finally took me up. It was at Simms Station, and he did what a lot of pilots have done in later years with their first-flight passengers. He tried to give me a scare. We were flying around over the field when suddenly the plane began to pitch violently. I grabbed hold of a strut and looked over at Orv. He didn't seem upset, although he appeared to be having a hard time controlling the machine. Pretty soon the pitching stopped and we landed. Orv asked me if I were scared. I said, "No, if you weren't,

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why should I be?" He thought it was very funny.

I always wanted to learn to fly, but I never did. The Wrights refused to teach me and tried to discourage the idea. They said they needed me in the shop and to service their machines, and if I learned to fly I'd be gadding about the country and maybe become an exhibition pilot, and then they'd never see me again.

One of my jobs that summer of 1904 was as sort of airport manager at Simms Station. I suppose it was the first airport in the country, with all due respect to the sands of Kitty Hawk. It was a small pasture the boys had arranged to use. We built a shed for the machine and a catapult to assist in the take-offs, because the field was small and rough.

It was made up of a wooden track and a tower at the starting end. We drew heavy weights to the top of the tower on ropes which were rigged through pulleys to the bottom of the tower, out to the take-off end of the track, and back to the airplane. When the weights were released, the machine would dart forward. Now people are fooling around with assisted take-offs again for big planes.

We were all very busy out at Simms Station that summer testing out the new airplane we built to replace the Kitty Hawk machine. We scarcely had time to keep the bicycle business going, and by the following summer the boys gave it up entirely.

I must have built half-a-dozen engines for the boys before the airplane company was formed in 1909 and they took on additional help.

They also had me doing repair work on the air frames, and as they began to travel around to demonstrate the machines it was up to me to help with the crating, uncrating and assembling.

A Futile Visit to France

I went to France in 1907 to be with Wilbur and Orville although we never did get around to uncrating the machine we shipped over on that trip. Some mix-up in the contract negotiations. Then I was at Governor's Island, New York with Wilbur for the Hudson-Fulton flight, and at Montgomery, Alabama, with Orville to help set up the first flying school.

After the company was started in 1909 the place was expanded, more men were hired, and I was put in charge of the engine shop with men working under me. Some of the personal feeling of the old days, when there were just the three of us, was gone. It was beginning to be big business. We had lots of orders and the first plane sold for private use was to Robert J. Collier. He was a close friend of Wilbur and Orville and owned stock in the company.

Then Calbraith Perry Rodgers came down to Dayton in 1911 to see about the machine he had ordered for his proposed transcontinental flight, and offered me $10 a day plus expenses to be his mechanic on the trip. At the time my wages were $25 a week. I told him I'd go; then I told Orv about it. He asked me not to quit. I told him I had already given my word to Rodgers and couldn't very well back out. He told me to make it a sort of leave of absence, and to be sure and come back.

Rodgers left the race track at Sheepshead Bay, Long Island, on September 17th, and reached Long Beach, California, 47 days later. It was my job to care for the plane every night, and make repairs after every mishap. I traveled on a special train that accompanied the flight. Rodgers failed to win the $50,000 prize posted by William Randolph Hearst because he took longer than 30 days to make the crossing. But it was the first coast-to-coast flight.

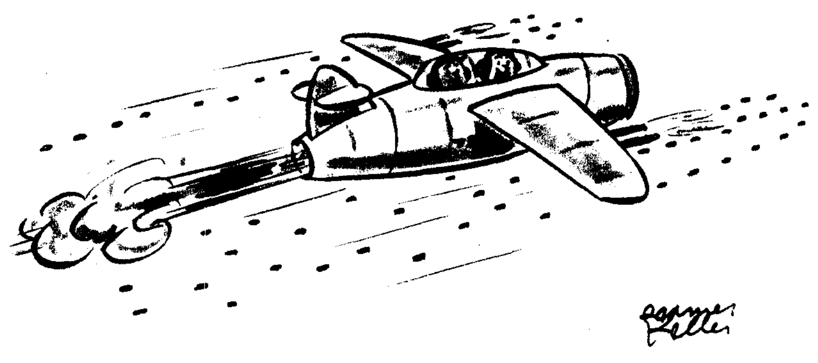
I didn't get in on the finish in California. My wife, with our three children—a boy sixteen, a girl fourteen and our five-week-old baby daughter—had preceded me to California. She was taken ill soon after their arrival, so I passed up the last two days of the flight to be with her.

Because of Mrs. Taylor's condition, I stayed on in California for nearly a year, working first for Roy Knabenshue, who was then the Wright exhibition manager, and later for Glenn L. Martin. Martin began building airplanes in 1909 in Los Angeles, and is still at it in Baltimore.

In the fall of 1912 I took my family back to Dayton, but left the baby in Los Angeles in the care of Mrs. I. C. Shafer. We had known her family for many years back in Ohio. Mrs. Taylor was again hospitalized and she remained so until her death in 1930.

Back East, it wasn't like old times. Wilbur had died on May 30th, from typhoid fever and there were a lot of new faces around the Wright plant. The pioneering days seemed about over for me.

Maybe that's why that Christmas of 1912 stands out in my memory. It wasn't going to be a very happy one, for either the Wrights or the Taylors. Christmas Eve there came a knock at the door, and there was Orville with a big basket filled with everything for a big Christmas dinner. He just handed me the basket, wished us a "Merry Christmas," and went away. It was the first time he had ever come to our house.



"You better slow down a little. Those look like the bullets from our own guns!"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

I stayed on with Orville, after he sold the company in 1915 and retired to his laboratory. I helped out with some of his inventions and experiments, and kept his car in good running order. But there was less and less work to do, and finally I got restless and took a job downtown with the Dayton-Wright Company in 1919.

In 1916 we took the Kitty Hawk plane out of storage and fixed it up for its first exhibition, at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in Cambridge, Massachusetts. If it hadn't been for Knabenshue, there might not have been the historic relic to exhibit there or in Washington, now. Roy tells how he approached Wilbur early in 1912 and asked him what he was going to do with the Kitty Hawk and Wilbur told him, "Oh, I guess we'll burn it; it's worthless." Roy argued it was historic and finally talked him out of destroying the plane.

It was then forgotten until Orville got this request to show it in Massachusetts. It came from Lester D. Gardner (then publisher of Aviation magazine, later an officer in the Army Air Service in the first World War and founder of the Institute of the Aeronautical Sciences) who was in charge of the aeronautical part of the dedication program of the new buildings of MIT at Cambridge. Orville was reluctant at first, but consented when Gardner and Roy convinced him how interesting it would be to the public.

Orville and I continued to see each other frequently after 1919. He used to bring odd jobs to me at the plant where I was working, and I would visit him at his laboratory. Then in 1928 I moved to California, and I didn't see him again until 1937. That was when Henry Ford hired me to help restore the original Wright home and shop when he moved them to his Greenfield Village museum at Dearborn, Michigan. They were installed on the grounds near the first Ford workshop and Thomas Edison's original laboratory.

I helped Fred Black, the director of the project, track down the original machinery and furniture, and then I built a replica of the first Wright engine. The home and shop were dedicated in April, 1938, with all the big names in aviation on hand.

I met Orville often during this period, both in Dayton and in Dearborn. When I left the Village to return to California in 1941, I called on him in Dayton. That was the last time I saw him, but he wrote to me regularly about his work and I kept him posted on what I did. He wrote every December 17th. It was sort of a personal anniversary with us and it was also a Christmas message.

An epidemic of hog cholera was responsible for my career as a machinist and the honor of being the "third hand" of the Wright Brothers in the most important years of their lives.

I was born on a little farm on the banks of the Wabash near Cerro Gordo, Illinois, not far from Decatur, on May 24, 1868. I probably would have grown up to be a farmer but the cholera wiped us out and my father moved to Lincoln, Nebraska, to work with his brother in a bakery. I quit school at the end of the seventh grade and, though twelve years old, started work as errand boy on the Nebraska State Journal. Later I got a job in the Journal's bindery and that's where I got my first chance to work with tools and machines. That kind of work just seemed to come natural to me, and I liked it.

I was doing business at Kearney, Nebraska, making all the metal house numbers in town, when I met Henrietta Webbert at the Jolly Young Men and Girls Club in 1892. Two years later we were married. Her family, as I've said, had lived in Dayton. They had returned there from Kearney when the depression hit early in the nineties. I was having a hard time finding work in Nebraska so when my wife's brother wrote there were jobs to be had in Dayton, we went there, too, in 1896.

In Dayton I went to work for the Stoddard Manufacturing Company. Stoddard made farm machinery but had gone into bicycle production and when I had spent two years on the production line and in the toolroom, I decided to open my own shop. It was here that Wilbur and Orville used to bring in special jobs, but by the time they asked me to work for them I had sold my place at a profit and was working at Dayton Electric Company. I never was much of a hand for that executive stuff and felt a lot happier just being around tools.

When I came out here to California in 1928 I got work in a machine shop in Los Angeles and then the big depression hit us. I was out of work but had saved some money. I invested this in 336 lots in a new land development on the edge of the Salton Sea, down in the southern California desert. I built a little house and sat around waiting for something to happen. Nothing did.

Job Hunting at Sixty-Seven

By 1935 I was down to my last nickel. So I sold the house and went to San Diego looking for a job. I was sixty-seven then but in fine shape. At the old Consolidated Aircraft Corporation, they told me they couldn't possibly hire anybody sixty-seven years old. I didn't tell them about working for the Wright Brothers. What difference should that make?

But up at North American Aviation in Los Angeles they didn't seem to care about my age and in a few weeks I was doing special work in the toolroom and the experimental shop. They gave me three raises in four weeks. I stayed there until Mr. Ford sent for me in 1937 to help out with the Wright restoration project.

That Greenfield Village thing was supposed to be sort of a lifetime job but there wasn't anything to do around the old shop so I left in 1941 and came back to Los Angeles. The war was on and I got a job at O'Keefe & Merritt Company, working on cartridge cases and electrical stuff. I worked 60 hours a week beside men half my age all through the war.

Then right after V-J Day I had a heart attack and had to stop working. I was seventy-seven then and had worked for 65 years.

There isn't much to do now. My hearing isn't as good and lately my eyes have begun to bother me. My family is scattered and I don't get to see much of them. I never kept in touch with the old aviation crowd—except Orville—and never went or was invited to any of the big celebrations they would hold every now and then in honor of the Wright Brothers and the advancement of aviation. I guess people didn't know where to find me.

I always wanted to go back into the laboratory with Orville. He hinted at it in some of his letters—saying he needed expert workmanship on his projects—but he never came right out and asked me. I had intended to go back East this past summer if my old pump would let me, but Orville died on January 30th.

In the last note I got from him, shortly before he died, he wrote:

"I hope you are well and enjoying life; but that's hard to imagine when you haven't much work to do." It was signed "Orv."

He knew me pretty well.

Shortly after he told the foregoing story, Mr. Taylor received an invitation from Paul Edward Garber, the Smithsonian Institution's Curator of Aeronautics, to serve as Superintendent of Inspection and Assembly of the Kitty Hawk plane prior to its formal exhibition in the National Museum in Washington on December 17th. Although assured that all arrangements for a journey from Los Angeles to Washington would be handled jointly by the Smithsonian and Collier's and that every provision would be made for his comfort and convenience, Mr. Taylor's physician advised it would be unwise for him to attempt the trip.

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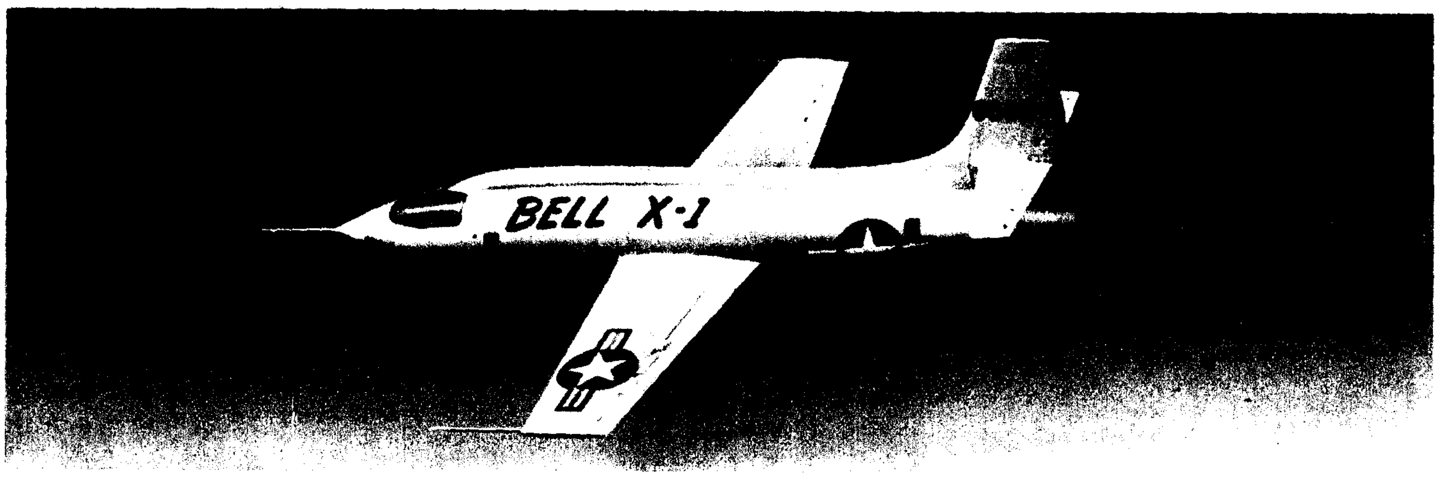

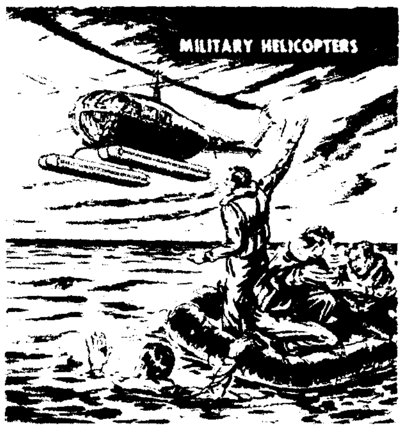

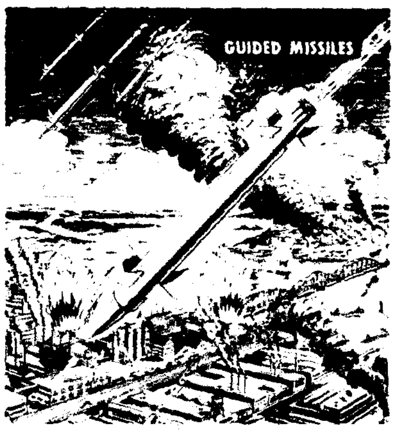

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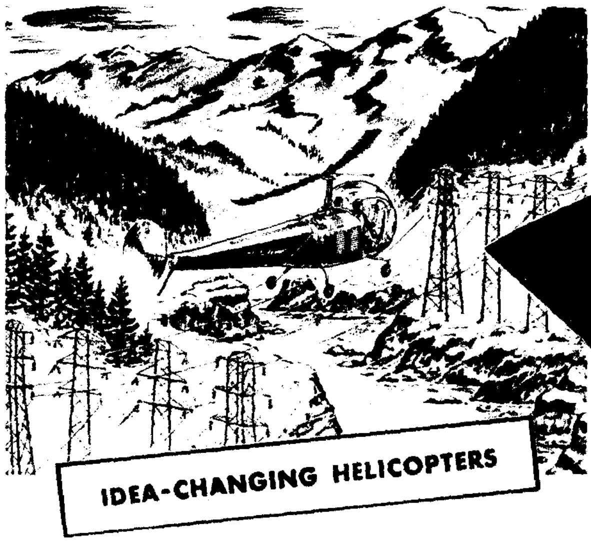

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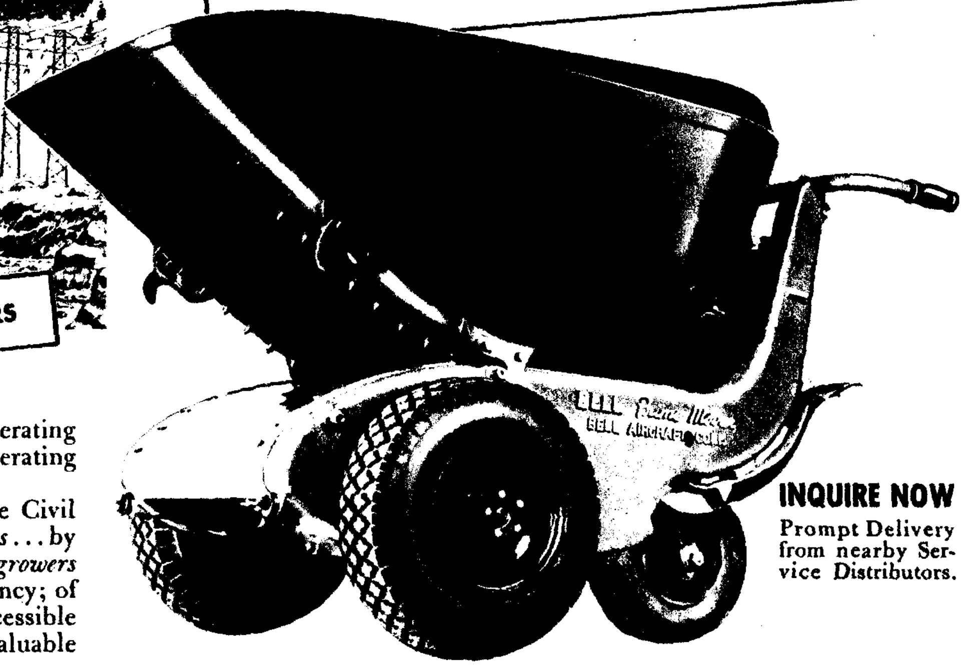

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YOU CAN'T WIN 'EM ALL!

Continued from page 15

the most unsuccessful man they've ever had in this hospital. Losing by a landslide," Mike said.

Miss Lightbody was approaching with anger in her eyes. "Miss Beach!" exclaimed the peach-faced nurse. "Didn't you hear me tell you to come to the nursing office?"

Arden looked at her plump pink cheeks, softly fuzzy, and wondered how anyone who looked so edible could be so acid. "Darling!" she replied cordially. "I am coming this very minute."

"A hospital is a place where people are sick, and some die. You cannot work here unless you are serious in your purpose."

Arden brandished her scrubbing brush. "I am serious in my purpose. That linen-room floor is going to get the drubbing of its life."

MIKE went smiling into the externs' room, but at the question, "How did you make out?" his face became bleak again. Sixty Bate, young and rosy-cheeked but quite bald, and called Sixty because of his sixty remaining hairs, was sitting in pajamas brooding over DeLee's Obstetrics. Across from him sat the curly-headed Pup, the youngest obstetrical intern who, as a brand-new M.D., delivered the easiest cases to come into the hospital. Sixty Bate watched curiously while Mike hung up his hat and coat, and walked to the enormous blackboard which stood out from the wall, dividing the room into halves.

On the blackboard were written the names of the eight present externs, numbered in the order in which they were supposed to take the telephone calls which called them to the deliveries. Mike picked up the chalk and drew a tiny coffin after his name.

"Dead baby," the Pup interpreted correctly. "I'm sorry, Bonbright. Were you there all night?"

"Yeah. I was there about twenty-five hours. The baby had been dead for a week, Dr. Acton thought, when I telephoned him to take over. He brought the mother into the hospital. She's all right, but I get no credit."

"It's a damn shame," said Sixty Bate indignantly. "You did all any man could do under those circumstances. You ought to get credit for a delivery."

"I ought to, but I don't. You know the rule; it has to be a living mother and a living child." Mike was hanging his clothes up carefully so that he could jump into them quickly if the need came. "I felt awful. It was the mother's sixteenth or seventeenth child, she couldn't remember which, so her grief was not overwhelming. Mine was, I can tell you."

Another extern, Snell, came bounding into the room, throwing his hat ahead of him and whooping. Snell was a thin young man with a fat face and greedy eyes. "I got another baby!"

"What baby?"

"The baby I got. Living mother, living baby. I'm leading all you guys by a wide margin. Yeay!" Snell pranced to the blackboard and drew a horseshoe after his name.

"Five horseshoes!" he exulted. "I've delivered five babies. Five living children, five living mothers. Oh, boy! It took me just an hour this time."

"Wonderful you," Mike said.

Snell stood gloating over the blackboard. "Good Lord, Bonbright! Haven't you had even one baby yet? I see you have been first up four times."

"Four disasters. Want to hear my tale of woe? First time, the baby arrived before I got there. No credit."

"I heard about that. It was your own fault, for taking a streetcar. You should have called a taxi."

"To Somerville? Twenty miles? I couldn't have paid for it. I'm a poor man. However, next time I'll take a taxi if I have to sell my shoes," Mike said.

"I've decided to be an obstetrician," Snell announced smugly. "I seem to have a real gift. It's a cinch."

The pay phone in the hall began to ring.

"That ain't what the mothers tell me," remarked the Pup, as he went to answer the phone. Almost immediately the Pup put his curly head inside the door. "For you, Bonbright. Your old man. Why does he bother to use a phone with that grand-opera bass of his?"

Mike pulled on a bathrobe and staggered wearily to the booth in the hall. Arden peeked out of the linen room.

"Hello, Father?" Mike said.

"It's me. How are you doing, son?" came the cheerful old roar.

"Not too well, so far. An obstetrician's life is certainly a nocturnal one."

"What would you charge just to let me come in and sit down for a while?"

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

"What doctor's isn't?" shouted Dr. Bonbright. "I was up all night too. Hurry up and learn to be a doctor before they kill me off. You haven't written home."

"I'll write, Father, as soon as I have something to be proud of," replied Mike, feeling the old man's disappointment.

"How many times have you been first up?"

"Four. Four disasters." As he described his cases minutely to his father, he could see through the glass door into the linen room that Arden was working, but not very hard. He wondered uneasily if she could hear him.

"It's dogged as does it," the old doctor encouraged him. "Get all the sleep you can, and let the girls alone."

Mike laughed and hung up.

AS HE emerged from the booth, Arden dried her hands on a convenient pillowcase and beckoned to him. Her dress was drenched with soapy water. Her glittering wrist watch and sapphire ring were pinned to her shoulder with a safety pin, and her blue eyes looked happy. "I just remembered something," she said.

"Did you hear all that conversation?"

"I missed some of your remarks," she replied candidly, "but I heard everything your father said. It's dogged as does it. I liked that."

"You must have heard him tell me to let the girls alone. He didn't know a blonde was lurking about."

"I was lurking for you. I think I know where we met. On the beach last summer, on the lovely golden sands."

"Quite likely. I've spent a lot of time at Swampscott."

"Never heard of it. I meant Jones Beach!"

The door of the externs' room was ajar, and they could hear Snell sounding off. "Mike led the class for three years, highest grades by two points, but he's a complete and utter flop in actual practice. The only one in the class that hasn't got a baby." Mike got red. "Look at the blackboard," Snell went on in his fat self-satisfied voice. "The first case delivered before he got there. He took a streetcar, the ass. Second case, he called the house physician to come and help. Why didn't he manage alone? I would have."

"It was a breech. You would have been wrong," the Pup's voice cut in.

Snell went on: "Bonbright's third case flivvered He stayed with her twenty-four hours while the pains got weaker, and then she decided not to have the baby for another month probably. And last night, the baby was dead."

"He had nothing to do with that. It happened a week before. He is just unlucky."

Mike looked at Arden, who was silently listening. "Even my best friends tell me. And what is your opinion? A pretty thing like you, all golden hair and probably filthy with lucre, and smart enough to go to Barnard."

"When I play golf, I notice that they don't pay off on the drive," Arden said. "What they count is how many strokes one takes. We'll see who is best when the last putt is in."

"Not only pretty, but wise. How old are you, Arden?"

"I always say I'm twenty, but I'm really older than that."

"That's awfully young. I was twenty once."

"You were younger than that once. Are you married?"

"No."

"I intend to get married and have a husband and children and a pressure cooker."

"No wonder he's a failure," Snell observed sourly, hurrying out of the externs' room carrying his overcoat and black bag, "always wasting time. I am off to get my sixth, Mike, my boy. Dr. Acton just called for you to go out of turn as you are so far behind the rest of us. But no one knew where you were. As I was the only man dressed, I got the chance to go again."

"Oh, Snell. For Heaven's sake, let me take the call! Where is it?"

"Nah, nah. Your own fault, fooling around with a girl."

"Mr. Snell, please, please, for my sake," begged Arden.

"Why should I do anything for your sake? Mike has got to learn to take life seriously," preached Snell, turning.

The girl put out a foot and tripped Snell up. He trotted to the nursing office and reported the incident to Miss Lightbody.

Mike went to bed at once in one of the hot top bunks, and slept deeply.

HOURS later, he was tormented by a distressing dream, in which he tried vainly to extricate a shrieking child from a pressure cooker with a scrubbing brush. It seeped into his consciousness that the shrieking was the telephone bell. He fell out of bed and ran to the phone.

"Bonbright?" It was Dr. Acton, the harassed house physician. "You are first up again. Hope you had enough rest. Take down this address. It's the worst part of the city, darn' near ten miles away. Go and find out why Mrs. St. Pierre is having low back pains. She doesn't expect until February the twenty-eighth. She's probably imagining things. Got a car? Rain is falling on the ice, and it's freezing and melting."

"Do you think there's no hurry?"

"How the hell can I tell if there is no hurry? I've devoted much prayerful thought to that subject. Look, Bonbright. The St. Pierres are poor and numerous and they are special pets of mine. I brought Mrs. St. Pierre's first baby, a lovely little girl, two years ago, and the Pup brought the second girl last year. Now don't let anything happen to that nice girl. Grab a sandwich from the cafeteria and get there on the run."

Mike wrote down the address, threw on his clothes, grabbed coat and bag and ran like a madman. Sandwich, never. This time he was putting Mrs. St. Pierre first. He rushed furiously out of the hospital, hoping for the miracle of an empty taxi on a bad night. The headlights of a large black car coming out of the parking lot blinded him. Waving the car back, Mike started across the icy road. His feet shot out from under him, and he crashed heavily onto the back of his head, and lay still on the sidewalk.

"It's Arden," he heard a voice wailing. "I wouldn't have knocked you down for a farm. Dear Lord, oh, dear Lord, please make this guy well!" Mike opened his eyes, and the blood pounded in his skull.

"You can't lie here," Arden said. "It's sleeting. Shall I help you back into the hospital?"

He sat up carefully, and felt the back of his head. "My diagnosis is, a big lump and a small cut."

"My poor boy. I waited for you for hours. I didn't plan to run you down."

"Mrs. St. Pierre! I have to go and find out why Mrs. St. Pierre is having low back pains. Oh, Arden, I am dizzy. Would you go and find me a cab—"

"But this is my car." She pulled him to his feet, shoved him into the black car, and climbed nimbly over his knees into the driver's seat. "Where to?"

He gave her the address, and leaned his head against the icy window, a little sick at his stomach. "I do the stupidest things. I wish had croaked myself when I slipped. I wonder if I ought to let Acton know I'm late again."

"Of course not. You were out only a few seconds. So kindly collect your thoughts and lean on the window and bleed in silence."

The windshield was soon covered with

sleet, and the wiper stuck. Arden glanced at her passenger, who was leaning back with his eyes closed, looking very white. She shoved her window down, and drove with her head half out in the storm. Sleet frosted her clump of yellow hair and whitened her eyelashes.

"This would be fun, in a gruesome sort of way," she said, "if I knew I was going to get you there on time."

"What is your old mother going to say when you don't show up at the dinner table?"

"She will think it is wonderful. I telephoned her that I expected to go out whooping it up with a medico. Mama knows that good men are scarce. I'll get some sandwiches at a drugstore and you can eat them between pains, so to speak."

"No, no. Don't delay me with sandwiches. What a wife you'd make for a poor man! Look at those narrow tenements. We must be getting close to the place. Some of these flats are filthy. Did you ever hear of mice and lice and rats and cockroaches?"

"I've heard of rats."

"You'd better not even enter the door of the house. I'll leave my overcoat in the car with you so as not to pick up anything unpleasant. Are you going to wait for me?"

"This is so sudden!"

There came a dull gasping from Arden's car. It halted, started up again, shook, and stopped, wheezing.

"Go on, Arden. Go on!" Mike shouted.

"Either the water circulation's frozen up or I'm out of gas," she whimpered.

"I hate to do this to you, sweetie, but good-by," Mike said, leaping out. He knew there was a streetcar line on a parallel street two blocks away, and he sprinted toward it. He waited, shivering, on the corner, and after a while saw the long blue car rocking toward him along the icy rails. He rushed shouting toward it. Arden's black car came tearing along the street and almost knocked him down again.

"Get in!" she shouted.

"I'd rather take the streetcar. So much seems to happen when you're around."

WHILE they were speaking together, the streetcar rocked swiftly past, and with not unjustified apprehension, Mike jumped in.

"I walked to a station and bought gas so that's all right. It's only a half mile or so farther," she said encouragingly.

"Just don't get lost."

Her horn began to squeal, a long harrowing unremitting bleat.

"The horn is stuck now. Frozen or something."

"Never mind it," he said in agony. "Sail on! Sail on!"

They rolled up to the tenement with the horn bleating madly.

"Thanks. Go away now. Good-by, beautiful," he said.

"But I want to stay with you, and help," she said piteously.

"I can't risk it. See you tomorrow."

Mike seized his bag, and dashed up the stairs. A confused turmoil guided him to the fourth floor, where he found a pretty young woman sitting in a rocking chair in a hot kitchen, rocking and yelling, surrounded by solicitous friends and relatives. There was distress on her face.

"Thank God you've come, Doctor! What did they send such a young one for? I have the worst pain in my back. It's killing me. Can't be my time, though. It's six weeks too early."

"We'll see," replied Mike, feeling very young and anxious. "You had better get to bed anyway, Mrs. St. Pierre. Which is your room?"

"Right through that door. It's pretty cold in there, though. The kitchen is the only room we got with a stove in it."

She tottered into the next room, a bleak freezing cubbyhole with nothing in it but a bed, a table, a crib and hooks from which a good deal of clothing hung.

"The room beyond this belongs to my sister and her husband. He is this here soldier in uniform. He is on furlough. Oh, dear, if I'd 'a' thought this was my time, I'd a took a bath, cold or not."

The numerous relatives as well as a cat and dog had accompanied them into the bedroom.

"All of these people must leave, except your mother or your husband," Mike suggested politely. "Which is your husband?"

"My husband is out driving his taxi, naturally. He's a very hard worker. This here man with one arm is a neighbor. This here old lady with all the gold teeth is my mother."

MIKE acknowledged the introductions, and the old lady spoke up. "Yes, and I've had fourteen, but don't expect me to be any help. I always get so nervous at these things I can't do nothing. I got lots of hot water, though."

Mike reflected that the movies had done one thing for home obstetrics—there was always enough hot water for twenty deliveries. He swept the cat out from under the bedcovers and dropped it into the kitchen. It came back. He looked at a crib in the corner where two small children were standing up, holding on to the bars, eating graham crackers.

"Can't you take these babies somewhere else, so we will have someplace to put the new baby, if it comes? And whose are all the children in the kitchen?"

"Who is out there, Ma?" inquired Mrs. St. Pierre fretfully. "Just some of the neighbors' kids, I guess. They ain't doing any harm." Mrs. St. Pierre lifted her pretty tousled head and emitted a cry of anguish. "It's the time! Wish I'd took that bath when I thought of it."

Mike fiercely insisted that the affectionate relatives should leave. Mrs. St. Pierre's mother said he was a pretty young doctor, but he talked like all the rest of them. If she could raise the money she would take everybody to the movies.

"But don't put the cat out, Doctor. Poor kitty. He always sleeps with us. I do wish I had time to take a bath," Mrs. St. Pierre said.

"No cat is going to contaminate my sterile field," Mike declared. He ran down the four flights of steps, holding the cat between thumb and finger. He was not surprised to see Arden's big black car at the curb. He could see her dark form curled up in the back seat. She sat up quickly and opened the door.

"Heavens, what have you got?"

"A cat. It always sleeps with my patient, but not when I'm there. On the other hand, I hate to put even a cat out of doors on a night like this."

"Leave it in the car. It'll be company for me. How's your head?"

"What head?"

"Your usual head. You bumped it."

"I did? More important things to think about."

"Eat this sandwich."

He hastily ate the drugstore sandwich she produced, washing it down with a paper cupful of milk.

"You have the heart of a mother, Arden. How long can you wait for me?"

"We went through that before. Six years. Oh, you mean now? Six years. Can I help up there?"

"No, dear. There are more people up there now than there are square feet of floor space. The husband is out driving his taxi, but everybody else is there. It's like delivering a baby in the Back Bay Station. I keep fighting with Mrs. St. Pierre too. She thinks this would be a good time to take her annual bath."

"But I must tell you, I remembered where we first met. Do you go to the symphony concerts in summer?"

"Every single Tuesday night," Mike said.

"That's it!" Arden said.

"Every Tuesday night I go to the Boston Pops."

"Oh, *no.* I go to the *Philharmonic* concerts at the Stadium in New York City."

He left, and Arden patted the cat, which was purring in the folds of her mink coat. Its fur was coarse and gritty, and its tiny skull felt lumpy under her fingers. She tried to doze off. An hour later she was startled by a tapping at the car door. Mike was standing there in the sleet, shivering in his shirt sleeves and a rubber apron, with a white cap on his head.

"Arden, will you find a telephone and report to Dr. Acton for me?"

"Isn't she doing well?"

"I don't know," he replied miserably. "It's slow. I've lost all confidence in myself. Better be safe than sorry, I suppose. Acton is crazy about this St. Pierre family."

"I'll call him," Arden said.

Mrs. St. Pierre's mother was standing beside Mike, in an old fur coat.

"I wisht we could all get out of here," she said wistfully. "There's a midnight show at the Roritan, swell horror pictures. I could take all the kids too and hold the baby on my lap if we knew anybody with a car that could give us a ride."

"You know me," Arden said. "How many of you are there?"

"Eight, counting the children." The gold teeth glittered. "Swell of you to offer, lady."

Arden bought tickets for the whole group of St. Pierres to the midnight showing of horror pictures, and called the hospital from the lobby of the theater.

"I want to speak to Dr. Acton. Arden Beach calling. Oh, he's busy? Give me Mr. Sixty Bate who is on the district. Out? The Pup then. Can't remember his name. Obstetrical intern, innocent young guy, lovely curly hair. You must know the Pup . . . Oh, is his name Sabatino?"

"Dr. Sabatino is busy."

"What a rushing business you must be doing. Well, let me talk to Peach Fuzz. That nurse. Can't think of the name, I'm too excited. Peach Fuzz, you dummy. F for Frank, U for onion, ZZ for bee noises. Miss Lightbody. She has gone home?" Arden was yelling now. "Holy cats, this extern Mike Bonbright at 123 North Karkas Avenue is abandoned!"

ARDEN drove back to the tenement praying aloud: "Oh, Lord, I couldn't get Acton, I couldn't get Sixty, I couldn't get the Pup, and Peach Fuzz has gone home, so I'm calling on You."

Mike put his head out of the bedroom door when she raced into the kitchen. "Get anyone? No? Wonderful. Thank the Lord. We're getting somewhere now. I'm going to bring this baby by myself and get credit. I do love Mrs. St. Pierre. What a sport! Hear her holler. Good-by. Go home."

"May I help?"

"No need. Go home."

Arden made a face at the door as it closed behind him, and stayed. She began quietly to bring order out of the chaos in the room. To pick up the scattered dishes and pile them all in the sink and to place all the castoff clothes on one chair instead of five would help a little.

There was a tap at the door, and Sixty Bate put his smiling kind face and bald head inside.

"Don't you need me? The switchboard girl said Mike Bonbright is in a jam," Sixty said.

"He is not. He's doing all right. Please don't help him, Sixty. He needs to do this alone."

Sixty held his hat and coat and looked dubiously for a place to put them down

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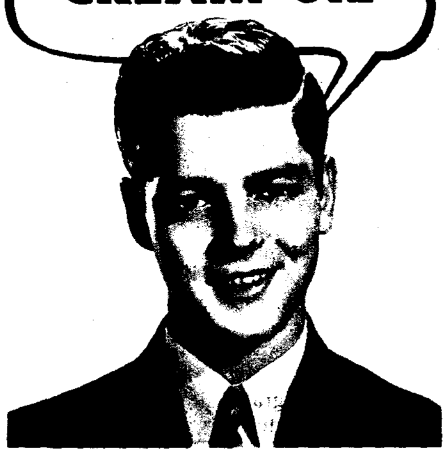

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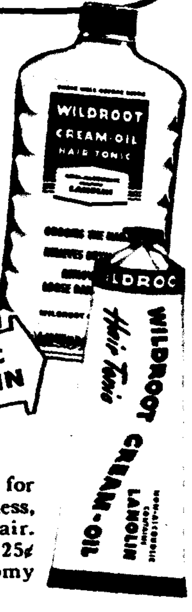

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TUNE IN "The Adventures of Sam Spade" Sun. evgs., CBS Network.

"Stick them in your car, Sixty," Arden said. "We left our coats in mine. Come back up quietly."

He tiptoed down the stairs, but Arden could hear laughing and talking when he came back, bringing with him the curly-headed Pup in muffler and overcoat with the inevitable black bag.

"Look who just rolled up in a taxi. The Pup. Meet Dr. Sabatino, Miss Beach."

"I'd be glad to help Bonbright out, and not tell a soul. Nice guy. Able man, too," said the Pup handsomely. "Shall I just peep in?"

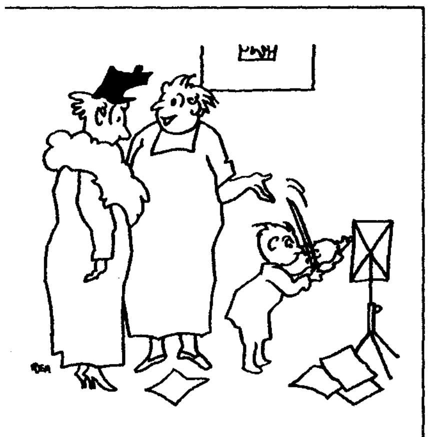
"No!" whispered Arden violently. "Let him think he's alone. Get going on the dishes, boys. I think that gray cloth is a towel. I'll sweep, if I can locate a broom."

THERE was a brisk rat-tat at the door, and a pallid young man with the customary black bag walked in.

"Dr. Acton!" Arden said.

"Hello, you-all," the resident greeted them. "Switchboard girl said Bonbright needs assistance."

"She must be hysterical," Arden said coolly. "Just pile your bag with those two others, Dr. Acton. Mike is getting long all right."



"A little bit sharp here, a little bit flat there—in the long run it all evens up"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

"It's awfully quiet in there," Sixty remarked uneasily. "The gal won't let any-ne in, Dr. Acton."

"Get right back to those dishes," Ar-en ordered sternly.

"There's a deathly 'ush," fretted Sixty.

The door flew open, and a queenly figure marched in, a figure in a tremendous lue cape, a large fur hat, and a black ag in each gloved hand.

"Peach Fuzz, darling!" exclaimed Ar-en. "Miss Lightbody, darling! Whee, two black bags!"

"Miss Beach, where is your apron?" sked Miss Lightbody automatically. "Am I in time? Can I help?" She began to wash the piles of dirty dishes with terrific speed.

Dr. Acton leaned on the stove. "We ould rent some chairs from a hotel allroom," he remarked. "Is that some-ody else at the door? This is too much. old the door, boys. Don't let another octor in."

Grinning, Sixty Bate and the Pup held e door shut firmly.

"But it could be the St. Pierre family ack early from the movies," said Arden, nd the young men took their shoulders om the door.

Snell crashed in, his fat face hot with ge. "What's the idea?" he shouted. You were holding that door, Pup; don't y you weren't. Professional jealousy. heard that dope Bonbright is flopping gain, so I drove all the way out here to eliver my number seven baby."

"You greedy brat, what a doctor you'll ake!" Dr. Acton murmured coldly. Bonbright can manage without you—onderful you."

"But can he? I prefer to see with my own eyes if everything is being done right," Snell replied importantly. "One can't trust Bonbright. Baby number seven, here I come."

Snell put his hand on the door handle, and Arden ran and flicked him on the wrist with a dish mop. He turned and shoved her, not hard. Miss Lightbody advanced majestically, swung the strap of her large overarm bag like a lasso, and whacked Snell hard on the seat of the pants.

"Peachy, darling!" Arden embraced her.

"I've always wanted to do that," the nurse exclaimed.

"Girls, no, no!" Mike was standing in the bedroom door, in his tight white cap and stained rubber apron, his tired face all one shine of joy. "Congratulate me!"

Arden seized him in her arms and kissed him.

"We do, we do!" from Dr. Acton, "but wash first, boy."

"We were afraid," said the Pup theatrically, "of the fearful hush in that room where you—you alone—were marching right up to the pearly gates fighting for the life of one little woman."

"One little woman, and two little children," Mike explained. "Living mother, living children. Boys, the nicest babies you ever saw. Mrs. St. Pierre is delighted."

"I am delighted. Mr. Bonbright," asked Acton formally, "would it be quite all right with you if Miss Lightbody and I just looked the situation over within?"

"Quite all right, quite all right," replied Mike grandly, with a wave of his hand. "When did all you people come? Why were the girls beating up on poor Snell? Where did he go? Seems to have vanished without congratulating me."

"Who cares?" asked Arden. "Sweetie, I'll drive down to the theater and bring back the St. Pierres while you get everything fixed up here."

"Meet you downstairs in your car in half an hour."

NOT long afterward, Mike put his arm around Arden as she drove slowly toward home. The wind and sleet had died down, and it was a still winter night, icy and beautiful. They did not notice the parade behind them, Sixty and the Pup in Sixty's big car, Dr. Acton's coupé, and Miss Lightbody's sedan, following in line not without some tooting like a wedding procession.

"Are you tired? I am too, all in, but it's a grand feeling," Mike said.

"What a doctor's wife I would make! Oh, I shouldn't say things like that. It's almost like hinting. I must try to blush."

"Say a thing three times, and it will come true."

"What a doctor's wife I would make! What a doctor's wife I would make! That's three times in all. I want to be married in a church. Does it matter which one?"

"Not much. They're all about as thorough. Did you figure out where we met, darling?"

"Not yet. It will give us something to talk about in the six years we have to wait. We must start out by telling where we were born, and trace our steps from there on, to see where our paths could have crossed. When were you born?"

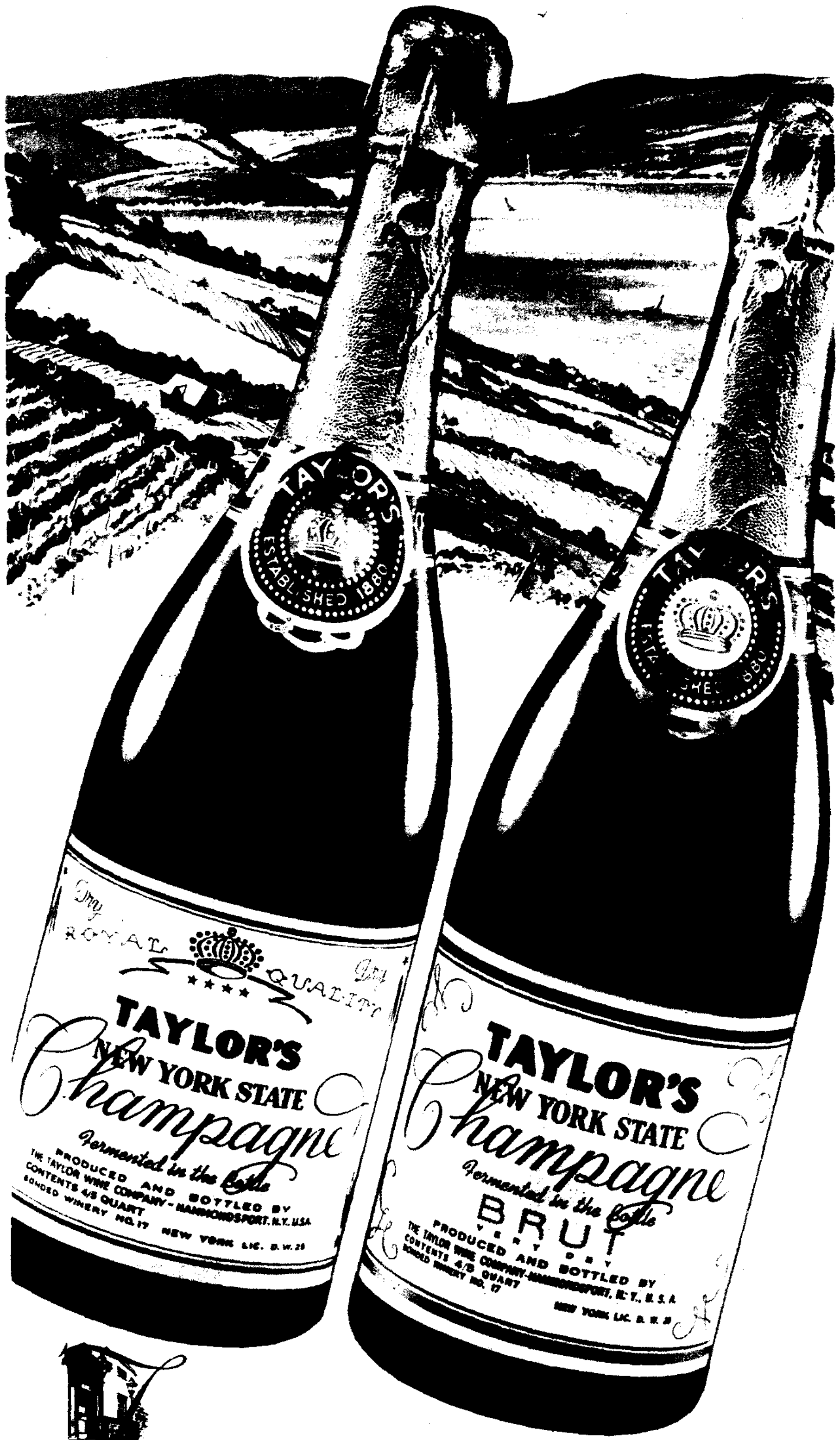
"September nineteen, nineteen twenty-five, at the United Doctors Civilian Hospital, in Evanston, Illinois."

"So was I!" she screamed. "So was I!"

They stared at each other incredulously.

"We must have been in two dear little baskets next to each other on the babies' shelf when we were one hour old each. You were red and roaring. That I remember!"

"No!" said Mike. "That's impossible for us to remember. It's unthinkable—but it's true!"



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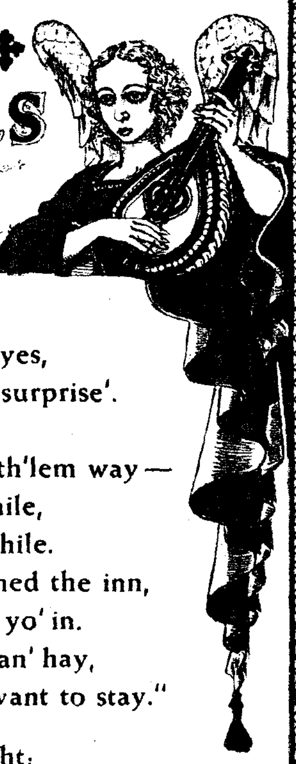
Christmas Lullaby



Honey, chile, come closer and jes' shet yo' pretty eyes,
For when the mawnin' comes again, yo' gwine to be surprise'.
Honey chile, tomorrow is the Lord's own holy day,
When Jesus come upon the earth—'waydown by Beth'lem way—
His ma and pa was po' folks, jes' like we is, honey chile,
A'huntin' a place to rest they heads, for jes' a little while.
And when they come to Beth'lem, the man what owned the inn,
Said, "Sorry folks, we's full tonight, we jes' can't take yo' in.
But in the barn they is a stall, with nice clean straw an' hay,
Jes' make yo'self at home, there, folks, as long's yo' want to stay."

And it was still and col' and dark upon that holy night;
Then all-a-sudden, the worl' bust out with music and with light.
And all the folks come runnin' out and look up in the sky,
And saw the bigges', brightes' star a-blinkin' there on high.
My, was they all powerful skeered with everything they saw!
They kneel right down upon they knees and tremble there with awe.
And then the heavens open, and the angels sing out clear,
"Glory to God in the Highest! The Prince of Peace is here!"

The little baby Christ jes' smile, like He sure want to say,
"Jes' take yo' time, folks, wait and see how it comes out my way."
For Jesus jes' love everyone, no matter who they be,
White or black, rich or poor, jes' like you and me.

Is yo' sleepin', honey chile, or is yo' foolin' me?
Land sakes, seems like the toys is growin' on that Christmas tree!

Dear Lord of all, hold in yo' arms this baby chile of mine,
And let him live to see the truth of all Thy love divine.

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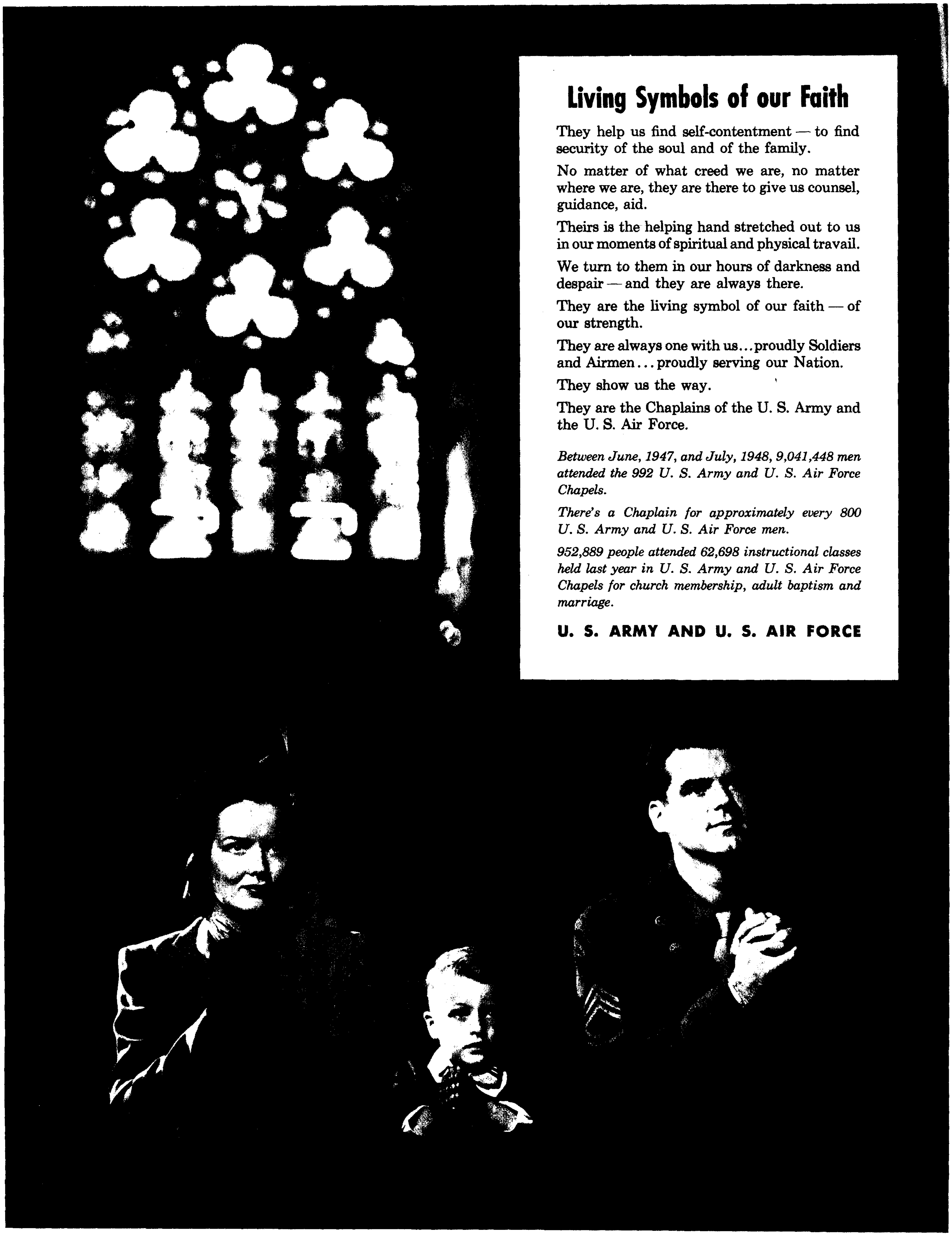
ARTHUR SZYK, NEW CANAAN, 1948.

To obtain a reprint of this poem, send 15 cents to Collier's Christmas Lullaby Reprint Dept., Springfield, Ohio



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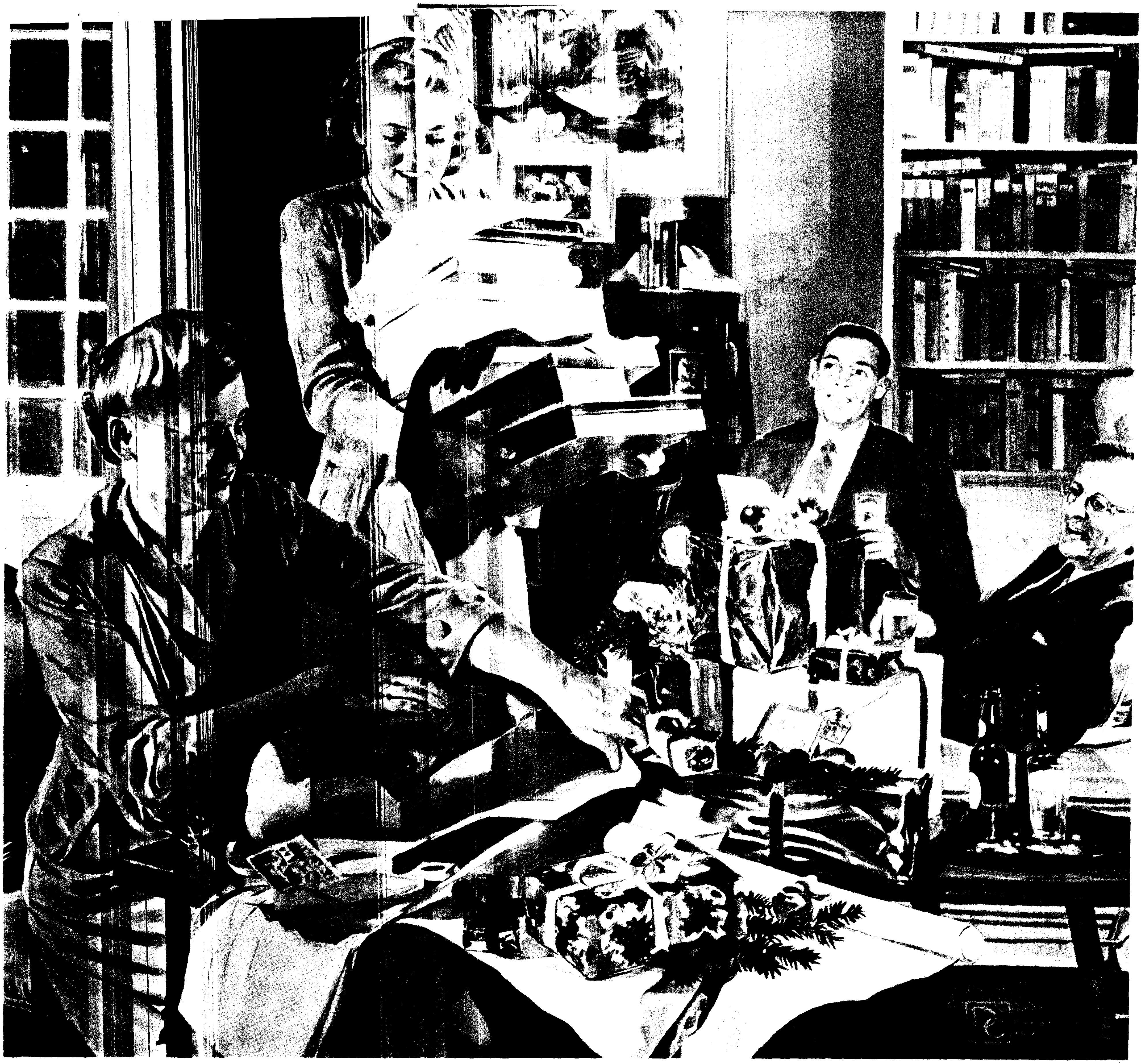
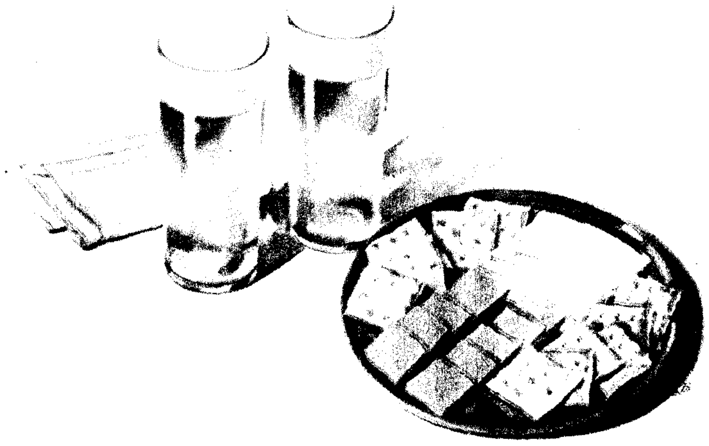
U. S. ARMY AND U. S. AIR FORCE



"GETTING READY FOR CHRISTMAS," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 24 in the series "Home Life in America," by noted American illustrators.

Beer belongs...enjoy it



In this home-loving land of ours . . . in this America of kindliness, of friendship, of good-humored tolerance . . . perhaps no beverages are more "at home" on more occasions than good American beer and ale.

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AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION

UNITED STATES BREWERS FOUNDATION

HOW TO GIVE MONEY AWAY

Continued from page 50

their money are often as strong as the drives that helped build the fortunes. Sometimes the giving was done by survivors rather than the money-makers themselves.

Russell Sage, for instance, amassed $70,000,000 from storekeeping, speculation in railroads and money lending. Known to his generation as the multimillionaire who wore old clothes and haggled over the price of an apple, Sage gave little away when he lived. But Mrs. Sage changed all that.

With Sage's death in 1906, his widow started to give away millions. Then she called her lawyers to her brownstone house opposite the present site of Radio City and with one fell swoop gave away $10,000,000 to form the Russell Sage Foundation.

The good that foundations do lives after the donors. So do the mistakes. Foundations are still being damaged by the dead hand of donors who gave money for what seemed to be a good idea at the time. You can repeal an outworn law, but try to repeal a carefully drawn will!

Consider the famous "Covered Wagon Fund" which Mayor Bryan Mullanphy of St. Louis set up to aid ". . . immigrants . . . coming . . . to settle in the West." What to do with the money, when settlers and covered wagons disappeared? Luckily the judges finally ruled that the money could be used to aid all travelers, and so helped to start the now flourishing Travelers' Aid.

Robert R. Randall, patriot privateer who carved a fortune out of cargoes stolen from British merchantmen, willed a piece of land in 1801 to support "aged, decrepit and worn-out sailors" in an "asylum" to be called "Sailors' Snug Harbor." The farm supporting the asylum should never be sold.

Huge Rents From an Old Farm

Randall's farm today is that fertile area in New York's Greenwich Village and Washington Square neighborhood, which, solidly planted with real estate, yields a $1,500,000 crop of rentals each year. With this money the Randall fund supports in style 400-odd sailors. Each enjoys his own private room. Many of them have bank accounts, draw Social Security payments, support relatives—and leave bequests to other institutions when they die.

A Pennsylvanian made everlasting provision for orphans. He was Stephen Girard. Born blind in one eye, Girard nevertheless knew a good business deal when he saw one. When he died in 1831 he was able to take care of his relatives handsomely and establish a $6,000,000 trust for the education of poor white orphan boys. Later, the real estate of this trust was discovered to be perching atop rich anthracite fields from which over 100,000,000 tons of coal have since been mined.

Girard's trust today is worth $83,000,000. Although social workers now say that individual foster homes are preferable, the Girard orphanage is to continue forever.

Other memorials to causes that seemed a good idea at the time:

A fund to encourage procreation. (The famous Canadian Stork Derby.)

A pin-money fund left by the late Henry G. Freeman, a Philadelphia lawyer, to supply $12,000 yearly to the wives of ex-Presidents.

How do you avoid boners in giving?

One way, say foundation experts, is to let professionals give your money away for you.

Noting the mistakes men make when they try to give their money away, Frederick H. Goff, president of the Cleveland Trust Company had an idea in 1914. "Why not pool the good-works funds in town?" he asked. Alone, modest bequests are only a driblet, but together with other bequests in the community they can swing the heft of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller foundation. The pool also eliminates inflexible wills.

The idea of the community pool, dubbed a community trust, has spread to 80 towns, mustering $75,000,000 worth of bequests. The biggest, the New York Community Trust, is a pool of 87 separate funds ranging in size from $100 to $2,750,000 for a total of $17,000,000.

Suppose you'd rather give your money away yourself?

Julius Rosenwald, an expert giver, had his own methods. "Give your money away quickly, preferably while you're alive. How do you know what the world will be like one hundred years from now or even fifty?" he asked fellow millionaires in the 1920s.

Rosenwald gave away $70,000,000 while he lived and ordered that another $22,000,000 in capital and interest be given away within 25 years after his death.

How well did Rosenwald's give-it-away-quick theory work? Let's ask Dr. Edwin S. Embree, who gave away the Rosenwald millions.

Faced with a dead line, Dr. Embree and his staff raced to build Negro rural schools and had neither the incentive nor the time to become a bureaucracy primarily interested in perpetuating itself. By spending principal as well as interest, Dr. Embree was like a commander throwing his full resources into battle instead of feeding them piecemeal to the enemy.

Dr. Truman B. Douglass has also learned how important it is to be free of the donor's dead hand. Dr. Douglass heads the American Missionary Association, one of the Congregationalist groups created by abolitionists in the 1830s to buy and to free slaves. What to do when Lincoln emancipated the slaves? The American Missionary Association fortunately had a broad charter.

Ounce of Prevention

BARNEY TOBEY

MAKE MINE TINSEL!

Those senile lights you should retire
May set your Christmas tree on fire,
So if you are in doubt about them,
You would do well to do without them.

MARGARET FISHBACK

With the slaves free, the association went on to the next step—education. It built the first Negro colleges in the South, among them Atlanta and Fisk universities. Then, when the Southern states began to build Negro colleges, the Missionary Association undertook the next job—fighting racial discrimination. It is doing this in the big cities by financing self-surveys which are designed to break down suspicion and hate.

The Rosenwald plan for giving quickly has won relatively few converts. True, John D. Rockefeller bound his trustees with so few restrictions that they can spend capital as well as income, but most foundations are built on the Carnegie model. The original fund is untouchable. Only the income can be spent.

The chief trouble, say professional administrators, is that many foundations aren't even spending their *income*, and this may bring the whole movement into disrepute.

F. Emerson Andrews, a studious young man in charge of publications for the Russell Sage Foundation, voiced such fears before Congress. Hopeful of discovering what other foundations were up to, he fired a barrage of questionnaires at 505 of them.

What he found out was disturbing; what he couldn't find out was even more disturbing.

"Many," he told a Congressional investigating committee, "appear to have no headquarters other than the office of a law firm, to be modest about their programs to the point of complete silence and, indeed, to be making no contributions of any sort from their accumulating and accumulated wealth."

Mr. Andrews pointed out that the top 10 on his list of institutions controlled half the wealth of all of them. These and others publish reports and operate in a public show window. "It's the smaller ones," said Mr. Andrews, "who have frequently engaged in somewhat dubious activities."

Most criticized in recent years, although impeccably legal, are the growing number of "family trusts" and business-owning foundations.

Here is how a family trust comes about.

Estate taxes can take up to 77 per cent of the wealth a man leaves behind. Besides, the tax collector wants cash, usually in fifteen months. If your money is tied up in a family business, your heirs will have to sell the business to meet taxes, and your family loses control of it. So you form a family foundation (reducing the taxes that heirs will have to pay) and turn over the bulk of your stock to it (keeping control in your family).

Some of our best foundations came about because wealthy men wanted to save taxes, keep family businesses in the family and also give money away as they thought it should be given. But sometimes donors give money to foundations and then try to keep it too.

A Wisconsin man set up a research foundation, arranging that its entire income pay the salary of a research director. That official, by coincidence, was his wife.

Then there is the business-owning foundation.

Merchant Jones owns the building in which his department store is housed. He is irked at paying high real-estate taxes, so he sells his building to a tax-exempt institution. Then he leases the building back for 99 years at money-saving rentals.

Consider the business that sells out lock, stock and tax bills to an institution whose earnings the tax collector can't touch. The managers continue to operate the business on a fee or commission basis, and taxes are completely short circuited.

More controversial still is the foundation whose resources are tapped to further the business interests of the donor.

One group of New England foundations, critics charge, is used by its creator to gain control of industrial enterprises, to hide corporate affairs from the public and to evade taxes. In another substantial foundation, built from a business fortune, the institution's president has little time for the affairs of the foundation. Although paid by tax-exempt foundation funds, he devotes most of his time to the donor's private business.

Tax on Foundations Urged

At Washington, last year, the National Tax Equality Association, a businessman's organization, pleaded with Congress to tax all business concerns whether owned by foundations or not. So did foundation men themselves. As more and more businesses are withdrawn from the tax lists, they warned, the rest of us must ante up the money the government continues to need.

But with all the well-heeled good will the problem of finding good causes is still with us. The trick is to find not only a worthwhile job to do but one that no one else will do.

Once it was simple to give money away. You gave it to widows, orphans, aged actors or to "magdalens who have strayed from the paths of virtue." But as organized social workers took over these burdens and government threw millions into Social Security, becoming Lord Bountiful took more doing. At first, philanthropists turned to scientific research. Now, with government and industry pouring billions into such projects, money givers must find another place for themselves.

What then can the pioneering foundation do? Well, how about studying the human animal—why he behaves the way he does? What makes a delinquent? Why do some men succeed while others fail? What makes a successful teacher?

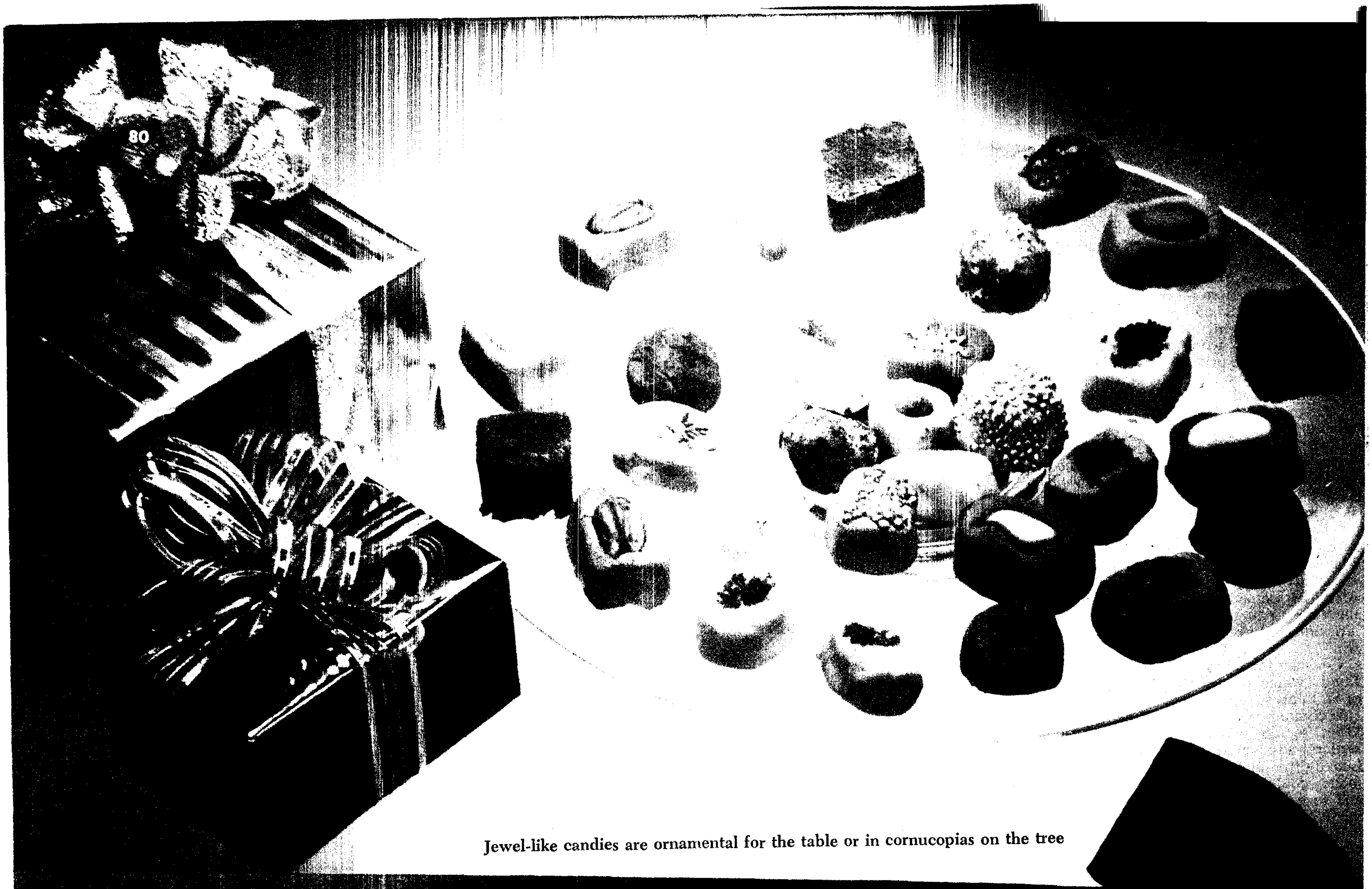
Once, experts tried to answer questions like these simply through the use of "common sense" based on scattered observation. Now, social scientists are beginning to settle their arguments the way natural scientists do—by tested experiments. Pioneering foundation money is helping them.

The foundation men hope to show that scientific yardsticks can be applied to the study of human behavior and so they prime the research pump in the social sciences as they did in researching malaria and cancer.

Good ideas for giving money away are as prized in the foundation world as ideas for making money are prized in the business world.

A foundation professional dwelled admiringly on the idea-sparking talents of a business figure. "He'd be worth $250,000 a year to some big foundation," he said wistfully. The Rockefeller Foundation sends out scouts to the universities to uncover ideas for giving, much as colleges scout high schools for football talent. Carnegie Foundation people like to have a wide audience for their annual reports, and they hope that readers of the reports will spark fresh suggestions for worthy causes.

How would you give money away? If you've got a good answer, tell it to the foundations. ❑❑❑



Jewel-like candies are ornamental for the table or in cornucopias on the tree

Cookies can be handsome. The cooky tree shown here is made of star cookies on a stick with round wood base

Plum pudding—hot and rich—is Christmas' most delicious dish

Uncooked fruitcake, redolent with spirits and spices, is a gift to last through the holidays

Food for Christmas Thought

By CHARLOTTE ADAMS

HOW about cooking your last-minute Christmas presents? Oh, no, not the ones you receive, the ones you give. A few hours of solitude in your kitchen, preparing homemade gifts, will be a pleasant interlude in this week-before-Christmas. In Christmas wrappings, they'll make a hit.

CHRISTMAS PLUM PUDDING

Two cups bread crumbs, 1 cup each: suet, sugar, stoned raisins, currants, molasses, flour, cut citron and milk; 1 teaspoon each nutmeg, cinnamon, salt, powdered cloves and soda; 3 eggs, ⅓ cup whole raisins. Add spices to flour. Mix thoroughly with fruit. Add suet, molasses, sugar and well-beaten eggs to bread crumbs. Dissolve soda in milk and add to above mixture. Last, stir in fruit and flour. Place in a mold and steam for four hours. Will fill a 2-quart mold.

UNCOOKED FRUITCAKE

One pound each: crystallized cherries, pineapple, citron, raisins and mixed nuts, 2 pounds finely rolled graham crackers, 2 cans sweetened condensed milk, generous pinch salt, 6 heaping tablespoons cocoa, 1 cup brown sugar, 4 level teaspoons cinnamon, 2 teaspoons each ground clove, allspice and nutmeg, ½ cup whisky. Keep out a little fruit for decoration. Cut up rest and mix with all other ingredients. Hard to do with a spoon, but worth the effort. If using electric mixer, keep at very low speed. Line molds with waxed paper and put in fruit decorations. Pack cake firmly into molds. Leave at least three days, tightly covered, to mellow. If cake dries a little, add more whisky.

BUTTER COOKIES

Four and one-half cups sifted cake flour, 1 cup butter, 1½ cups sugar, 2 eggs, 2 teaspoons each vanilla and baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons cream or top milk. Let butter soften at room temperature. Cream until light and fluffy. Gradually add sugar, slightly beaten eggs, cream and vanilla. Sift together 3 cups flour, baking powder and salt. Add gradually to butter mixture, stirring, not beating. Add half remaining flour. (At this point, if lace cookies are to be made, set aside a small portion of dough for them.) Add enough of remaining flour to make dough stiff enough for rolling. Chill thoroughly. On lightly floured board, roll out to ⅛-inch thick and cut into fancy shapes. Bake on ungreased cooky sheet in 375-degree oven 8-10 minutes.

For chocolate cookies: Add 2 squares melted unsweetened chocolate, cooled, to half of above recipe. *For lace cookies:* Place chilled *thin* batter in pastry tube and force out into desired shapes.

CHRISTMAS CINNAMON FUDGE

One cup brown sugar, firmly packed, 1 cup granulated sugar, ⅔ cup milk or top milk, 2 squares (2 ounces) chocolate, 1½ teaspoons powdered cinnamon, 2 tablespoons butter or margarine. Put sugar, milk and chocolate (broken) into a saucepan and cook slowly, stirring constantly, until candy thermometer registers 236 degrees, or soft ball stage. Remove from heat, add butter without stirring and set aside to cool. When lukewarm beat in cinnamon. Continue beating until shiny look is gone and a small amount dropped from spoon holds shape. Pour into greased pan. When cold, cut into squares.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RALPH STEINER

THE BARBIZON—FOR WOMEN ONLY

Continued from page 21

guests over social hurdles, the hotel sponsors a free program of afternoon teas, intimate musicales, swimming, backgammon and card parties in the evening and informal lectures on subjects ranging from cosmetics to civics.

And there are two pleasantly decorated lounges on the 18th floor, above the bedroom areas, where girls can take their dates after the desk has issued a pass. These lounges, with their easy chairs, magazines, Ping-pong table and no admission charge, are favorites of impecunious law and medical students and others who haven't money to squander on dinners and theaters. Their girls bring up record players, portable radios, games and other distractions for an evening as homey as a whistling teapot.

Many guests find their own entertainment in the ubiquitous gab parties and jam sessions you'd find in any girls' school. Less typical and less fun are solemn get-togethers where self-supporting residents figure out new ways to beat the cost of living in one of America's most expensive cities.

Thrift Is Frowned On

Some of the thrifty instincts of the girls give Manager Connor one of his worst headaches. His written and verbal exhortations can't always keep the girls from smuggling electrical money savers into their rooms. Residents try to hide hot plates for cheap meals, bottle warmers for morning coffee or midnight bouillon, hair driers and sun lamps in closets and bureau drawers. But as the forbidden appliances are discovered, they are removed to the management's safekeeping.

"I guess Mr. Connor must have enough electric gadgets by now to stock a store," said one girl who had just surrendered a hot plate.

It's a common sight to see girls sprawled on the bed, chairs and floor of a friend's room while they gnaw pencils, make elaborate calculations and jot down stern admonitions to themselves. This is called a Money Talk and may be attended by girls like Rosemary Smith, a Clio, Michigan, magazine layout artist who supports herself on a $50-a-week salary, or by Cleveland's higher paid Joan Diener, who sings in the Broadway hit, Small Wonder.

Budget for a Singer

"Besides ordinary expenses," Joan explains, "I have to put aside $100 every week for singing and dancing lessons and an accompanist; those are musts if you want to become a musical-comedy star. Then there are taxis to the theater, interviews and auditions, plus tips for my dressers backstage. There just isn't much left for me when all those are taken care of."

The girls figure and refigure, mull over one another's economy suggestions and wind up with this typical notation:

Fewer cabs
No room service—eat at drugstore
Cut down phone calls (11¢ each!)
Watch charge account at cleaner's
Wait till 9:00 P.M. for dinner invites

Like other girls sharing a community life, they swap clothes, hats and accessories so that they will look their best for an important job or gala date. Occasionally you'll find a full-scale auction going on in a double room, and it's always an S.R.O. event when a model leaves to get married and disposes of some of her things.

Often they are expensive outfits that were bought at wholesale and can be bid in for a tiny fraction of their retail price.

Intent enough to battle for places in the professions, it is not surprising that young Barbizon residents should invest their savings and earnings in their own careers. Seventeen-year-old Helen Sinclair, a $300-a-week fashion magazine model who has a drawl as broad as her native Texas, is putting money aside to learn fashion art at the University of Texas.

Kathleen Carnes, of Detroit, sings commercial jingles on the radio to pay for serious voice lessons, while San Antonio's Dorothy White teaches music appreciation in a suburban school, to further her piano studies.

Joan de Bey Murchison, an Illinois girl who proudly points out that her home town of Kewanee is famous for boilerworks, started her new publicity firm, Joan de Bey Associates, with her earnings from a television laboratory. Blond Claire McQuillen, from Erie, Pennsylvania, used her modeling fees to finance courses at the Art Students' League and Pratt Institute, from which she went out on her own as an advertising artist.

Obstacles Don't Deter Them

A harder-working or more determined group of career girls would be difficult to find. When they check in at the hotel and can't get the job they want, they take almost anything to keep alive until they find the job on which they've set their hearts. Some have been nurses' aides, dentists' assistants, accompanists, bookkeepers, receptionists and hat-check girls. And there was one young lady with modeling ambitions, who actually worked as a carpenter and qualified for a union card.

The kind of job a guest has is of no snobbish concern to the hotel, so long as it's respectable and won't create bad publicity. Manager Connor beams when he tells you about the Barbizon's roster of sales clerks turned buyers, receptionists now gracing magazine covers, secretaries promoted to executives. Particularly in cases where he knows the going has been tough he never fails to send congratulatory flowers when a girl gets the big break for which she's been working.

One of the outstanding success stories in the hotel is that of Natalie Nickerson, a willowy Phoenix girl of twenty-six. Natalie, whose hands look as though a fan would overburden them, operated a drill press in an Arizona war plant for three years. After V-J Day, she came East with the conviction that nothing would stop her from becoming a top model.

The agencies took just one upward look at her five feet nine and a half inches and gave her the brush-off—too tall. So Natalie got a job in a hotel where she punched an adding machine from midnight till 7:00 A.M. She caught a few winks of sleep at the Barbizon, then spent the rest of the day canvassing photographers.

At last one saw her possibilities and took such striking pictures that they sold immediately to the high-fashion magazines.

In two months Natalie was in such demand that her hourly modeling rate jumped to $25. In one year she earned over $25,000.

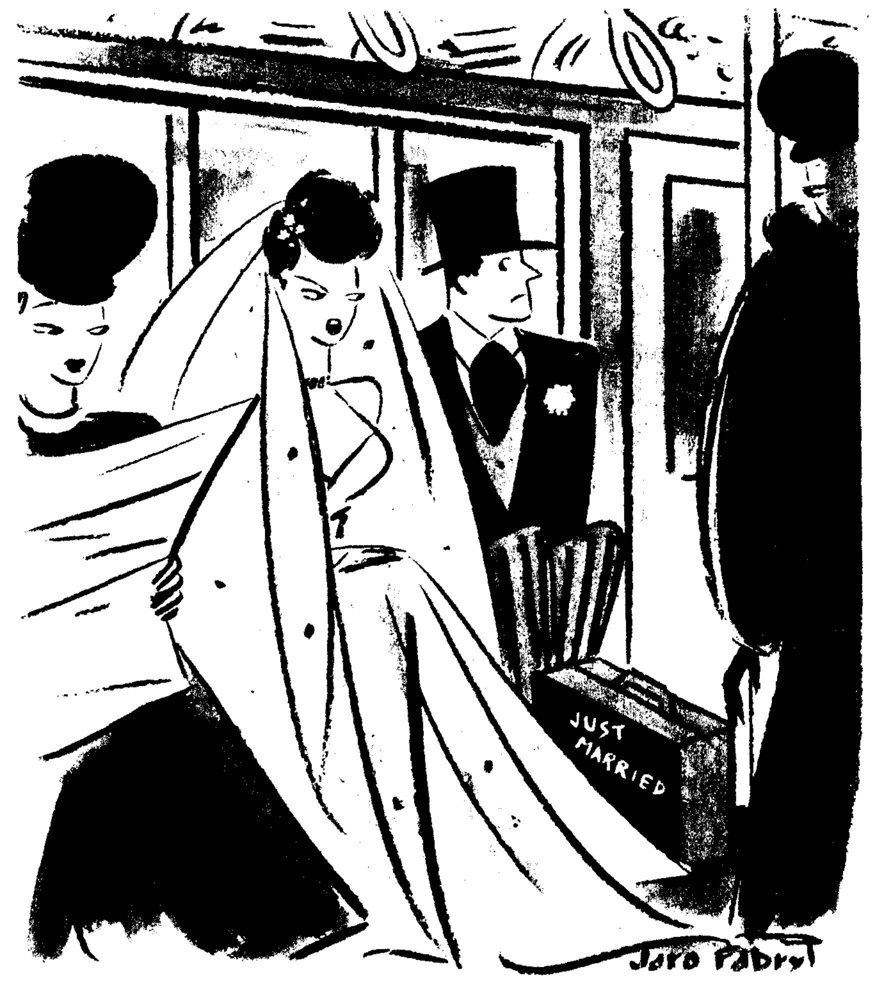
"I'm getting married soon and to a photographer," Natalie said. "I suppose it spoils the story, but he's *not* the man who gave me my first break."

Few Barbizon residents intend to pursue their careers at the sacrifice of marriage, according to Mrs. Sibley, who has been part of the girls' lives for 13 years. But they scoff at the idea of rushing into matrimony, as so many did in the war years.

"They feel there's plenty of time for marriage," Mrs. Sibley observed. "They like to go out with men and have a good time, but they're interested in their careers and want to do something on their own before they settle down."

Mrs. Sibley picked up a ringing phone in her office, listened with becoming gravity for a moment, then put the receiver down.

"I'm sorry, you'll have to excuse me," she said as she walked toward the door to the reception desk. "There's a gentleman who says he's a doctor to see one of our guests. No doubt he'll be twenty years old and will take care that I see part of a stethoscope sticking out of his pocket. It's the oldest gag in the Barbizon." ▭▭▭



COLLIER'S "When I agreed to be a thrifty wife, I thought that you would at least wait until tomorrow!" JARO FABRY

RINGSIDE MAIDEN

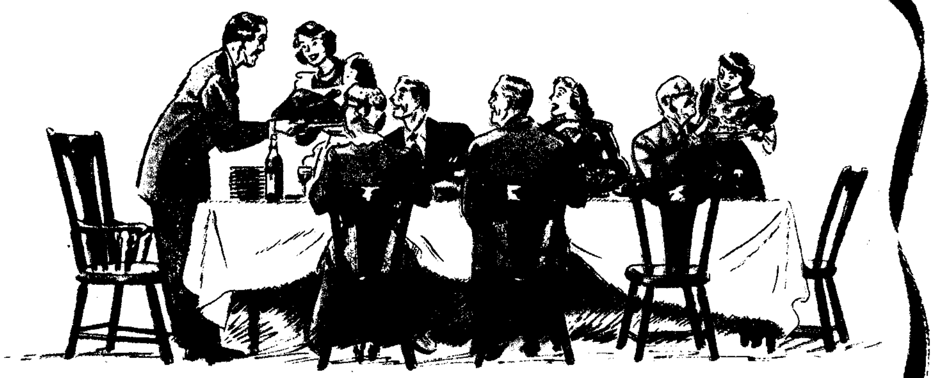
By EDWIN LANHAM

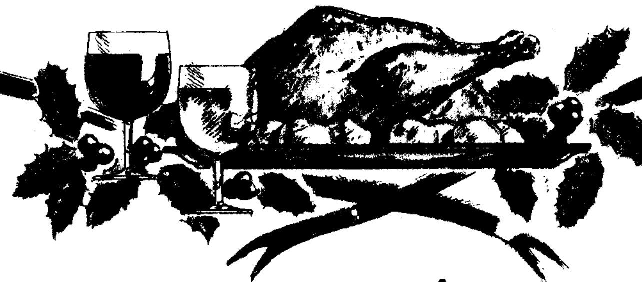
Agatha Christopher, bored, young and beautiful, inherits a bar and grill on New York's West Side, and ten per cent of a left-handed prize fighter. What Agatha wants is sophistication, pheasant under glass, and adventure—but what she gets is beer and pretzels, and slaps on the back from punchy characters who call her by the name she hates most: Aggie. However, as Jack Barlow, her handsome young lawyer, tells her, an aggie is a pretty special marble. And Agatha is—exactly that—as you'll find out next week when you start this romantic and compelling new story.

In Collier's *next week*

This Holiday Season

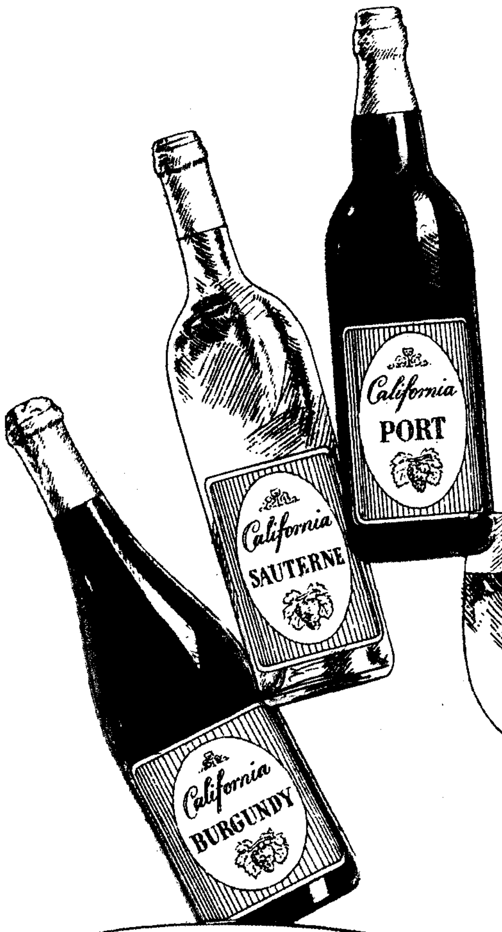
when there's a warmhearted welcome in every home...when folks sit down to the year's finest eating...





Bring out the wines America likes best

...the WINES of California



Wherever friends gather around wine and food, seven out of eight American families who serve wine choose the mellow wines of California's sunny vineyards. Try them at your house this Christmas

SET OUT fragrant Sherry to greet your guests. Serve hearty California Burgundy or golden Sauterne at holiday-time dinners. And in the evening pour small glassfuls of Port wine for folks to enjoy with refreshments.

Each of these, you'll find, is a way to bring extra pleasure to your entertaining. And particularly so when you serve *California* wines. For they are the wines America likes best—chosen, in fact, by seven out of eight American families who enjoy wine.

Nowhere in the world do wine grapes grow better than in the soils and climate of California. Here Palomino and Muscat, Zinfandel and Riesling—over 125 varieties in all—ripen to full flavor and sweetness each year.

And each year nature turns the pure juice of these grapes into wines. Mellowed under the care of skilled vintners, these California wines are yours to enjoy. You can do that often now—for prices are low. Wine Advisory Board, 717 Market St., San Francisco, suggests you write for the free booklet, *"Easy Entertaining with Wine."*

NOTHING IS EASIER THAN TO SERVE WINE

Wine has the same good taste from any glass. Even a water tumbler is "correct" glassware in which to serve your wine.

You fill glasses right from the bottle. After you open the bottle, Sherry and Port keep almost indefinitely. Table wines like Burgundy and Chablis Claret, or Sauterne and Chablis will keep in your refrigerator

Wonderful way to end a dinner. With your dessert and coffee, set out small glassfuls of California's velvety Port wine. And listen to folks say, "Um-m—a perfect dinner!"

THEY COST SO LITTLE

The wine you like best is the right wine to serve. Red wines like Burgundy and Claret are grand with red meats. White wines like Sauterne and Chablis do most for lighter meats or fish. And you'll find California Port tastes wonderful with desserts, fruit, cheese or nuts

...AND ADD SO MUCH

I SAW THE REDS TASTE FREEDOM

Continued from page 44

Russia the contrast between her country and America depressed her, and she determined she would find some way to escape.

"Then Stalin ordered the attack on Finland and Rumania and I was sent into service. A year later Hitler attacked Poland, and Stalin attacked Poland. What chance did I have? None. I am just a soldier. What good is my education? What good is my life? I have seen a better life but I am not permitted to use my education to make our Russian life like it. That would be treason."

She talked for hours with the melancholy common to many Russians in conversations but one theme was dominant—a longing to teach Russians the values of a life without fear.

At dawn she put on her uniform which was still damp, drank a cup of black coffee, and we walked with her to the square where the tanks were parked. We didn't talk any more except to say good-by. She saluted from her tank, gave the command, smiled back once, and drove off.

Such was the first of scores of personal contacts I had with Russians of all backgrounds in that strange interlude when for the first time in modern history, for the moment free of supervision by the dread secret police, large numbers of Russians were suddenly put into contact with modern capitalist civilization in an effete metropolis. It was their golden opportunity to be seen by and to talk with Americans for extended periods in all sorts of situations.

Long and bitter fighting had *not* preceded the occupation of Bucharest; the Russian officers were not exhausted and numb; the city was rich and lush and comfortable. Nobody was very unhappy. It was not until mid-January that the secret police, the NKVD, now called the MVD, really began to get the situation in hand.

Liberty That Didn't Last

For 120 miraculous days it was possible, for the first time since the revolution, for outsiders to talk without stint to Russian people, and for the latter to do as they felt, with practically no restraint, in one of the most sophisticated capitals of the Western world.

The sketches of Russian characters and viewpoints presented here are from my personal notebook. Like the lady tank commander, all of the people are real and all of the incidents really happened. To protect some individuals, both Russian and Rumanian, I have altered some names and descriptions.

Do Russians like our gadgets? Do they like private property? Do they react as we do to the opportunity to make a few bucks? Do they like privacy and seclusion or has their goldfish-bowl life made them not care? Have they got used to the security police, or do they still kick over the traces when they get a chance? Above all, what do they think about present-day Russia—and about the Western world?

Russian mass reaction to the gadgets of Western civilization impressed us most during the first days of the occupation.

There were thousands of girl soldiers slowly passing through, going on up to the battle then raging for the conquest of Hungary. They seemed to be from eighteen to thirty in age, a majority in the younger brackets. Many acted as traffic cops. All Rumanian stores and banks were required to accept their rubles, and the girls, mostly blondes, some beautiful but most of them of other rugged physique according to lywood standards, stormed the Galleria Lafayette and other big department stores.

The word had spread around that brassières and silk stockings were the most wonderful items of Western civilization, and it was heart-warming to see the girls streaming happily from the shops with their purchases—going to the combat area with the brassières tied over their heads like lace caps, and sheer hose worn proudly on the outside of their heavy peasant boots.

All invading armies in all wars engage in looting on a wholesale scale, Americans included. Therefore, I will mention only the aspect of looting that seemed distinctively and peculiarly Russian.

Bucharest probably had more American plumbing than any other capital in Europe, and heavy bombing had exposed it in many houses.

Before the end of the first week you could see Red soldiers lugging off bathtubs, usually carried upside down over their heads so that they looked like giant artificial turtles. When they had used up all the tubs in the ruins they sometimes invaded apartment buildings and private homes and chopped the tubs off from the pipes and carried them out, wading through gushing water. Many said they had succeeded in shipping them back to Russia.

Clothing was in great demand. One Russian major I met the first week showed me thirty-six suits of clothes he intended to take back. Everywhere on the streets one saw Russians with armloads of men's and women's clothing.

Knives and razors were in demand, but perfume, so dear to American G.I.s for sending home to girls, was not much sought after except by generals.

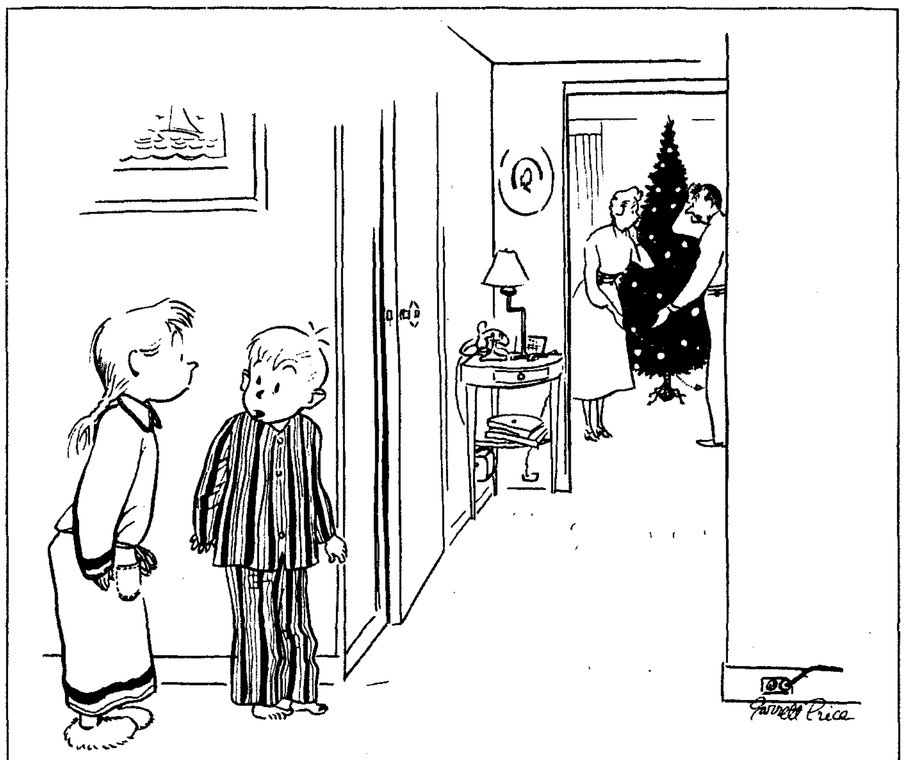
An American of my group was in the Ambassador Hotel barbershop, waiting for a shave. A Russian major was in the only chair, lathered up. Two Red soldiers came in, looked around and gathered up scissors, clippers and spare razors from the counter without molestation as the fearful barber began slowly scraping the officer. The soldiers then took the razor out of the barber's hand. This was too much for the major.

"Why don't you be reasonable and wait until he has finished shaving an officer of the Red Army?" the major shouted.

They did and took the last razor when the barber finished.

An NKVD officer later told me that at least 200,000 Russians, including many officers, deserted during the first month. Such attempts by ordinary soldiers were to be anticipated but it was hard for me to see how a Russian officer would expect to get away with it.

A Russian captain who had been in Bessarabia long enough to learn the Rumanian language stole a Rumanian citizen's identity papers, married a Rumanian widow with full legal and religious rites, then commandeered some privately owned automobiles and motor trucks. Loading up the trucks with furniture, edibles, tools, and livestock from various farms, selecting his breeds with care, he then drove into the Carpathian Alps where he "requisitioned" a château in the name of the Red Army.



"They've forgotten where they hid the presents. Do you think we ought to tell them?"

COLLIER'S GARRETT PRICE

There, when I left Rumania, he was still living—undetected by the NKVD, a manorial baron, having what he pleased to eat and drink in a fine old castle with many peasants to serve him and to till the lands.

I heard of many similar instances, but many Russians were exposed later by the Rumanians they had evicted who eventually realized that the evictions were not official acts of the Red Army.

Russian notions of caste were baffling, particularly between officers of different rank. A Rumanian banker told me in great bewilderment about a Russian colonel and his aide, a lieutenant, who occupied the first floor of the banker's house. The lieutenant did the cooking, washed dishes, made their beds and sang songs for the colonel. Once a week the banker gave an elaborate dinner for the colonel. He always invited the aide, who never came.

After two months the colonel asked the banker and his family to dine with him. A seven-course meal was planned, cooked and served by the lieutenant.

The colonel drank vodka from a tumbler and at the end of the meal was quite drunk. As the colonel shouted, beat the table with his fists and stamped the floor with his boots, the lieutenant, under command, jumped up on the table and shouting, yipping and yelling, danced the Cossacks' saber dance. There was pandemonium for fifteen minutes. The colonel cut off the dazed but polite applause by ordering the aide to get on with his dishwashing.

In this town there was little milk and no cream. The Red Army had taken nearly all of the cows and most of the grain, and the Red colonel was the only person permitted to have cream from the local dairy.

A quart of whipped cream was delivered to him every morning. He consumed about half of it. None of it was offered to the lieutenant or the banker's family upstairs. When the colonel was finished with his breakfast he would walk to the window and cast it out on the ground for a flock of chickens which waited patiently, ruffling their feathers in anticipation each morning.

We were equally mystified by the fact that many generals in or passing through Bucharest reported by night to a small apartment occupied by a Red Army lieutenant. We established that the lieutenant was not a member of the secret police but we never found out who or what he represented or what his duties were. Our guess was that he was direct liaison from the Kremlin, but why a lieutenant was picked was beyond our imagination.

Explaining His Demotion

It could have been a case similar to that of my young friend, Misha, who was demoted in the Red Army from lieutenant colonel to lieutenant. One night he explained to my assistant, who was of Russian origin, that he was really much more important than he seemed.

"I was demoted for a breach of regulations," he explained sadly.

"What happened?" my assistant asked politely.

"I killed my colonel."

"I'm afraid you'd be lucky to get off with life for that in the American Army," my assistant said.

"Ah, but my colonel was not a party member," said Misha. "I am."

Acceptance of bribes, large and small, by officers in occupation armies is not unusual, as any student of military history knows. What is interesting is not that only Russian soldiers, officers and the sacrosanct NKVD accept bribes, but that their training, zeal and discipline have not made them any different in this respect than their opposite numbers in capitalist armies.

One of the highest Russian generals in Bucharest, during my stay there, accepted a bribe in Rumanian lei amounting to approximately ten thousand American dollars. The bribe was directly paid to the general in a handsome leather brief case by a leading Rumanian industrialist. It was paid in the industrialist's home in the course of a reception in the general's honor. So far as I know, the general carried out his pledge and did not ask for more money, but later the Rumanian Communists took over the property, and the owner was jailed.

A young Russian liaison officer to the U.S. military mission, since liquidated for too close association with Americans after the curtain went down again, was approached by a Danish businessman, regional agent for an American firm. For a substantial bribe in lei, the Dane persuaded the Russian officer to drive him to Budapest, where the Dane's family had been trapped.

The house had been bombed, one of the daughters had been assaulted by Russian soldiers, and the family was living in the cellar in a state of near starvation. The officer had agreed to drive them back to Bucharest, but at the last moment he refused to go unless he received a second bribe of eight gold wrist watches and another sum of money.

To refuse to pay meant certain death to the Dane and his family, so he paid again and they reached Bucharest safely.

The liquidation of the officer had nothing to do with the bribes. After the NKVD dropped down the curtain in Rumania in early 1945, he was seen too often with us, and one night he and his sergeant were taken from his billet at midnight and shot.

A notorious German spy sent word to us that if we would not interfere with his escape he could perform certain valuable services for us. I saw him and he proved to us that he had taken care of the Russian end of the deal by bribing the NKVD colonel in charge of his case with U.S. dollars, not lei. We permitted the German's escape and he subsequently carried out his end of the bargain, in another country.

The idea that the world-renowned NKVD could be bribed astonished me, but we determined to try it and bribed eleven NKVD officers both for information and to perform services for us which were certainly treasonable from their point of view.

I was curious to learn why they insisted upon dollars for their bribes. One of them finally explained:

"I wish to keep going westward as soon as I can and therefore only dollars would be useful."

Potentially, this sort of thing was a case of simple desertion, with no ideological motive behind his desire to get out. However, this period of slack discipline was probably the only time considerable numbers of Russians have had, in effect, the opportunity to revolt against their leaders. We were curious to see if they had the instinct for revolt if given the chance.

It turned out that they had neither the instinct nor the chance. At least when I asked a Russian commander what action we should take in the relatively simple matter of his soldiers trying to steal our jeeps, he replied simply enough, "Shoot them. That's the only way I can control them."

Russian troops often ran amuck while looting. But out of innumerable instances where an individual security officer or small numbers of NKVD challenged a large group of rioters, there was not a single case in which the Russians made the slightest attempt to resist en masse.

Plainly, the idea of resistance to authority has been bred out of the mind of those Russians that we observed.

Girl Officer Raps Stalin

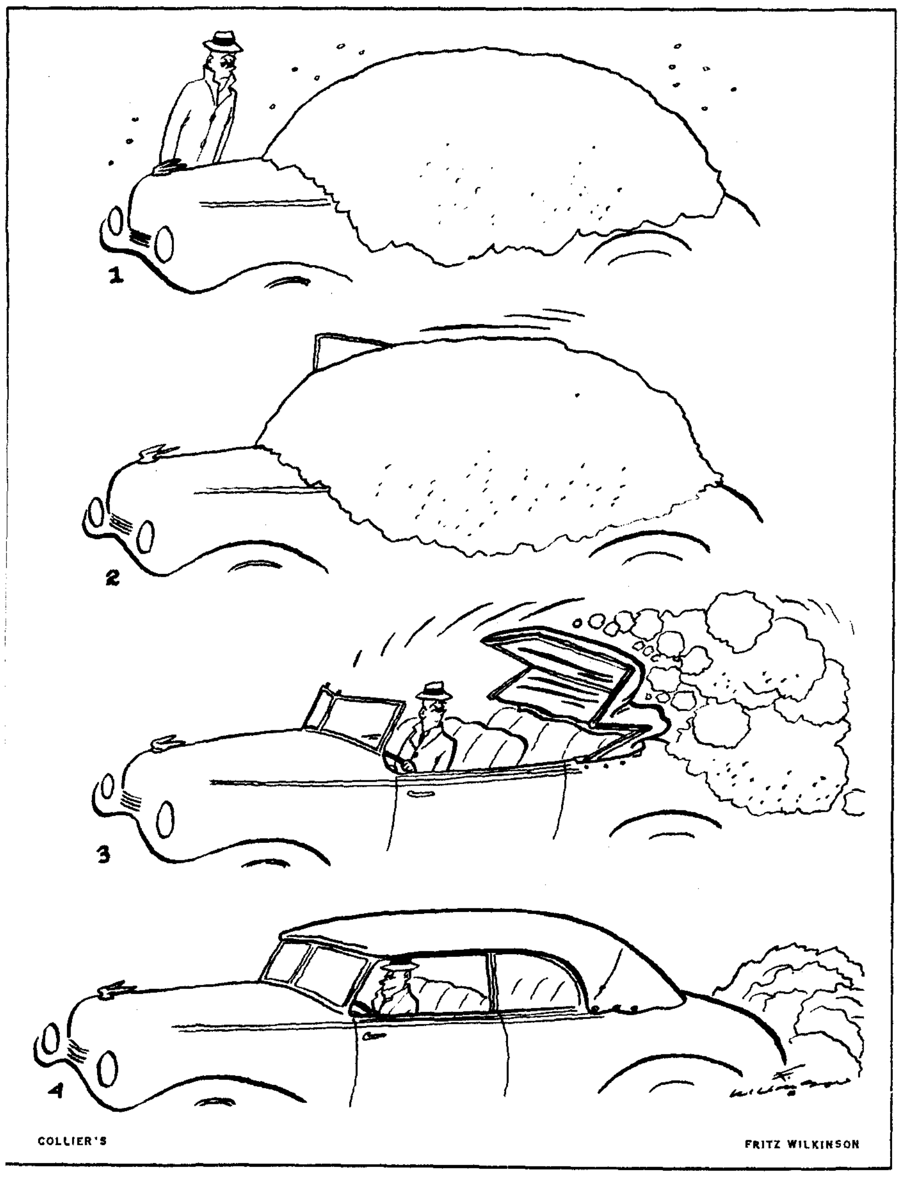
Only once did I hear direct criticism of Stalin. A girl officer, tired and dusty but spirited, was taking an outdoor shower in the back yard of a house adjoining the home of a friend of mine in Timisoara. The girl said:

"We are on our way to Berlin to get Hitler and then we are going back to Moscow and take care of Stalin. He is as much to blame for this war as Hitler."

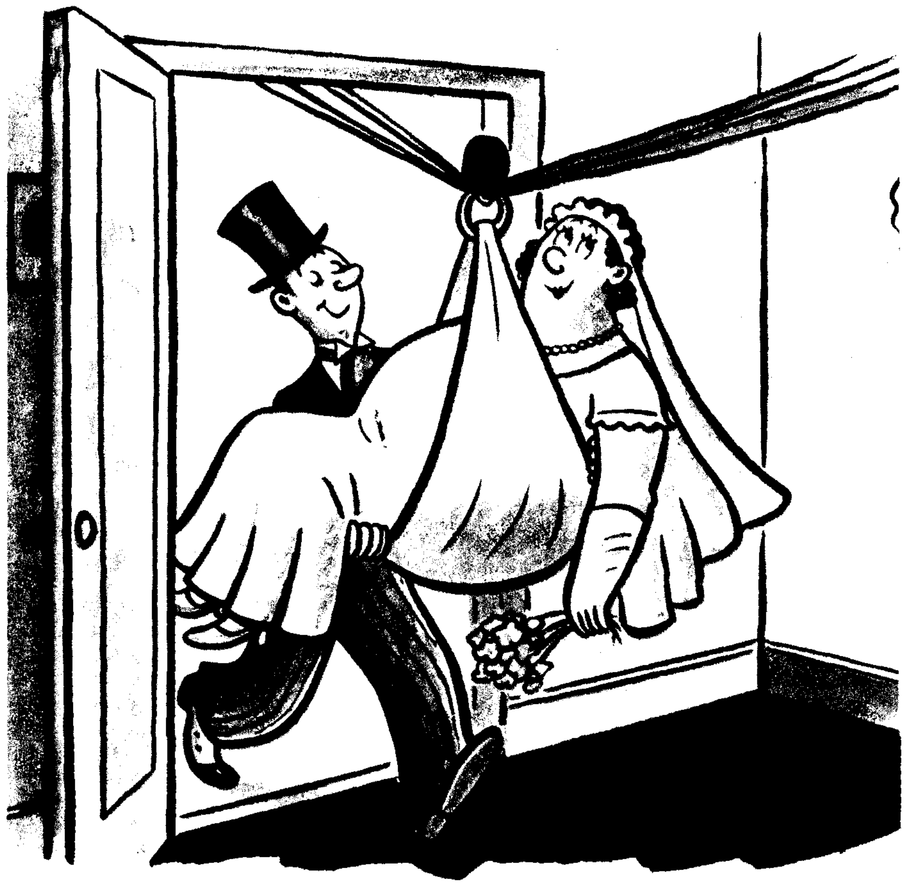
I'm still trying to understand the purpose of an anti-British line of propaganda with which the initial army marching through Bucharest and later units had been indoctrinated.

When we stood on the street on that first day, members of several units slogging through shouted to bystanders, "On to Berlin!" and "On to London!" It was fairly frequent. The first British officers did not arrive for a month. They were inclined to be skeptical but after they arrived, some Red troops on the march were still sounding the "On to London" slogan.

During that fall and winter we had many pleasant social visits with Red



COLLIER'S FRITZ WILKINSON



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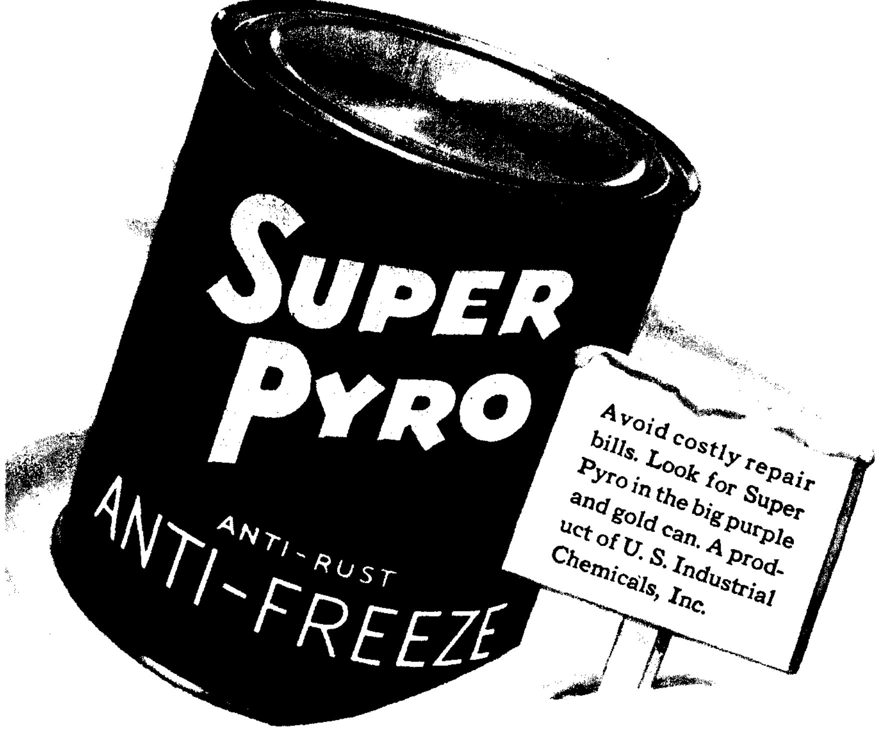

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Army officers. All of these officers expressed friendship toward the United States and said there was no reason why the U.S. and Soviet Russia should ever fight. Nearly all of them at this point said, however, that they did anticipate trouble with England sooner or later.

One Soviet production official, and he is near the top, treated me with warmth and invited me to be his guest at his home in Moscow. He predicted that Russian production would pass American production in all fields by 1954 and went into some detail. In his comments there was no indication that he had any mental reservations as to the desirability of state-controlled industry and labor, although the circumstances were such that he could have talked freely without embarrassment.

A View of Ideological War

One of Stalin's 20 top generals was in Bucharest for a short time. He told a friend of mine that senior officers of the Red Army did not think an ideological war against the capitalist world would be supported. Though Nazi outrages and bestiality in the invasion of Russia had inflamed the Russian people into making a first-rate army, he doubted that enthusiastic support would be given by the Russian people to a Red Army invading peaceful Western countries in an ideological war.

Though several Russians who had traveled abroad told us that if given the opportunity they would prefer to live in the Western world, the majority did *not* complain about (a) living under a police state; (b) state bureaucratic tyranny; (c) any other phase of present Russian life except the relative absence of adequate housing and consumers' goods, usually expressed in homely terms.

A good many Russians we talked to expressed moral and religious attitudes which were other than we expected. For example, at one party I gave with about 100 Russians present, many of our guests expressed contempt for a Russian officer who was present because he had been married 27 times. All of them added expressions of pleasure that the Soviet government had clamped down on too easy marriage and divorce.

Many at this party and at others said they were glad religion was coming back to Russia. However, none of us met any Russian who would indicate that he himself was a religious man.

Information about Russian attitudes toward the possibility for advancement in the Soviet state tended to be rather neutral. Few Russians talked specifically about opportunities or lack of them. Yet homesickness was fairly common; many talked from time to time about getting home, just as weary American troops might do—not talking about the future, just about getting home.

However, with the exception of the production official mentioned, not a single Russian ever tried to sell us on Russia, although remarks sometimes indicate they just took it for granted that the Soviet state was better than capitalist countries.

Though their remarks were generally friendly, Russians who had not traveled in the West usually said only two things specifically complimentary about the United States: They praised U.S. industrial efficiency and popular music.

"I love Benny Goodman," was the sole English vocabulary of one noncommissioned officer and he used it whenever he thought it suitable.

A good deal of the ruthless treatment of individuals by the Russians appeared to be not so much ideological training as simple convenience, marked by complete callousness toward the individual.

I had an emergency trip to make by air to Turkey and arranged for a plane from the Rumanian government. After we had taken off with Russian clearance, the commanding general remembered he had forgotten to pass on to the air control officer new orders from Moscow temporarily forbidding the departure of any plane. The general at once sent a fighter squadron to make us turn back or shoot us down.

My pilot's intimate knowledge of mountain passes and favorable cloud cover was all that saved us. In this case it was clear that no malice toward the U.S. or toward me was involved. It was simply that by shooting down the plane he could save himself official inconvenience.

It was on January 6, 1945, that the Russians began rounding up and deporting to Russia for slave labor all men between the ages of eighteen and forty-five and all women between the ages of seventeen and thirty-five who were of German ethnic origin.

Nearly 100,000 were shipped out in unheated boxcars in bitter cold. Some of them came from families whose ancestors settled in Rumania as far back as the year 1211, and many of them were not of German ethnic origin.

The city was divided into districts and to each district was assigned a team composed of Russians and Rumanian police. Each team had a quota to fill. When they yanked people out of their beds two hours before daybreak and couldn't find enough by the name of Mueller or Schmidt to fill the quota they took anyone and threw him into their truck.

At the station some people escaped. Then the team would grab the nearest bystander and shove him or her into a boxcar. I was there that morning and I saw these things happen.

If any conclusion can be drawn from this it is that to the individual Russian an order is something to be carried out regardless of how or the consequences.

I did not hear of any instance of Russian argument or debate when an order was involved. A Russian gives orders after listening to a superior's story; then his responsibility is ended.

Capricious and stonyhearted as some of the Red Army proved to be, they were gracious and sympathetic compared with the Russian civilian officials who came later.

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The Russian people not only like comfort but they want luxury when they can get it. When the hundreds of civilians, engineers, technicians and businessmen replaced the Red Army, they requisitioned the finest homes in Bucharest.

The luxurious surroundings were not enough. They demanded so much more—and their wants never ceased—that the Rumanian government found it necessary to set up a special bureau to take care of them. Their demands ranged from statuary for garden fountains to oil paintings, Oriental rugs, silver services and chauffeured limousines to take their children to school.

Personal Habits of Red Army

The Russian officers we saw, even in the earliest period, were on the whole personally clean, orderly and well groomed. The notion of the Russian as dirty or untidy personally was not supported. The Russian enlisted man possibly was not as neat as some Western soldiers, but compared favorably on the whole in personal appearance. Naturally the first combat troops were tired and dirty as they were anywhere. The later troops were clean.

The Russian soldier is inclined to be disorderly in his off time, by our standards, but most Europeans consider *our* soldiers disorderly in recreation.

Russian troops generally drink more than any others. They love to dance. When girls aren't available and the mood is on them, they will dance with each other, or seize a passer-by. I was once snatched from my table in a restaurant and pressed into service as a dancing partner for a round or two. When they aren't dancing, they sing and weep in groups.

Russian company grade officers vary greatly in personal manners. We met many who would pass muster in society in any Western capital. But others, many others, we saw were as boorish as the enlisted man.

A Red Cross doctor told me about an experience he had near the Hungarian-Rumanian border. Three female Russian soldiers hailed his Red Cross truck. Waving sub-machine guns, they ordered him into the woods. One of the girls ordered him to treat her for venereal disease.

While the doctor was talking to her, a drunken captain came on the scene, stole a bottle of brandy out of the Red Cross truck, and poured out a tumbler for himself and one for the doctor. Then the captain ordered the Russian girl soldiers to stand at attention so the doctor could pick one. At this point a Russian major came, stole the girls, the brandy and the truck. He put the captain under arrest, staggered into the truck and drove off.

Neither the truck nor its equipment were seen again. The doctor and his assistant started to walk to town, but were robbed and stripped of their clothes by another detachment, and reached Bucharest in their underwear and barefooted.

Officers Were Hard Drinkers

But on the whole, Russian officers of field grade and general officers had good manners. They drank heavily but carried their liquor well. Staff officers would start drinking when they rose in the morning, eating pickles and onions for breakfast, interspersed with pickled fish. Then they would put in several hours of work.

Around noon they would vanish. We rarely could find a Russian officer to transact business with between the hours of noon and 7 P.M. At seven all offices were manned, and it was not unusual for them to work until midnight and later. They said this was to allow for the difference in time to coincide with Moscow office hours.

At receptions with mixed company, Russian officers' manners were usually charming. While they were too stiff to be called courtly, they were pleasant, even jovial. They would compliment ladies present, and not infrequently kissed their hands.

On the other hand, the Russian callousness-for-convenience extended to the emotional department, for they frequently had truckloads of screaming German and Austrian girls carried by duress to their billets at night, and dragged back to the internment camps in the morning.

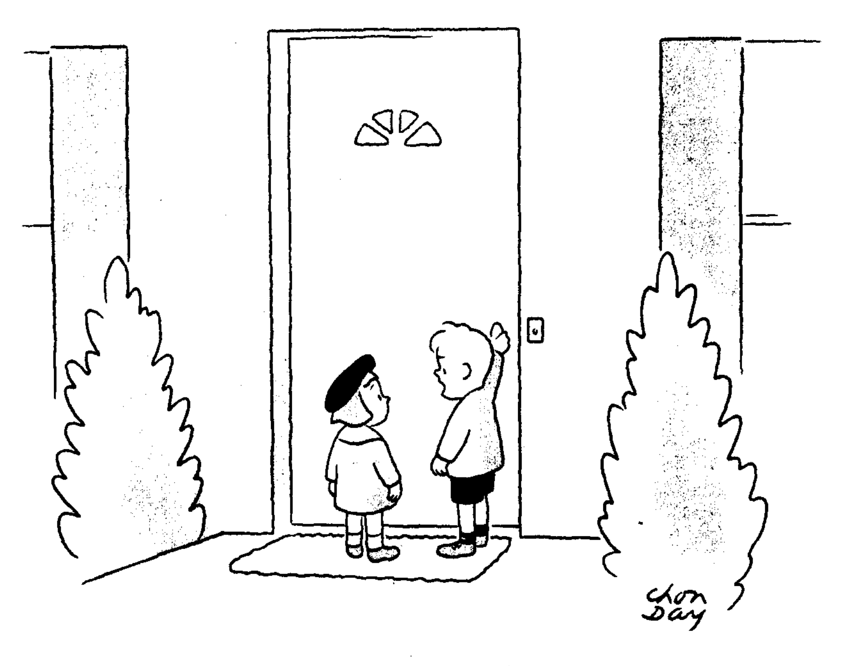
My New Year's Eve party, a gay one with a hundred or so Russians attending, was the last occasion other than formal and official, of free and easy mingling between the Soviets and the Westerners.

The NKVD had been drifting in to Bucharest like a heavy snow, slow and silent. Now most of the Red Army officers were carefully selected and sifted. The NKVD imposed controls over American and British officers. Present personnel could leave the country but no new officers or soldiers could enter without Moscow's approval.

A short time later a young Russian officer confided the bad news that no Soviet officer hereafter could visit an American or British officer's home, nor receive an American or British officer in his own, nor be with them anywhere except in a public place or at a state approved function.

We tried quietly to maintain the old cordiality for more reasons than sentimental ones but it took us only a few weeks and a few liquidations of Russian friends to see that it was useless.

The Iron Curtain, rolled up by chance for a scant four months, was down—thi time to stay.



"You'll have to excuse Mother's appearance. She's been at the beauty parlor all day"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

HOW TRUMAN DID IT

Continued from page 13

Members of the White House staff were grouped around the President. It was in everyone's mind that he had brought the Democratic Convention to life with his acceptance speech. Nevertheless, already the "experts" were saying that he couldn't possibly win.

The talk at that staff session turned to the coming campaign, and the President said decisively, "We are going to win. I expect to travel all over the country and talk at every whistle stop. We are going to be on the road most of the ime from Labor Day to the end of the campaign. It's going to be tough on everybody, but that's the way it's got to be. I know I can take it. I'm only afraid hat I'll kill some of my staff—and I like you all very much and I don't want to do hat."

I don't believe it stretches the truth to say that the election was won then and here.

I intend to write here only about that part of the campaign which I personally saw—the President's part, and that of he staff who traveled with him. There were other vital phases, of course, such as the hard, effective campaigning of Senator Barkley; the work of the Democratic National Committee under the capable direction of Senator J. Howard McGrath; the brilliant job done by organized labor. Others can tell of these activities with greater authority.

It was the President's own idea to wage his kind of fight. There were no deep-aid schemes, no devious plans, nothing hat could be called, in the language of he political analysts, "high strategy." The President's strategy was to go out all over the country and talk to the people in plain terms about the issues as he saw hem.

If he ever had any doubts about winning, he kept them to himself. He inpired us all to believe that he would win.

The Planning Wasn't Easy

If the strategy of the campaign was imple, the execution required an infinite mount of planning. He roughed out his ideas in this way: first, the Labor Day isit to Michigan; then a big swing into he West, clear to the Coast; then a Middle Western trip; finally a hard-hitting oray into the great population centers f the East, followed by a quick trip back o the President's home state of Missouri or the windup.

A tough problem was that of getting adio time to match the time we knew he Republicans were putting under contract. Our prospect for getting funds nywhere comparable to those at the ommand of the Republicans was bleak. They brightened after Louis Johnson ook over the job of fund raising for the National committee. And the final result n purchased radio time, though not all hat we wanted, was well beyond our opes at the start.

Air travel—except in one case—was uled out; we all wanted the President to e seen by as many people as possible. The President's original idea was to go nto all the states of the Union, includng those of the deep South. He rather elished the prospect of facing up to the Dixiecrats on their home grounds. How id he expect to be received down there?

"Why," he replied, "with courtesy, of ourse."

The idea of a Southern trip held appeal, because it would show that the Boss ad courage, but the plan was ultimately uled out on the ground that every ounce f energy should be used in places where aterial political gain might be expected. The political courage of the President ad already been amply demonstrated.

Oregon and Washington were dropped because they had been included in the June 3-18 "nonpolitical trip" to the West Coast.

That June trip really did start out to be nonpolitical, with the acceptance by the President of an invitation to visit the University of California and receive an LL.D. degree. Other bids poured in, till the trip grew into a two-week affair. Soon the President was smiling whenever he used the term "nonpolitical" in connection with it.

The President had said he could "take it." The staff made him prove it. It showed him no mercy. Schedules were being revised almost up to the minute the President boarded the train. Sometimes they were changed en route. Backbreaking burdens were often added when the load already seemed too heavy for any man to carry.

A Pair of Fine Troupers

Two particular helpers stand out with boldness in inverse proportion to their great modesty. I mean Mrs. Truman and Margaret. They were fine troupers. The people who saw them on the campaign trips sensed the deep affection which binds them together, and liked it.

The total mileage of Truman's seven campaign trips was 21,928. With the June "nonpolitical" junket added, the total reached 31,473. The President made 351 speeches—76 in June and 275 from Labor Day on. One day he delivered 16!

It reveals no secret to say that Mr. Truman on his campaign trips had speech writers to assist him. But he went over every line with his staff, and worked painstakingly on draft after draft of every major address.

The President writes good straightaway English—Miss Tillie Brown of Independence, Missouri, first taught him to do that. He knows his Bible. He has read everything that Mark Twain wrote and can quote much of it.

He said often when someone suggested a deletion, "That's good. Never use two words when one will do as well." Sometimes he would say of a passage, "That's not the way I would say it. Let's change it to this," and then he would come out with the right words for Harry Truman. "Let's not weasel-word it," was a frequent injunction. "Let's say just what we mean."

Clark M. Clifford, special counsel to the President, and Charles S. Murphy, of the President's staff, did most of the work on the speeches. Among the helpers were George Elsey, Clark Clifford's assistant who worked long hours on notes for the "whistle-stop" talks; and Philleo Nash of the staff.

We had our speech-revising sessions around the table in the little dining room of the President's private car. Generally there were Clifford, Murphy, the politically wise Connelly and myself. Nobody had any special pride of authorship, but we did get into heated arguments now and then. The President would grin and say, "All right, you fellows fight it out and I'll decide." He never lost his good temper, although we gave him plenty of provocation.

We heard a lot about the slick efficiency of the Dewey train. All the speeches there, we were told, were handed out to the press well in advance of delivery, so that there was never any loss of first-edition coverage.

Things were done in a rougher sort of way on the Truman train, as if we were operating just one jump ahead of the sheriff. Many of the speeches were written as we went along. They had to be. The President and everybody around him had been so swamped with other work that we started the September

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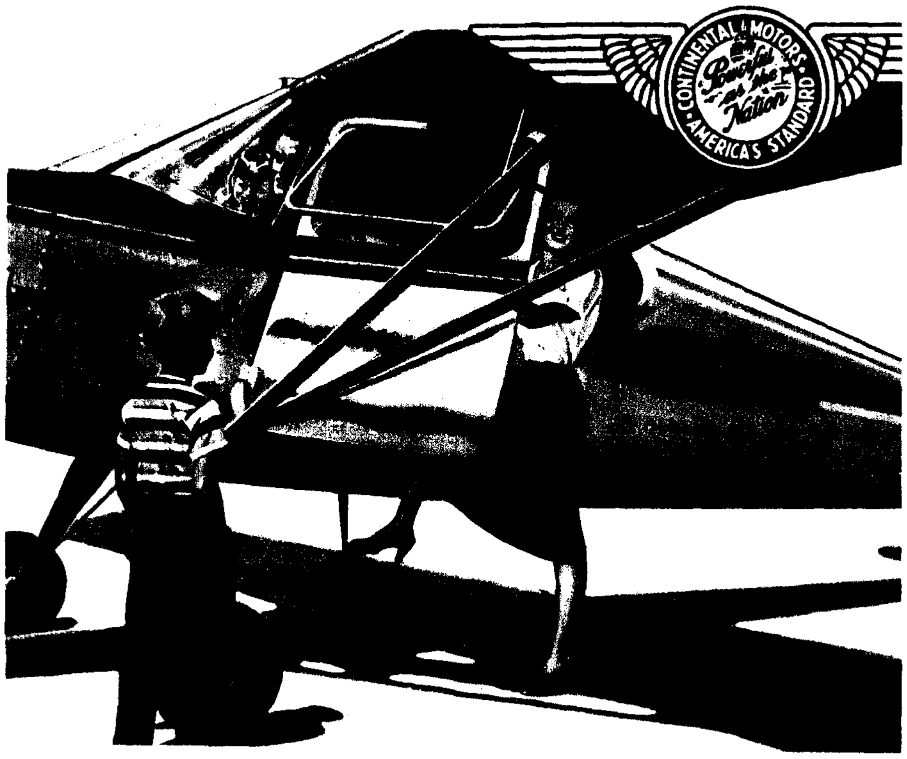

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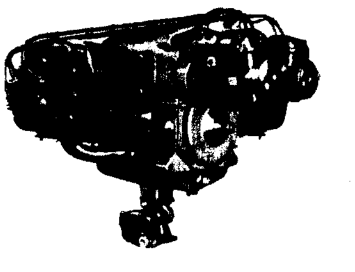

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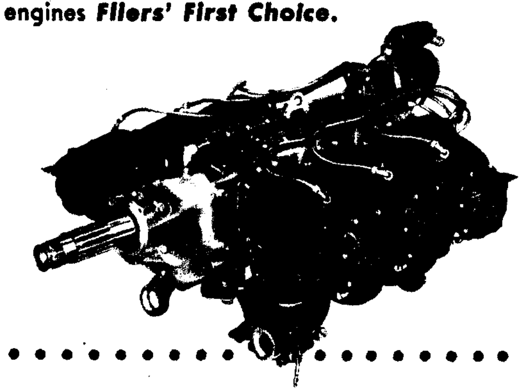

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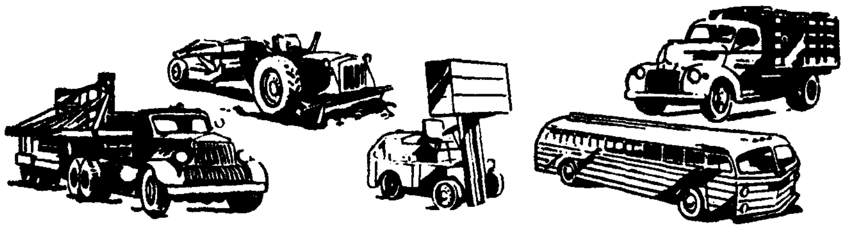

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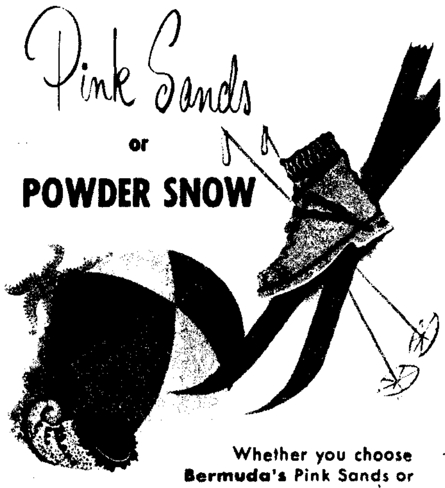

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Western trip with only the Dexter, Iowa, speech prepared.

We were understaffed. The White House girls sat up night after night, typing and retyping. We did our best to feed the hungry maw of the early editions, but, after all, there was something else to be thought about. The speeches had to deal with the issues in a down-to-earth way. They had to be in words that the President would naturally use.

Fancy Writing Not Wanted

I was asked frequently if some famous writer or other, say Robert Sherwood, was being brought in to assist. The answer was always "No." Not that outside help was not welcome—we did have *some of it—but it was felt that those who* knew the President, knew his ideas, knew the kind of sentences and words he liked, could do a more satisfactory job for him than any professional writer, however brilliant.

I think the result was not bad.

One of the greatest problems of the staff on board the train was to find time with the President. We made the most of each precious minute. We would get perhaps 15 minutes with him and then he would have to pop out to the rear platform and make a speech. Then he would have to greet a delegation coming on board. It might be an hour or two hours before we got another brief session with him.

So it went, day after day. Not only were the major speeches being prepared, but notes had to be got up for the smaller speeches—the names of the candidates to be mentioned, something about the town we were visiting, and so on.

Often the President would get these notes only a minute or so before going out to the platform. Often he wouldn't use them, but would speak completely off-the-cuff. His own amazing knowledge of local geography and history stood him in good stead. In the aggregate, these little speeches were perhaps more important than the major addresses. They got him close to the people.

The crowds that Truman drew should have told the pollsters and the other "experts" *something.*

Significant, too, was the attitude of some visiting politicians who had been reluctant to associate their own campaigns with that of the President. One could see the hesitation of these doubting Thomases vanish as they noted the size and enthusiasm of the crowds. More than one candidate who had been certain of Truman's defeat left our train a Truman coattail rider. That fact, I think, should have been a tip-off that maybe something was boiling beneath the surface.

The atomic-bomb speech was a problem. I had announced it for Philadelphia. Before we went there, we sat down in the Cabinet room to review a draft. It didn't fill the bill at all. For one thing, it didn't bring out the President's winning fight for civilian control of atomic energy.

The President worked with us until nearly midnight, and still the speech was sour. After the President left, we had another session. Nerves were frayed. Nobody was in any condition for authorship, and time was running out. Philadelphia did not get that speech.

We finished another draft later for the Milwaukee meeting, and this time it was what the President thought it ought to be.

We had feared that this deeply serious atomic-bomb speech, though it read well, might fall flat on delivery, especially since the meeting was being held outdoors.

The contrary proved true. It was received with grave attention.

Another speech that worried us in advance was the one at Pittsburgh.

It had a light opening—how the Republican candidate had set himself up as "a kind of doctor with a magic cure for all the ills of humanity." The American people in the President's parable, went to the doctor for a regular quadrennial checkup: "The doctor said an operation was necessary but wouldn't tell the patient just what was wrong. 'I never,' he said, 'discuss issues with a patient!' Would the operation be serious? 'Yes,' replied the doctor, 'we must take out the complete works and put in a Republican Administration.' "

We thought the speech was good, but wondered whether it could be put over. The President felt that he could do it. He succeeded even beyond our hopes.

Thereafter, we worked in all the *humorous material we could.*

At Madison Square Garden the President played on the theme of Mr. Dewey's following him around like a shadow. That went over, too. Mr. Truman showed that he could take a speech of that kind and squeeze every possible bit of juice out of it.

The President threw me a curve on the Saturday night St. Louis speech at the end of the campaign. To satisfy the Sunday papers' demand for an early story, I went into the press car and briefed the newspapermen from a draft that we had expected the President would use. He had it in his notebook when he stood on the platform, but under the inspiration of the cheering crowd he discarded the draft and gave a speech off-the-cuff.

It was a far better speech than had been written. So the next day there were two Truman speeches in some of the papers—the one "prepared for delivery" and the one actually given.

If ever a speech was written under tough conditions, it was the last one of the Presidential campaign—the radio talk from the Truman home in Independence, Missouri, on a program with Senator Barkley.

The President had decided to ignore political custom and deliver, instead of a sweetness-and-light, get-out-the-vote essay, a real campaign speech.

Everybody with him felt that this was the thing to do.

We got into Kansas City on the Sunday before Election Day with three drafts of that seven-minute radio speech. They were bad. Some of the staff got together and whipped up a fourth draft, to be put before the President when he arrived at the Muehlebach Hotel from Independence on Monday morning.

Too Little Truman in Speech

Matt Connelly said it was terrible. It wasn't that bad, but Matt was fundamentally right—it didn't have enough of the President in it. So when the President got to the hotel, we told him the speech had to be redone from scratch. He agreed. Matt usually tries to spare the President, but on this occasion he was pitiless.

"Mr. President," he said, "you have got to sit down and write this speech yourself."

Only about an hour was left before the President had to begin taking part in the Shriner ceremony which would keep him occupied most of the day. The President said, "All right. I'll go into the bedroom and write as long as I can. I want the rest of you to write independently. And then we'll get together."

The President went into his bedroom and the others gathered in a little hideaway I had in the hotel. An hour later, the President had his draft ready in his longhand, and we had one. He read us his speech. It was just what we needed. It was Harry Truman. So we took that draft and brought it up to the required length. A quick job of editing and the speech was done in time for early-afternoon delivery to the press.

To my mind, it was one of the best speeches the President made in the campaign, both in content and in deliver A little hoarseness in his voice didn hurt. It gave his voice a heavier qualit on the air.

It must be remembered that on his trip Mr. Truman was not only the candidate but the President of the United State He had the day-to-day business of government to carry on. Official paper came almost daily by airplane. And radio teletype messages flowed into the signal car at the front of the train. Th signing of documents went on—the President estimates that he signs his name o an average of 600 times a day.

On the train from Dallas to Bonham Texas, the President conferred for tw hours with Bedell Smith, our ambassado to Russia, and he exchanged numerou cablegrams with Secretary of State Marshall with respect to Palestine. He als studied reports which came daily on th work of the General Assembly of th United Nations in Paris.

These are but samples of the offici duties which increased the difficulty c getting time with the President for wor on his speeches.

A Man of Amazing Energy

Looking back over the campaign, marvel at the President's vitality. Ofte he would be dog-tired at night. Bu after four or five hours' sleep—he rarel got more—he would be again vigorou and high-spirited. He has the bounce a rubber ball.

He never failed in promptness. Onc when the train jolted to a stop, a bott of pop, ordered by Margaret, fell off window ledge in the private car an drenched the President's trousers. H started to his room to change, then sa that he didn't have time and went to th platform with his trousers dripping.

He drove himself unmercifully, ar the members of his staff drove him to He wanted it that way. As an example, routed him out of bed at 1:00 A.M. Missoula, Montana, on the first Weste trip, to talk to a crowd of a couple thousand at the rear end of the train. H put on a dressing gown over his pajamas and went out and chatted with h visitors for ten minutes.

Mrs. Truman helped with quiet comments on the President's speeches, sometimes in advance, sometimes aft delivery. He wanted no better accola than his wife's "That was a good speec Harry." Margaret's gay good humor w a tonic.

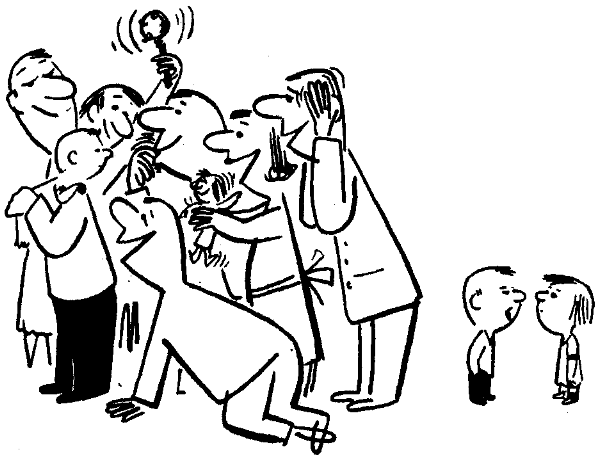
The President made this kind of campaign because he was convinced that Democratic victory was essential to t welfare of this country and of the worl This belief in him grew as he went alon I think that Harry Truman grew too grew spiritually—in the campaign. D by day, he saw it increasingly as a crusade—a crusade, as he said, for peace the world and happiness and prosperi here at home.

He had two other purposes in min The first was to re-create the Democra party as the party of the people. In h talks with the staff he spoke often this objective, naming Thomas Jeffersc Andrew Jackson—his favorites amo them all—Woodrow Wilson and Franlin Roosevelt as the great Democrats wished to emulate. If defeated—thou I hope I have made clear he never conceded that possibility—he would ha remained the leader of this party in f as well as in name, firmly resolved hold it to the course he had charted.

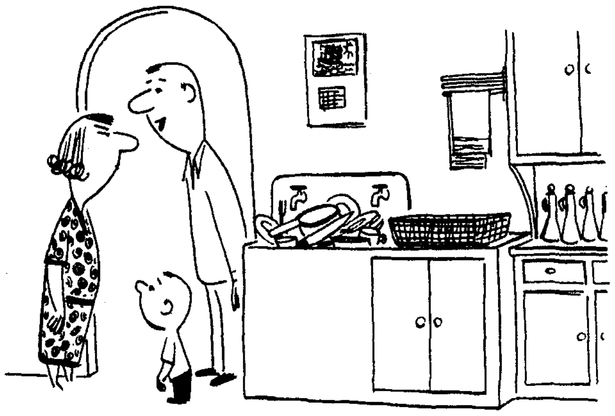
Finally there was a purely perso motive behind his hard campaigning. had been belittled and vilified. He h been described as a little man, fumbli inept, not measuring up to the Presidential job. He had the human desire prove his detractors wrong. He succeed and, I think, he will continue to succe in the years ahead.

Ho, Sweet Home!

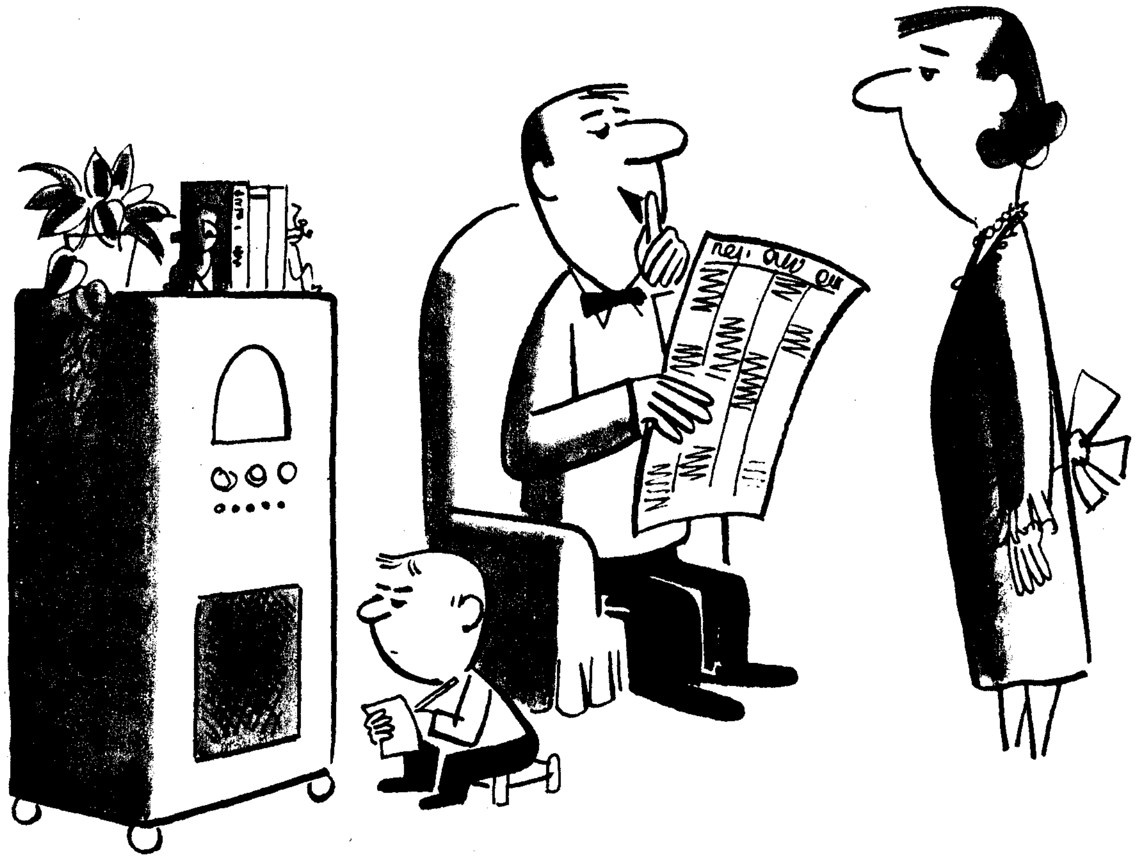
Some aspects of the domestic scene as seen by Stanley and Janice Berenstain



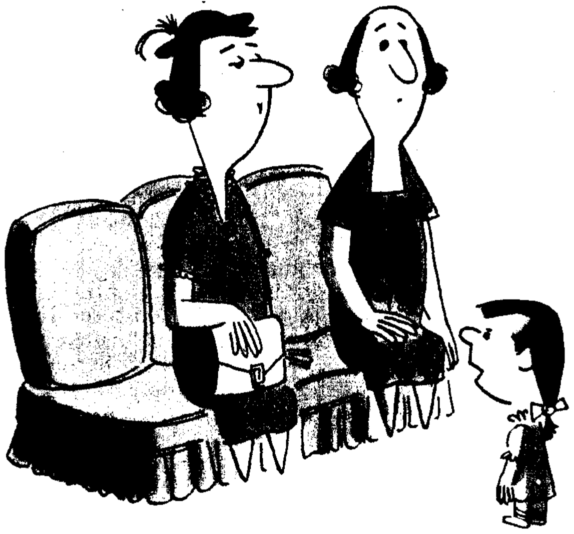
"I wouldn't believe it if I didn't see it"



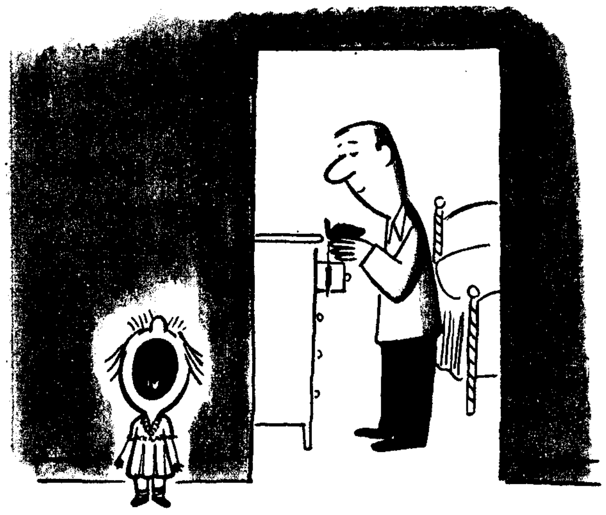
"Well, after we were finished and had everything put away, we found those few things lying around . . ."



"Shhh! He's on the verge of cracking Captain Thunderbolt's radio code"



"'Dark brown is the river, golden is the sand,
It flows along forever, with trees on either hand.'
Gimme the nickel!"



"Mother! Daddy's reading my diary!"

COLLIER'S

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and hotels

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Vatted

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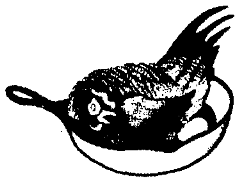
Vermouth

G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.



OMELETS

For each omelet beat three eggs, add three teaspoons of ice water—makes the eggs lighter and cooks them faster—and a pinch of salt and pepper. The big idea with omelets is to make them quickly. So heat a heavy pan over a low flame for 10 minutes before using.

Then drop in a tablespoon of butter and when same is melted pour in the eggs. Follow closely now; this is tricky. Using a motion that is quite indescribable, shake and spread the eggs in the pan simultaneously.

Cook over a high flame and if you play your cards right the omelet will be done in maybe fifteen seconds. Then, tilt the pan away from you and, with a fork, gently fold over the edges. If herbs are used, drop them in the pan before the eggs. Cook other fillings separately before the folding-over process.

It is impossible to make an artistic omelet without a special pan and it is almost impossible to buy one since the war. Now I tell *you*. They told *me* after I had lost three dozen eggs and my aplomb trying to duplicate my scholastic triumphs at home.

This special pan has sides that flare out at a 45-degree angle instead of the ordinary right-angle job. The sloping sides facilitate both the cooking and the folding. If you should get one of these unobtainable pans, soak it in olive oil for three days, then wipe, not wash, it out. The pan never should be washed—destroys the quick-action film—or be used for anything but omelets and crepes Suzette.

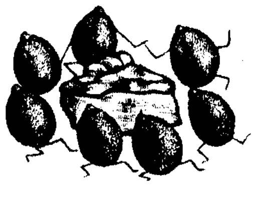
SPAGHETTI SAUCE

Take a half pound of chopped meat, flake it in small pieces and brown it in two or three tablespoons of butter. Remove the meat and add to the pot a little chopped garlic, one finely chopped onion, four chopped mushrooms, a little salt and pepper, a pinch of dry mustard, four skinned, chopped tomatoes and cook for two minutes.

Turn off the flame and put into the pot one tablespoon of flour, one-half tablespoon of meat glaze (I never heard of it either, but you can get it at fancy groceries) and three tablespoons of tomato paste. Pour on one-quarter cup of meat stock. (The formula for meat stock is one teaspoon of meat glaze to one cup of water.)

Put back the chopped meat and let the mixture simmer slowly, stirring until it comes to a boil. Add two tablespoons of fine herbs—*orégano* can be substituted—and serve on well-drained spaghetti.

You should have enough sauce for six liberal helpings, but don't count on it once people tear into it as though there will be no tomorrow.



LEMON MERINGUE PIE

Sometimes described as capricious as a coquette's smile, baking a lemon meringue pie is no trouble at all. Place on a board two cups of flour, make a well in the center and put into it four good tablespoons of sugar, four egg yolks, a quarter pound of butter and a pinch of salt. Squeeze this mishmash in the center into a smooth paste with your hand, then work in the flour quickly.

Roll out not too thin and line a flan ring. Trim the edges, put a piece of wax paper over the pastry and sprinkle a few rice grains on top of the paper to hold it down. Bake in a 350° oven for 30 minutes (it should be on the undercooked side).

It has been suggested that this time can be put to splendid advantage washing the dog, but you have other things to do, specifically a lemon curd. In the top part of a double boiler put one cup of sugar, the juice and rind of two lemons, six ounces of butter, three eggs well beaten and stir over the fire until the thick mixture is on the point of setting. Now take the pie crust out of the oven, sprinkle it with bread crumbs and fill it with the lemon curd.

Top it off with six tablespoons of sugar folded into three stiffly beaten egg whites, douse with more sugar and put it back into the oven for about fifteen minutes, or until the meringue is brown. Let it cool on the pan before removing, then close the eyes, taste and snicker. Cooking isn't such hard work!

MY LIFE IN A COOKING SCHOOL

Continued from page 52

strangers, the sum of my kitchen experience had been confined to relighting the pilot jet on the stove after, of course, removing my dear wife and children to the movies.

To me, separating the white and the yolk of an egg is an operation only slightly less intricate than splitting the atom, and a good deal messier. I honestly cannot take credit, though, for my crowning ineptitude: I abuse a born left-hander's extensive capacity for awkwardness and lousing up everything in general.

All in the Six-Lesson Course

Fortified with cynicism, apron and notebook, I enrolled for the course, daring the faculty to teach me cooking in six quick doses. In successive lessons I made omelets, a noble spaghetti sauce, a beef stew with the imprisoned laughter of a thousand wonderful girls, duck à la orange and veal scaloppine that wouldn't hurt you if you took only three helpings, and a lemon meringue pie that really *was* something.

In addition, through observation I learned to make lobster thermidor, crown roast of lamb, Swedish meatballs, gâteau favorite, coffee Bavarian cream and crepes Suzette. All this in the elapsed time of ten hours and with no permanent scars on my ego.

Classes were held in the basement kitchen of a famous French restaurant in New York, a laboratory lined with gleaming copper pans that reflected eager anticipation on the faces of the scholars. The tuition was fifty dollars for six lessons, including all materials for the different dishes each pupil elected to make, no matter how exotic or expensive. Successful experiments could be taken home if we paid the cost of the ingredients, and it worked out to a lot less than buying the stuff in neighborhood markets.

Creations not borne off in triumph were served in the restaurant the next day if they met the establishment's austere standards. If they were earmarked for the garbage can, they nevertheless were completed down to the last curlicue of whipped cream piped on from a pastry bag just to show the scholars how the finished product should look.

Cooking, I learned, can be high adventure. A bemused bride dreamily set herself on fire one day by pouring flaming brandy into the pocket of her apron instead of her crepes Suzette. Hardly a class passed without a crisis. When the faculty wasn't bailing out a wretch who had used a tablespoon instead of the indicated teaspoon measure, it was rushing a rescue net to save a cake from falling through the bottom of the oven. Those were minor incidents, however, compared to the agonizing moment when I thought I would be stripped of my apron and banished in disgrace.

I was caught red-handed in the gravest malfeasance known to gastronomy. I used a metal, instead of a wooden spoon for stirring. I was surrendering my notebook with a suppressed sob when the kindly, blondined professor—a young woman who pronounced French phrases with an exquisite Brooklyn accent—perceived my transgression was the product of ignorance and was not intended as a slur on the memory of Escoffier.

A wooden spoon *always* is used for stirring or sipping. A metal utensil put into a hot pot leaves an offensive taste any epicure with half a palate in his head can detect instantly. A metal fork is taboo on another count. Don't use it for turning meat and probing same for tenderness. It pierces the meat with a resultant loss of juices and flavor. If meat is to be browned evenly, do not turn it frequently. Such disturbance makes it tough; let it remain on one side until done, then reverse it ever so gently with a long-handled wooden spoon.

Any self-respecting cook would sooner be caught with his or her soufflé down than without an adequate supply of wax paper. This always is inserted under the lid of a simmering pot. If such precautions are not taken, the hot, yummy vapor will condense upon striking the cooler lid and form globules that will fall back into the pot and dilute the gravy.

A study scarcely less fascinating than the care and treatment of food was noting how my classmates disclosed their personalities and private lives through their selected specialties. It was heartening to see that most of the married women busied themselves with savory stews and good, honest roasts.

The Girl Who Liked Gnocchi

In sharp contrast was the pitiful aberration of a thin, intense bachelor girl, a pretty bundle of neuroses, who revealed her dark frustrations by making *gnocchi*, which can be described as a macaroni schlamozzle with a sickly thick white sauce and delusions of grandeur.

The course was worth the tuition price if for no other reason than that it provided the key for deciphering menus printed in the fancy double-talk evoked by crafty headwaiters to obfuscate the public.

Any item on the menu labeled *Florentine* is a cinch to contain spinach. And historians still wonder why the Florentine Republic, the glory of the Renaissance, fell. Similarly, a concoction bearing the *à la Crécy* trademark promises much but produces only carrots. *Portugaise* is the sly cover-up for stewed tomatoes; *Argenteuil* is the tip-off on asparagus; *Provençal* is the code name for garlic, the misanthrope's delight. The militant onion comes up *Soubise*, after a character who parlayed his discreetly obscure relationship to Louis XIV into a general's commission.

Curbing the housewife's let's-get-this-dreary-thing-over approach to the stove clearly is one of the most imperative projects of our time. Cooking in the American home must be restored to its rightful place as an adjunct of gracious living as necessary as the television set, the finance company's good will, and money in the bank.

In demonstrating that even a chump like me can cook, I have taken a long significant step, but this public service will bring me hanging only in effigy if I'm lucky. I will be denounced by women who will resort to habitual vituperation to justify their ancient blackmail racket

"It's all right for you to talk about cooking when you do it once in a while for a gag," I can hear them.

There's something in what they say but not much.

Skeptics will say my crusade is a los cause, but don't be too sure. In one of my classes a slightly superannuated Southern belle worked herself into a frightful tizzy learning how to make *canapés, hors d'oeuvres,* pastry decorations and other viands preparatory to knocking the eyes out of her livid neighbors at a wedding party.

"Ah feel like a common traitor sayin this," she lisped prettily, "but back home we're gettin' awful tired tellin' each other lies about South'n cookin'."

It easily could be the greatest thing that has happened to the South since Gone with the Wind.

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DOGS ARE BIG BUSINESS

Continued from page 24

cats exclusively, 22 per cent have dogs and 57 per cent have one or both.

The size and ramifications of the dog business are astonishing indeed. National Dog Week, an annual celebration in praise of canines, ten years ago was observed in but 500 communities; in 1948 there were 3,000. Hotels once abhorred dogs and, except among their wealthier patrons, barred them. A recently compiled directory of which four editions of 5,000 each were distributed in 60 days lists 1,200 canine-welcoming hotels and motels.

Dogs are now so generally valuable that, to forestall their theft, there is a new nation-wide tattooing service providing painless, positive and permanent identification. There is even a sort of canine Nobel prize of $2,000, begun in 1948, to be awarded annually for the most important contribution to dog health and happiness.

One of the most popular novels of the past year concerned a hero who worked in a dog crematorium. Such institutions exist in real life too, with permanent, bronze-plated niches for sale at $50 and up.

There are numerous dog cemeteries; one on Long Island, like another in Los Angeles, has 5,000 headstoned graves getting perpetual care. The average cost for plot and interment is under $50 but one Pomeranian was given a $1,000 burial. Funeral services conducted for a neighborhood-beloved collie setter, reported by the august New York Times, attracted hundreds of mourners who filed past the satin-lined bier where the dog lay in state for two days.

As might be expected, establishments catering to canines reach an almost wacky zenith in dog beauty parlors which run appointments on a clockwork schedule for their dog clients. Some of these select their patrons with the care of a Georgian prince picking an American heiress for a wife.

They are sometimes booked solidly eight hours a day for weeks in advance and at least one has unbroken appointments for the next three months. This salon—no ordinary clip joint—provides its poodle clients with $7 to $10 combination treatments, including shampoo, manicure, denticure and auriclure or ear wipe, plus a selection of 35 distinct hair-dos, or about three times the number usually offered in a beauty parlor catering to milady.

Fine Pooches Cost Plenty

Though bringing good prices, dogs are not in a class with prize Herefords, which may be worth from $50,000 to $80,000, or race horses worth twice that much. But some have extraordinary value. My Own Brucie, cocker spaniel which twice won best-in-show at the Westminster Kennel Club—equal to a double Kentucky Derby win—was valued for tax purposes at $7,000, which is close to top.

The Maharaja of Pithapuram paid $5,000 for a smooth fox terrier, and a Pekingese once brought $5,000. But most dog royalty is worth $1,000 or less, and very fine animals can be bought for under $500 in breeds not currently fashionable. Promising pups bring $75 to $150.

Styles change in dogs and have a major though temporary effect on their value. Sometime chic breeds include the Dalmatian, the German shepherd (miscalled police dog and known in England as the Alsatian), the English bulldog, the dachshund, the Scottish terrier, and, currently, the boxer. Though not all of them are considered especially stylish, top ten popular breeds today are: cocker spaniel, beagle, collie, Boston terrier, boxer, dachshund, Pekingese, English springer spaniel, wire-haired fox terrier and Pomeranian.

Sitting grimly atop the large and lucrative pyramid of dogdom is the American Kennel Club, an infinitely polite organization which speaks a soft "yes" or "no" with unchallengeable, Supreme Court authority. For keeping accurate canine family trees, owner records and such, the annual paid-in-advance A.K.C. "take" is about $750,000.

Other organizations do this, too, notably the American Field which records the pedigrees of 25,000 sporting dogs a year, and the United Kennel Club which accepts for registration a much smaller number of dogs whose ancestry gets an official lift of the A.K.C. eyebrow. But the American Kennel Club overshadows them all, registering, in 111 impeccable breeds, more than 250,000 purebred dogs during the year 1948.

Pedigree registration started in 1878. During the first 57 years, a million dogs were listed. The second million was recorded in 11 years, in 1946. At the present rate the third million will be registered in four years, by 1950.

In 1947 the A.K.C. approved 484 bench shows, 203 field trials, 197 obedience trials, 19 tracking tests, 522 sanctioned matches, 39 standard obedience trials and 644 sanctioned field trials, a total of 2,108 events, or more than 40 every week end. These are not casual events. The rules for field trials, for example, require a 55-page booklet to elucidate; for dog shows 64 pages.

Putting on a dog show is in fact a technical—though profitable—business. It requires such precise and detailed experience that several organizations have specialized in it.

The largest of these, the Foley Dog Show Organization, occupies its own
four-story headquarters building in Phil
delphia and its permanent staff of abo
70 handles more than 120 of the bigge
shows a year. Foley exhibits one of eve
two dogs benched.

Only during Christmas and Ne
Year's holidays is there not a Fol
show going on somewhere. Supervis
like Foley do the whole job. Kenn
clubs may specify type, size and date
show and give the matter no furth
thought until ten minutes before t
doors open with every dog and rest roo
in its proper place.

Then show sponsors buttonhole t
Foley representative and demand the
Foley-made badges marked "Official."

Heavy Orders for Programs

The Foley Organization makes all i
own equipment, including tremendo
tents that can put 180,000 square fe
under canvas. Publishing dog-show pr
grams is a hectic business in which las
minute changes strain the sanity
ordinary printers. So Foley has its ow
print shop, with six presses and three li
otype machines operating most of t
year on two shifts.

Foley's also is the leading maker
sought-after prize ribbons, turning o
500,000 in a good year. It publishes
monthly magazine, Popular Dogs, lis
55,000 of The Fancy in its files, bu
100,000 envelopes a month and can ha
dle four all-breed shows benching up
5,000 dogs on a single week end. It kee
four trailer trucks and two trucks co
tinuously on the road putting on o
door shows from April to Novemb
Fees for Foley services range from $2,0
to $75,000 a show.

More than 2,000,000 people a year p
an average of $1 each to attend d

COLLIER'S

"Why shouldn't she worship the ground he walks on? It's covered with oil wells"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

shows which last year benched about 150,000 entries at $4 each, competing for cash prizes of from $300 to $20,000. Dog shows now attract so many customers that the more astute clubs are for the first time slightly inundated by profits.

Obedience tests are something new in dog showing. Scoffers once criticized show dogs as being beauties without brains. But in 1934, Mrs. Whitehouse Walker gave the first exhibitions with her obedience-trained poodles. In 1937, with top poodle trainer Blanche Saunders, she toured the United States for ten weeks and 15,000 miles in a house trailer giving obedience exhibitions at dog shows from coast to coast.

Such persistent plugging resulted in special obedience ratings. Last year 901 dogs qualified for the obedience titles of Companion Dog, Companion Dog Excellent and Utility Dog.

In addition to obedience show tests, which must be handled in a professional manner, obedience classes for amateur dog owners are now being widely organized. The first directory of such regularly scheduled classes, published December, 1948, lists more than 200. Hundreds of others are held informally.

In these classes, dogs are taught the basic rules of everyday good manners in a world run by and for human beings, and dog owners are instructed in simple dog-handling techniques. Most people with their first puppy are painfully surprised that it does not come when called, that it chews the furniture, jumps on them with dirty paws and regards Oriental rugs as an ideal rest room. In the face of its obvious affectionate, wagging-tail exuberance they are helpless.

They and their dog quickly learn in obedience classes to get along together. The attendance is enormous. In five years in New York, 1,000 dogs and 1,500 owners have taken a nine-lesson course from Miss Saunders in S.P.C.A.-sponsored classes. Classes are booked solidly eight courses ahead. On graduation nights demonstrations are given in an armory and from 4,000 to 6,000 people attend. In Connecticut typical trainer Frances Pierce conducts a class in each of five towns, a different one each week night. On week ends she teaches groups in near-by Massachusetts and Vermont.

Cost of Basic Training

Professional trainers also handle dogs individually, giving them lessons in basic obedience or in the finer points of hunting, retrieving or training. For this, the usual charge, including board, is $25 a week. Basic training may require from six to sixteen weeks and some dogs never make the grade.

Handling amateurs' dogs is a substantial business. With side lines of boarding, training and conditioning, a popular handler can earn up to $25,000 a year. In the boarding kennels, for example, the gross revenue for 50 dogs is $1,500 a month; the cost of feed $300. There are probably six such handlers in the U.S.

Unique among dog professionals and for years the number-one handler is conscientious, Oxford-accented Percy Roberts, the nation's outstanding dog consultant. Roberts is retained by dog breeders to check their puppies and select those to be raised and groomed for championship.

For the better-heeled of The Fancy, Roberts has made three trips abroad in the past two years, spending ten months in Great Britain searching out the best dogs. He knows hundreds of shopkeepers, miners and factory workers—the backbone of British dog breeding—who own a single bitch which has a litter a year next to the kitchen stove.

Roberts looks at thousands of these animals and occasionally finds one that

When The Fancy can't play with dogs, talk about them or go to shows, they read about them. Several thousand books about dogs have been published since the first one, Of Englishe Dogges, was written in Latin by Johannes Caius in 1576. At least 100 U.S. and British dog magazines—running to 300 pages an issue—are circulated in this country. Almost every dog breed has its club and practically every club has a publication.

Gambling on Greyhounds

A new and important aspect of the dog business is greyhound racing, a sport started in 1920 when Owen P. Smith opened a commercial track at Emeryville, California. Greyhounds won immediate favor with bettors who thought the simple system of dog-chases-rabbit promised nonfixable races. But a group of erudite gamblers soon discovered that a mere smidgen of narcotic would slow the fleetest dog and enable them to win sackfuls of money. The temptation was irresistible and dog racing commenced to smell like downwind of an abandoned abattoir.

After the inevitable cleanup, public confidence was restored and racing was legalized in Arizona, Florida, Massachusetts and Oregon, under the suspicious eyes of officials believed incorruptible. There are some 20 operating dog tracks and 500 racing kennels owned by 2,500 fanciers.

Among the busiest people in dogdom are the 12,000 veterinarians in active practice who are expected to keep not only 20,000,000 dogs happy and healthy but other animals as well, including 80,000,000 cattle. Since 1931 when a small group of veterinarians organized to set up standards for their animal hospitals, techniques and standards have greatly advanced.

Dogs receiving even routine operations in at least 100 hospitals now are handled with skill and care that veterinary surgeons believed impractical if not impossible two decades ago. Routine surgery costs about one fourth of comparable human operations though many of the latest drugs and aseptic techniques are used, and the best hospitals, carrying an average 50 patients, are staffed with a D.V.M. 24 hours a day.

Because dog foods are big business, manufacturers study feverishly to improve their product, spending about $750,000 a year on research. The elaborate Gaines research organization includes a large kennel at Ridgefield, Connecticut, where 100 dogs of 20 breeds are dieted and observed constantly by a staff of ten. Though some dog foods are largely moisture, others are so concentrated and balanced that 75 per cent is assimilated. Food makers constantly seek higher digestibility and better palatability.

Not the least imposing aspect of canine big business is the quantity of shaggy-dog stories manufactured and consumed, estimated at 6,347,800 for 1948. This one really happened. An annual publicity stunt is a sort of dog Pulitzer prize award: America's Most Useful Dog of the Year. Scouts beat the hinterlands for smart dogs and report to the prize committee which investigates, rates the contestants and picks the winner.

Recently, from Pennsylvania a dog of some merit was suggested with the comment that the animal could talk. An investigator was dispatched and turned in a glowing appraisal of the dog's sheep- and cattle-herding abilities, obvious high I.Q., and amazing capacity for farm chores.

By way of a joke a committeeman asked, "What about the rumor this dog could talk? Anything in it?"

"Oh, he could talk all right," th[illegible] sti-

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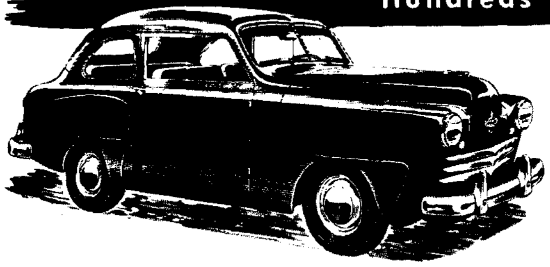

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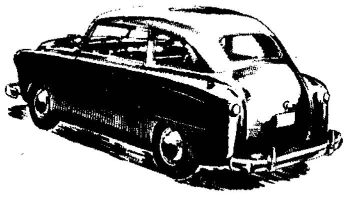

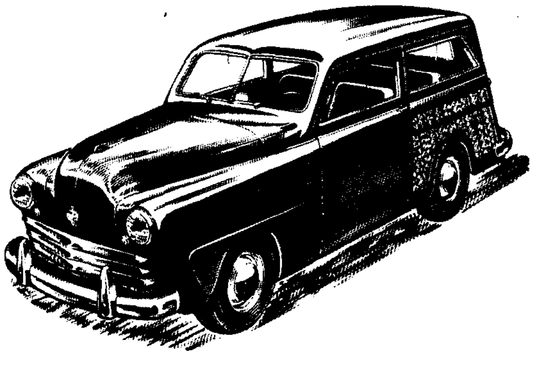

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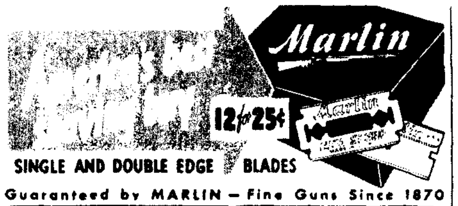

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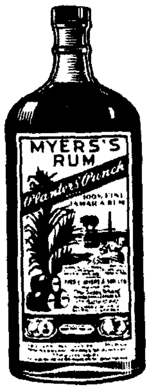

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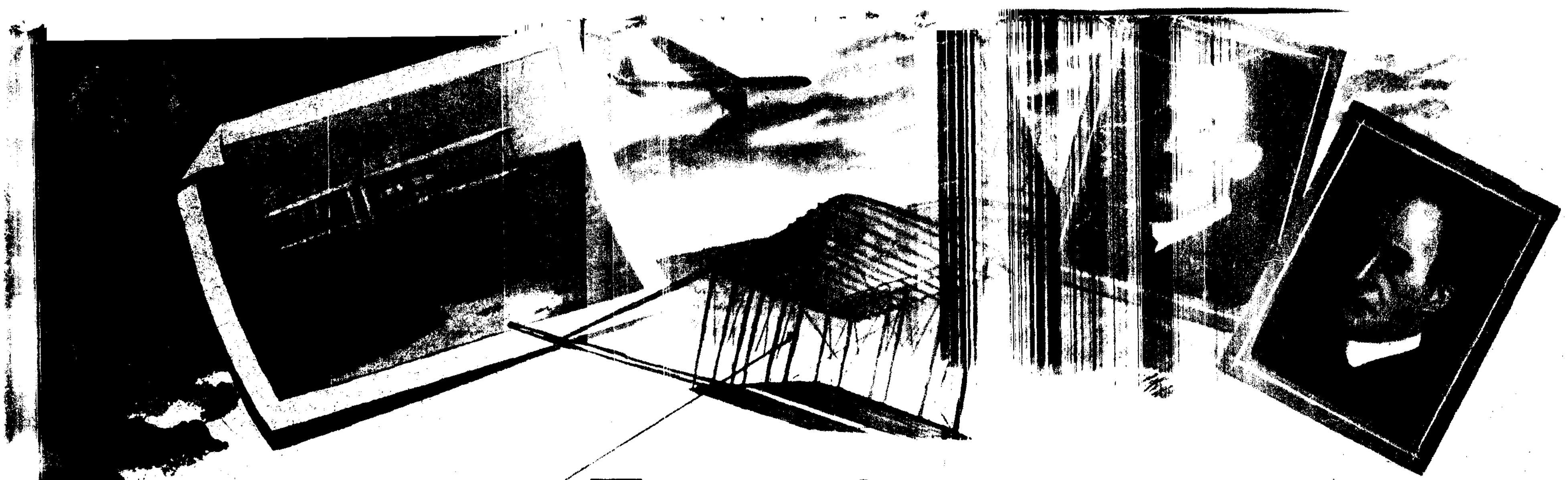

Twelve Seconds that Shrank the Earth

The Day

The light came that morning, to that beach, as on all mornings and all beaches since He said, " 'Let there be light': and there was light."

Nothing in the familiar transition from night to day heralded this morning as different from the ageless mornings; or marked this beach as different from the myriad beaches. Nothing—save two young men waiting here, with faces lifted in quiet challenge to the overcast sky and the wind.

Elsewhere, at this hour, the lanterns of the menfolk gleamed in Middle Western barnyards and Rocky Mountain corrals, and smoke curled from the breakfast fires of the womenfolk. Peasants tilled South American fields under the incandescent summits of the Andes. In English mills, at French looms, in Belgian mines and Dutch polders, workers yearned for the noontime respite. Cossacks on the plains of the Don, shepherds in Thracian hills, gathered their flocks at eventide. Coolies slept in the hovels of the Orient.

Unknowing that the fate of their children and their children's children, the future shape of the commonplace, of all that men produce and women bear and nations venture, rested with two men on a distant shore in a bitterly cold dawn.

Unknowing that just Twelve Seconds of this Day would bridge the 100,000 years, the 1,000 Empires, between the Wheel and the Wing!

The Beach

Its very obscurity lent it sublimeness, the lonely and simple lives of its few inhabitants lent it dignity, for its historic rôle. Once a haunt of pirates, the only human ties left on this gale-bruised and treeless peninsula were Coast Guard lifesaving stations and a score of unpainted dwellings on the inshore wastes. For the rest—the wheeling birds and the slow pulse of the surf at the edges of the land. Until Destiny, in the guise of two young strangers seeking a place with "strong and constant winds," summoned Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, to eternal fame.

The Machine

Morning, filtering dimly through cracks in the shed, fingered the snowy wings and yellow wood and polished metals. Exquisitely neat, precisely tooled, lovingly wrought—yet so frail an argosy in which to launch a new age on a journey to the stars!

A fisherman of Kitty Hawk, who meant well but did not understand, said kindly, "All she needs is a coat of feathers!"

She had all she needed. Faith.

The Men

It is sometimes the mysterious way of Higher Purpose to use the gentlest and least assuming of men to reaffirm Its great expectations for all men. These two, brothers, were ordinary American boys from an ordinary American family in an ordinary American small town. Yet as they came to manhood the outward sign of inner guidance shone from them. It was as if they did not belong to their generation, but to all generations. Lean of body, ascetic of face, monastic in habit—there was something medieval in their burning zeal for the miracle itself, rather than for its rewards. For they shared a strangely joint vision, of which, perhaps, even they never understood more than enough to know the compulsion of their allotted part—and they were content and self-contained within its demands.

The Achievement

The younger lay flat upon the lower wing, beside the homemade engine. His only concession to adventure was a cap, instead of his customary sedate derby, and a safety pin to secure the upturned collar of his prim business suit against the wind.

It was now exactly 10:35 in the morning of December 17, 1903, and the Twelve Seconds were tolling the event to be forever defined, beyond the claims of all others, as "the first time in the history of the world in which a machine carrying a man had raised itself by its own power into the air in full flight, had sailed forward without the reduction of speed, and had finally landed at a point as high as that from which it had started."

The Meaning

Once, the Earth was bounded by the distance a man dared stray from his cave. He *looked down*, to guide his mired feet. Later, through 60 centuries of recorded civilizations, the Earth was bounded with frontiers of prejudices—and guns. Man *looked straight ahead*, to guide alike his progress—and his preying upon fellow men.

The Brothers *lifted man's eyes:* gave him a new and wondrous direction. The dead of London and Leningrad, the dust of a hundred vanished cities, the echoes of Hiroshima, do not mean that mankind's use of the Brothers' gift can *yet* be fairly stated in terms of reproach and despair alone. Its greater values remain unsullied.

The invention of the airplane added, to natural resources, another ocean—the Air Ocean, in which frontiers hold no security, nor prejudices any valid purpose.

It foreshadowed the change of the atmosphere into the *Atomosphere*—in whose depths war is at last nakedly seen for the feeble and losing device it is.

It shrank man's physical measures for the Earth he inhabits, but stretched his moral and mental measures for the world of which he is a part.

It clarified long-hidden vistas, on which the aged customs of aggression now stand exposed as the real Vested Interests as they look upon the Air Ocean with minds steeped in ancient lusts and seek with dead hands to usurp it for evil practices.

It freshly illuminated Democracy as tomorrow's constant and orderly success in breaking down for the many, yesterday's privileges for the few. The wide and busy airways daily prove how the airplane has endowed Democracy with its strongest and longest arm—for the spreading of goods, education, tolerance, health and friendliness to little people and little places as well as to big and powerful ones.

The Brothers are at rest with the Immortals; and the Twelve Seconds posted forever on the golden ledger of Memorable Fragments of Time Past. But there remains a visible and precious relic: the Machine.

It has come home again; home from a gracious and devoted overseas host, home to its own native land for all to see and for all to be inspired.

We must not look upon it in selfish national pride. The Brothers *inherited their inventiveness* from a German refugee grandfather; their fortitude and faith stemmed from Swiss, Dutch, English and other ancestors. The American part was merely symbolic of the fortunate New World, and the opportunity and resourcefulness it breeds. The Machine belongs to all people of all countries; especially to the young as They were young that wintry morn 45 years ago.

It is the young, in spirit or years, who must henceforth bear it forward and upward into the peace and good will of the light that He ordained long ago for *all* men. . . .

W. B. Courtney

★ ★ ★

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